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VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES:

Old Halls, Battle Fields,

AND

SCENES ILLUSTRATIVE OF STRIKING PASSAGES
IN ENGLISH HISTORY AND POETRY.

1st series

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF "THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND," "BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK," ETC.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

SECOND EDITION.



WOLSEY BLESSING CHILDREN.

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THERE is a passage in De Lamartine's "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," which expresses very clearly the nature and object of this work. "I have always loved to wander over the physical scenes inhabited by men I have known, admired, loved, or revered, as well amongst the living as the dead. The country which a great man has inhabited and preferred, during his passage on the earth, has always appeared to me the surest and most speaking relic of himself: a kind of material manifestation of his genius—a mute revelation of a portion of his soul—a living and sensible commentary on his life, actions, and thoughts. When young, I passed many solitary and contemplative hours, reclining under olive trees which shade the gardens of Horace, in sight of the delightful cascades of the Tiber; and often have I dropped to sleep in the evening, lulled by the noise of the beautiful sea of Naples, under the hanging branches of the vines, near the spot where Virgil wished his ashes to repose, because it was the most delicious site his eyes had ever beheld. How often, at a later period, have I passed mornings and evenings seated at the foot of the beautiful chestnut trees in the little valley of Charmettes, to which the remembrance of Jean Jaques Rousseau attracted me, and where I was retained by sympathy with his impressions, his reveries, his misfortunes, and his genius. And I have been thus attracted with respect to several other authors and great men, whose names and writings were deeply engraven on my memory. I wished to study them; to become acquainted with them on the spot that had given them birth, or that had inspired them; and almost always a scrutinizing glance might discover a secret and profound analogy between the country and the individual who had graced it; between the scene and the actor; between nature and the genius which derived its inspirations therefrom."

These were exactly my feelings and ideas long before De Lamartine had thus penned them down; and who, indeed, has not experienced, more or less, the same impressions? We need not visit the distant East to make the discovery; there is no country where the soil is more thickly sown with noble memories than our own, and those of the deeds, the sufferings and the triumphs of our own progenitors. It has long been my opinion that to visit the most remarkable scenes of old English history and manners, and to record the impressions thence derived in their immediate vividness; to restore, as it were, each place and its inhabitants to freshness, and to present them freed from the dust of ages and heaviness of antiquarian rubbish piled upon them, would be a labour responded to with emphasis by readers of the present day. The general approval of the experiment made in "The Rural Life," by introducing visits to Newstead, Annesley, and Hardwicke, and the intimations of great interest in the announcement of this work, received from all quarters, convinced me that I was not mistaken. The field is a wide and a rich one. The present volume may be considered but as a precursor of others on this subject, in which I have long been engaged; and the plan of which will shortly be announced.

I have to present my warmest acknowledgments, not only to many private individuals for valuable hints and information, but also to the possessors of places visited, for the very cordial and liberal manner in which they endeavoured to promote my object.

The illustrations of this volume are all designed and executed by Samuel Williams, except the Title-page Vignette, which was designed by my daughter. The Portrait of the Young Shakspeare, it should also be stated, is from an admirable sketch by Mr. Williams, but has been rendered hard, and unequal to the original, in the cutting.

W. H.

Esher, Dec. 18th, 1839.

CONTENTS.

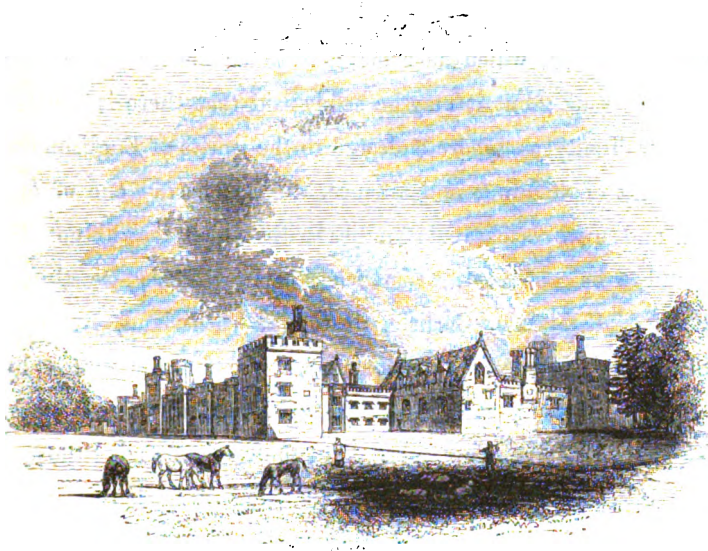
	PAGE
<p>VISIT TO PENSURST IN KENT; THE ANCIENT SEAT OF THE SIDNEYS—Character of the Sidney Family—of Sir Philip—of his Father Sir Henry—of Algernon—Shelley the Poet, a Sidney—present Aspect of Penshurst—Sir Philip's Oak—Saccharissa's Walk—Gamage's Bower—Ben Jonson's Description of Penshurst—the Old Banqueting Hall—a Suite of Ancient Rooms, with all their Antique Furniture and Paintings—Portraits of Sir Philip, Algernon, and the Countess of Pembroke, Saccharissa, Countesses of Leicester and Carlisle—the Gallery full of Historical Portraits—Sir Philip and his Brother Robert—Family MSS.—Household Book—Locks of Hair of Sir Philip and Algernon—Church and Parsonage</p>	1
<p>VISIT TO THE FIELD OF CULLODEN—Peculiar Interest of Battle Fields—Review of Events leading to the Battle of Culloden—Inverness, and walk to Culloden—present aspect of the Field—Tradition of the valiant Blacksmith—the Graves of the Slain—Burns's Visit to them, and his Feelings—Traditions of the Field—strange Adventures of the Chevalier Johnstone—his Account of the Atrocities of the Duke of Cumberland—Visit to a Cottage on the Field—Belief of the Cottagers that another Battle will be fought, founded on Visions of Second-sight—Wully Mackenzie entertains us with his Bagpipes</p>	51
<p>VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AND THE HAUNTS OF SHAKSPEARE—Aspect of the Country—visible signs of Shakspeare's Fame in Stratford—vindication of his Domestic Character—Ann Hathaway's Cottage—its Garden and Plants—Dewberries—Danger of the Cottage being pulled down—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SHAKSPEARE FAMILY—William Shakspeare Smith, a School-boy, descendant of Shakspeare's Sister Joan—RELICS OF SHAKSPEARE IN STRATFORD—MR. Reason's Collection—Mary Humby's attempt to obliterate all the Names of Visitors to the Room of his Birth—THE SHAKSPEARE ALBUMS—a sample of Inscriptions from them—Shakspeare's Tomb—CHARLECOTE PARK—odd local notion of Shakspeare derived from a Statue of Diana—present State and Appearance of the Park and House—Bust of Sir Thomas Lucy—local estimation of the present Family of the Lucys—Paintings—Monuments in the Church—Sir Thomas the Patron of Fox the Martyrologist—Character of Lady Lucy—misrepresented by Shakspeare—CLOPTON HALL—the Cloptons of Clopton, the great Family of Stratford—Sir Hugh Clopton an admirer of Shakspeare—Lord Carew of Elizabeth's reign, married the Heiress of the Cloptons—splendid Tomb of himself and Countess—state of Clopton Hall some years ago—Traditions of the Tragic ends of Charlotte and Margaret Clopton—decay of the Family and sale of the Estate—Margaret's Well—Ireland's account of his visit there in quest of Shakspeare Papers</p>	81

	PAGE
VISIT TO COMBE ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE—Attempt to carry off from Combe Abbey Elizabeth of Bohemia, by the Gunpowder Plot Conspirators—singular fate of some of these Conspirators—tragic History of Sir Walter Smith—his Son juggled out of his Estate by Sir John Lyttleton—Fate of Sir John Lyttleton's Descendants—singular Search of Hendlip Hall—Elizabeth of Bohemia's subsequent connexion with Combe Abbey—the Portraits of the Stuart Family, and other Paintings brought hither by her from Germany—Fatality of her Ambition	147
VISIT TO LINDISFARNE, FLODDEN FIELD, AND OTHER SCENERY OF MARMION—Tact of the Poets in fixing the locality of their Poems in fine Scenery illustrated in Marmion—wild appearance of Holy Isle, as seen by us at twilight—beauty and strength of the Ruins of Lindisfarne—affecting character of Maritime Burying-grounds—approach to Flodden Field—its present appearance—singular fate of King James's remains	169
VISIT TO BOLTON PRIORY—Men of Genius shewn to be the Practical Men—united effect of Poetry and Steam—SCENERY OF THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTON—Paradisical Beauty of Wharfedale—and Scenery round Bolton Priory—the Ruins—the Duke of Devonshire's Hunting-seat, the Strid—Barden Tower—Remarkable Persons who have lived there—the celebrated Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke—her singular Inscription—the Shepherd Lord—Walk over the Fells to Rylston—Norton Tower—Remarks on Wordsworth's Poem of the White Doe	197
VISIT TO HAMPTON COURT—The Palace and Gardens now thrown open to the Public—great resort there, and delight of the People—Sketch of the Character, Progress, and Fall of Wolsey—Wolsey's Tower at Esher—his Establishment and State at Hampton—Royal Festivities there—remarkable Events occurring there from Henry VIII. to the present time—peep into Bushy Park—Gardens and Wilderness of Hampton Court—Description of the Palace both in its ancient and present state—the suite of State Rooms, with all their Paintings, particularly the Beauties of the Courts of Charles II. and William III.—the Cartoons of Raffaele—the Portrait Gallery—its numerous Historic Portraits—singular Portrait of Queen Elizabeth	233
VISIT TO COMPTON-WINYATES, WARWICKSHIRE—Solitary and secluded situation of this old house, the property of the Marquis of Northampton—impressions on approaching it—its general appearance—curious Carving on the Screen in the Hall—Royal Emblazonings on Windows, Walls, and Ceilings—quaint and curious Carvings in the Chapel—account of the Compton Family—unique Letter of the first Countess of Northampton—Popish Chapel in the roof—Hiding-places of the Soldiers of the Civil Wars in the roof—profound Solitude of the place	305
A DAY-DREAM AT TINTAGEL—Wild situation of Tintagel Castle—Scene as it may be imagined in King Arthur's days—Charms of old Romance, and influence of Poetry on the National Character and Fortunes	329

	PAGE
VISIT TO STAFFA AND IONA —A Voyage to the Western Isles, a great event a few years ago—now a matter of every day—wild Beauty of the Scenery on the Voyage—Scene in the Cave of Staffa—general aspect of Iona—Children on the Shore offering Shells and Green Pebbles—Ruins, Tombs of the Norwegian Kings, Crosses, and other Remains—curious Sculptures—Procession of Modern Pilgrims	851
VISIT TO EDGE-HILL —Scenery of Edge-Hill—solitary Inn of the Sun-rising—Round-Tower—Scene of the Battle—Battle Farm—the Grave Fields—account of the Battle—Bullet-hill—Anecdote of Cromwell—Traditions—Anecdote of King Charles on his way to the Battle meeting Richard Shuckburgh hunting—the circumstance fatal to Richard Shuckburgh—tragic Love affair in the family of his descendants	367
VISIT TO THE GREAT JESUITS' COLLEGE AT STONYHURST IN LANCASHIRE —Fine situation and picturesque Neighbourhood of Stonyhurst College—Whalley Abbey—Mitton Church—the Old Sexton, his attention to the last Rector's Tomb—the splendid Monuments of the Sherburnes—curious Monumental Records of the Sherburnes—Anecdote of the Village Sculptor—description of the College, its Paintings, Relics, and mode of Education—Gardens—Conversation of the peculiar position of the Jesuits there	882
VISIT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF WINCHESTER —Historical Reminiscences—the Capital of the British and Saxon Kings—favourite City and Burial-place of Alfred—resort of many subsequent Monarchs—Remarkable Events there—GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY—Fair of St. Giles' Hill—THE CATHEDRAL—its Venerable Beauty—the Beauty of Gothic Architecture—Monuments of Joseph Warton and Bishop Hoadley—splendid Chancies of Wykeham, Beaufort, Fox and Waynflete—Tomb of William Rufus—Noble Choir—Chests containing the Bones of the Saxon Monarchs—Sonnet by Richard Howitt, on the Matin Service—Grave of Isaac Walton—WYKEHAM'S COLLEGE—William of Wykeham's Origin and Career—Account of the School—THE HOSPITAL OF St. Cross—History and present State of it—its noble Norman Church—Concluding Remarks	413
VISIT TO WOTTON HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE —ALFIERI AND ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND—Alfieri's Early Character and Conduct in England—the Arrival of Rousseau at Wotton—his Temporary Contentment there—his Acquaintance—his Flight—present Traditions of him at Wotton	489
SACRAMENT SUNDAY AT KILMORAC —Peculiar mode of administering the Sacrament in Scotland—administered in the Highlands every Summer in the Open Air—Description of such a Scene as witnessed by the Author at the Falls of Kilmorac	517

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
VIGNETTE—Wolsey, blessing little Children.	1
PENSHURST, the Ancient Seat of the Sidneys	18
The Sidney Oak	21
Ancient Bell	23
Banqueting Hall	24
Old Oak Tables and Screen	35
Portraits of Sir Philip Sidney and his Brother Robert	39
Saccharissa's Walk	40
The Garden Terrace	51
CULLODEN—BATTLE-FIELD	67
The Valiant Blacksmith	81
STRATFORD-ON-AVON—Hall at Charlecote	93
Ann Hathaway's Cottage	98
A Young School-boy Shakspeare	109
House in which Shakspeare was born	112
Shakspeare's Tomb	118
Charlecote House—Seat of Sir Thomas Lucy	122
Bust of Sir Thomas Lucy	130
Shakspeare Writing on the Park Gate	169
FLODDEN FIELD	196
Lindisfarne	197
BOLTON PRIORY—The Strid	238
HAMPTON COURT PALACE	245
Wolsey's Tower, at Esher	270
Cromwell and Fox meeting	303
Wolsey's Well, at Esher	305
THE COMPTON FAMILY AT MASS	328
COMPTON WINTATES	329
TINTAGEL CASTLE, in Arthur's Time	351
IONA	367
EDGE-HILL—Meeting of Charles I. and Richard Shuckburgh	413
WINCHESTER—The Cathedral	453
Warton's Tomb	455
Beaufort's Chantry	460
Mortuary Chests of the Saxon Kings	467
Wykeham's College	474
The Trusty Servant	479
Pillars of Saint Cross	489
WOTTON-HALL	517
KILMORAC	



VISIT TO PENS HurST IN KENT,
THE ANCIENT SEAT OF THE SIDNEYS.

• • • • • Tread,
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,—
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned.

SOUTHEY.

ENGLAND, amongst her titled families, can point to none more illustrious than that of Sidney. It is a name which carries with it the attestation of its genuine nobility. Others are of older standing in the realm. It is not one of those to be found on the roll of Battle Abbey. The first who bore it in England is

B

said to have come hither in the reign of Henry III. There are others, too, which have mounted much higher in the scale of mere rank ; but it may be safely said that there is none of a truer dignity, nor more endeared to the spirits of Englishmen. In point of standing and alliance, there is hardly one of our old and most celebrated families with which it will not be found to be connected. Warwick, Leicester, Essex, Northumberland, Pembroke, Carlisle, Burleigh, Sutherland, Rutland, Strangford, Sunderland, are some of the families united by blood or marriage with the house and fortunes of the Sidneys. The royal blood of England runs in the veins of their children. But it is by a far higher nobility than that of ancient descent, or martial or political power, that the name of Sidney arrests the admiration of Englishmen. It is one of our great watch-words of liberty. It is one of the household words of English veneration. It is a name hallowed by some of our proudest historical and literary associations; identified in the very staple of our minds with a sense of high principle, magnanimity of sentiment, and generous and heroic devotion to the cause of our country and of man. When we would express in a few magical syllables all that we feel and comprehend of patriotism and genius, the names that rush involuntarily to our lips are those of Milton, Hampden, Sidney, and such men. It is a glorious distinction for one family to have given one such name to its country: but it is the happiness of the house of Sidney to number more than one such in its line, and to have enriched our literature with a brilliant constellation of names, both male

and female, that have been themselves poets, or the admired theme of poets; literary, or the friends of all the literary and learned of their times. They were not merely of the aristocracy of rank, but of the aristocracy of mind; and it is from that cause, and that alone, that their name is embedded like a jewel in the golden frame-work of the language.

Of this distinguished line, the most illustrious and popular was unquestionably Sir Philip. The universal admiration that he won from his cotemporaries is one of the most curious circumstances of the history of those times. The generous and affectionate enthusiasm with which he inspired both his own countrymen and foreigners, has, perhaps, no parallel. The "admirable Crichton" is the only person who occurs to our minds as presenting anything like the same universality of knowledge and accomplishments; but Crichton was a meteor which blazed for a moment, and left only a name of wonder. Sir Philip still continues to be spoken of by all genuine poets and minds of high intellect with much of the same affectionate honour that he received from his own age. "He approaches," says Dr. Aikin, "more nearly to the idea of a perfect man, as well as of a perfect knight, than any character of any age or nation."*

This perfection of character is shewn by these particulars: that from his boyhood he was eager for the acquisition of all possible knowledge,—language, philosophy, poetry, every species of art and science, were devoured by him; yet he did

* Annual Review, p. 919.

not give himself up merely to the pursuit of knowledge; he never became a mere book-worm. He was equally fond of field sports and manly exercises. He was looked up to as the perfect model of a courtier, without the courtier's baseness of adulation. Elizabeth pronounced him the brightest jewel of her crown. He was deemed the very mirror of knighthood. In the camp he was the ardent warrior; he was sent on foreign embassy of high importance, and proved himself a dexterous politician. There was a universality of talent and of taste about him that marked him as a most extraordinary man. His facility of amassing information and putting on accomplishment was marvellous. Yet he never seemed to have any mere worldly ambition. It was the pure love of glory that animated him; and in striving for it, he never for a moment appeared capable of the common jealousies of emulation; on the contrary, he was the friend, and the warm and beloved friend of every one who was himself most distinguished. Sir Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, had it inscribed on his monument, as his peculiar glory, that he was **THE FRIEND OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY**. He was the friend of Spenser, Dyer, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Sir Henry and Sir Edward Wotton, the learned Herbert Languet, and indeed of all the finest spirits of his age; yet it was, after all, less by the brilliancy of his intellect than by the warmth of his heart, that he won so singularly on the admiration of all men. The grand secret of his unprecedented popularity lay in the nobility of his nature. Nothing could be more delightful than the high, unworldly, and incorruptible

character of his mind. It was this ardent, sunny, unselfish disposition which was so beautiful in all his family relations. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, himself one of the noblest characters in history, says of him, in a letter to his second son, Robert Sidney: "Follow the advice of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions. He is a rare ornament of his age; the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth, I speak it without flattery of him, or myself, *he hath the most virtues that I ever found in any man.*"

What a proud testimony from a father to a son! But the same admirable affection constantly displayed itself towards his brother and sister. His letters to his brother Robert are full of the most delightfully gay, yet loving and wise spirit. Writing to him while on his travels, he declared,—what he invariably proved by his conduct,—“There is nothing I spend so pleaseth me as that which is for you. If ever I have ability, you will find it; if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me.”

His tender attachment to his sister, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, is known to all the world. It was to Wilton that he betook himself during his temporary absence from court, on account of his difference with the insolent Earl of Oxford, to write his *Arcadia*. It was to her that he dedicated it, and more than dedicated it, calling it “*Pembroke's Arcadia.*”

It was to her that he sent it, sheet by sheet, when he was not present with her to read it to her; living in her approbation of it, and seeking no other fame from it, for it was not published till after his death.

Such were the noble and endearing qualities that made Sir Philip Sidney the idol of his times in foreign countries as much as in his own; that induced Poland to offer him its crown; that covered his hearse with the laments of all the learned and poetical amongst his cotemporaries—three volumes of such funeral tributes in various languages being published on the occasion of his death; the two great English universities striving which should outdo the other in the number and intensity of its “melodious tears.”

The evidences of Sir Philip Sidney’s genius which have come down to us are to be found in his *Arcadia*; his *Astrophel and Stella*; his *Defence of Poesy*; his *Sonnets and Songs*: and there have not been wanting those who assert that they do not bear out by their merit the enthusiastic encomiums of his cotemporaries. Lord Orford has pronounced the *Arcadia* “a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance;” and Hume, Tytler, and others, have echoed the opinion.

How many are there of our own age who are prepared by actual perusal to sanction or disallow of this dictum? How many have read that poem of which every one speaks as a matter of knowledge—*Spenser’s Faery Queen*? How many, even, have waded through *Paradise Lost*? Every poetical spirit which has qualified itself to give an answer, must declare that

the literary relics of Sir Philip Sidney,—writings thrown off rapidly in the midst of many pursuits and many distracting attentions, and before death at the early age of thirty-two,—must pronounce them well worthy of his fame.

His poetry and prose too have all the marks of stiffness, and affected point of that period; but every page of his composition abounds with sober and with brilliant thoughts. His sonnets are delightful testimonies to the inward beauty and tenderness of the man. Many readers have been made familiar with the fine opening of one of his sonnets, by Wordsworth introducing it as the opening of one of his:—

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,
How silently, and with how sad a face!

and every real lover of poetry, if he opens the volume of Sir Philip Sidney, will find much that will equally delight him, and generate within him trains of high and sober thought.

But, in my opinion, it is the *Arcadia* which must stand as the best image of his “inner man.” Whoever reads it, should read it with reference to the spirit of the age, and turn relentlessly over all the pastoral episodes, and he will then find a volume full of stirring interest, striking invention, and that living tone of high, pure, heroic spirit, which scorned everything base; which is, in truth, the grand characteristic of Sidney;—a spirit which stands up by the low and cunning knowingness of our own day, like one of the statues of Greece by the wigged and sworded objects of modern sculpture.

Such passages as the Prayer of Pamela are amongst the

noblest specimens of impassioned eloquence in the language. Charles I. shewed how deeply that passage had touched him by adopting it as his own petition to the Supreme Being as he went to the scaffold; and the closing portion of it shall close these passing remarks on Sir Philip Sidney's writings, as very expressive of his nature.—“Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my virtue. Let the power of my enemies prevail, but prevail not to my destruction. Let my greatness be their prey; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge; let them, if so it seem good unto thee, vex me with more and more punishment: but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body!”

The death of Sir Philip Sidney, from a wound received on the field of Zutphen, has become celebrated by the circumstance continually referred to as an example of the most heroic magnanimity—giving up the water for which he had earnestly implored to a dying soldier near—saying, “he has more need of it than I.” But the whole of his behaviour from that time to the hour of his death, twenty-five days afterwards, was equally characteristic,—being spent amongst his friends in the exercise of the most exemplary patience and sweetness of temper, and in the discussion of such solemn topics as the near view of eternity naturally brings before the spirit of the dying Christian.

Algernon Sidney is as fine a character, though seen under another and a sterner aspect. He was born to more troublous

times and a less courtly scene. He had evidently formed himself upon a model of Roman virtue. He was a pure republican, placing public virtue before him as his guide, from which neither interest nor ambition were ever able to make him swerve; and that such was his life as well as his creed, has been nobly avowed by a great writer of very opposite political profession.

Great men have been amongst us; hands that penned
 And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none;
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
 These moralists could act and comprehend;
 They knew how genuine glory is put on;
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
 In splendour; what strength was that would not bend
 But in magnanimous weakness.

WORDSWORTH.

We see in his portraits the firm and melancholy look of a man who had grown up for political martyrdom, and the times afforded him but too much opportunity to arrive at it. The words of one of his letters to his father, Lord Leicester,* are more demonstrative of his character than the most laboured exposition of it by any other man can be.—“I walk in the light God hath given me: if it be dimme or uncertaine I must beare the penalty of my errors. I hope to do it with patience, and that noe burthen should be very grievous to me except sinne and shame! God keepe me from these evils, and in all things else dispose of me according to his pleasure.” They were singular coincidences, that these two great men of one

* Blencowe's Sidney Papers.

family died young—one in the field and the other on the scaffold; and that each had a sister celebrated for their charms by the poets, and one herself a poet—the Countess of Pembroke, “Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother;” and Waller’s Saccharissa.

In thus noticing the exalted principles and splendid characters of these Sidneyes, it is a very natural and important question, what were the influences under which such men and women sprung up from one stock? Ben Jonson, in his visit to Robert Sidney, Sir Philip’s brother, when Earl of Leicester, can partly let us into the secret:

They are and have been taught religion. Thence
 Their gentle spirits have sucked innocence.
 Each morne and even they are taught to pray
 With the whole household, and may every day
 Reade in their virtuous parents’ noble parts,
 The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.

The Forrest, ii.

Sir Philip Sidney grew under the most favourable auspices. His mother was Mary Dudley, the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and sister of Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey. The tragedies which the enthronement of Lady Jane brought into her family, made her retire from the world, and devote herself to the careful education of her children. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was, as I have already observed, one of the noblest and best of men, and one who, had he not been eclipsed by the glory of his descendants, must have occupied more of the attention of the

English historian than he has done. In his arms expired the pious young prince, Edward VI., who entertained the warmest friendship for him; and his conduct in the government of Ireland, of which he was thrice Lord Deputy, and all his recorded sentiments, exhibit him a rare example of integrity and wisdom.

Such were some of the Sidneys of other days; and, as if poetry were destined to break forth with periodical lustre in this family, it has now to add Percy Bysshe Shelley to its enduring names; for Shelley was a lineal Sidney. The present Sir John Shelley Sidney being his paternal uncle, and his cousin Philip Sidney, Lord de L'Isle, being the present possessor of Penshurst.

In these preliminary pages I have traced some of the causes which must throw a lasting and peculiar interest around Penshurst, let us now hasten thither at once.

Having received from Lord de L'Isle an order to see everything of public interest at Penshurst, accompanied by an expectation that he would himself be there, and ready to give me all the information in his power, I went there on Tuesday September 25th, 1838.

I took coach to Tunbridge on Monday, and after breakfast on Tuesday morning walked on to Penshurst, through a delightful country; now winding along quiet green lanes, and

now looking out on the great beautiful dale in which Tunbridge stands, and over other valleys to my left. Green fields and rustic cottages interspersed amongst woods; and the picturesque hop-grounds on the steep slopes and in the hollows of the hills, now in their full glory; and all the rural population out and busy in gathering the hops, completed just such scenery as I expected to find in the lovely county of Kent.

The whole road as I came from town was thronged with huge wagons of pockets of new hops, piled nearly as high as the houses they passed, a great quantity of these going up out of Sussex; and here, at almost every farm-house and group of cottages, you perceived the rich aromatic odour of hops, and saw the smoke issuing from the cowls of the drying kilns. The whole county was odoriferous of hop.

The first view which I got of the old house of Penshurst, called formerly both Penshurst Place and Penshurst Castle,* was as I descended the hill opposite to it. Its grey walls and turrets, and high-peaked and red roofs rising in the midst of them; and the new buildings of fresh stone, mingled with the ancient fabric, presented a very striking and venerable aspect.

It stands in the midst of a wide valley, on a pleasant elevation; its woods and park stretching away beyond, northwards; and the picturesque church, parsonage, and other houses of the village, grouping in front.

From whichever side you view the house, it strikes you as a fitting abode of the noble Sidneys. Valleys run out on every

* Originally Pencester.

side from the main one in which it stands ; and the hills, which are everywhere at some distance, wind about in a very pleasant and picturesque manner, covered with mingled woods and fields, and hop-grounds. The park ranges northward from the house in a gently-ascending slope, and presents you with many objects of interest, not merely in trees of enormous growth, but in trees to which past events and characters have given an everlasting attraction ; especially Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, Saccharissa's Walk, and Gamage's Bower. Southey and Waller have both celebrated the Sidney oak. Southey says,—

That stately oak,
Itself hath mouldered now :

Zouch, in his life of Sir Philip, on the contrary, says it was cut down in 1768. It is probable that both statements are erroneous ; for the oak which tradition has called "the Sidney Oak," and "the Bear's Oak," no doubt in allusion to the



THE SIDNEY OAK.

Bear-and-ragged-staff in the Leicester arms, is still standing. Probably the one cut down, was what Ben Jonson calls "the Ladies' Oak."

Amongst the many tributes of respect to Penshurst, none are so graphic and complete as that of Ben Jonson. This is to the life. You see in every line that the stout old dramatist had walked over the ground, and beheld the house and the people which he describes. We shall have speedy reason to recur to this description to shew how true to the fact it is.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
 Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row
 Of polished pillars, or a roofof gold:
 Thou hast no lanterne whereof tales are told;
 Or stayre, or courts; but standst an ancient pile,
 And these grudged at, art reverenced the while.
 Thou joyst in better markes, of soyle, of ayre,
 Of wood, of water: therein thou are faire.
 Thou hast thy walkes for health as well as sport;
 Thy Mount to which the Dryads do resort,
 Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
 Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade.
 That taller tree, which of a nut was set
 At his great birth where all the Muses met.
 There, in the writhed bark are cut the names
 Of many a sylvane token with his flames.
 And thence the ruddy Satyres oft provoke
 The lighter Fawnes to reach thy Ladies' Oake.
 Thy copps, too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
 That never fails to serve thee seasoned deere,
 When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.
 The lower land, that to the river bends,
 Thy sheepe, thy bullocks, kine and calves do feed;
 The middle ground thy mares and horses breed.
 Each banke doth yield thee coney; and the topps,
 Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidney's copps,

To crowne thy open table doth provide
 The purpled pheasant with the speckled side ;
 Thy painted partrich lyes in every field,
 And for thy messe is willing to be killed ;
 And if the high-swoln Medway faile thy dish,
 Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish ;
 Fat, aged carps, that runne into thy net,
 And pikes, now weary their owne kinde to eat,
 As loth the second draught, or east to stay,
 Officiously, at first, themselves betray.
 Bright eels that emulate them, leape on land
 Before the fisher, or into his hand.

Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
 Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the hours.
 The early cherry with the later plum,
 Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come.
 The blushing apricot and woolly peach
 Hang on thy walls that every child may reach.
 And though thy walls be of the country stone,
 They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's grone.
 There's none that dwell about them wish them downe ;
 But all come in, the farmer and the clowne,
 And no one empty-handed, to salute
 Thy lord and lady though they have no suite.
 Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
 Some nuts, some apples ; some that think they make
 The better cheeses, bring 'hem ; or else send
 By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
 This way to husbands ; and whose baskets beare
 An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.

But what can this (more than express their love)
 Adde to thy free provisions, far above
 The need of such ? whose liberal boord doth flow
 With all that hospitalitie doth know !
 Where comes no guest but is allowed to eate
 Without his feare, and of thy lord's owne meate ;
 Where the same beere, and breade, and self-same wine
 That is his Lordship's shall be also mine.
 And I not faine to sit (as some this day
 At great men's tables) and yet dine away.

Here no man tells my cups ; nor standing by,
 A waiter doth my gluttony envy :
 But gives me what I call, and lets me eate ;
 He knows below, he shall find plentie of meate.
 Thy tables hoard not up for the nexte day,
 Nor when I take my lodging need I pray
 For fire, or lights, or livorie ; all is there,
 As if thou, then, wert mine, or I reigned here.
 There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
 This found King James when hunting late this way,
 With his brave sonne the prince ; they saw thy fires
 Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
 Of thy Penates had been set on flame
 To entertaine them, or the country came
 With all their zeale to warme their welcome here.
 What great (I will not saye but) sodayne cheare
 Didst thou then make 'hem ! and what praise was heaped
 On thy goode lady then ! who, therein, reaped
 The just reward of her high housewifry ;
 To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh
 When she was farre ; and not a roome but drest
 As if it had expected such a guest !

These, Penshurst, are thy praise ; and yet not all.
 Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.
 His children, thy great lord may call his ownē ;
 A fortune in this age but rarely knowne.
 They are and have been taught religion ; thence
 Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
 Each morn and even they are taught to pray,
 With the whole household, and may, every day,
 Reade, in their vertuous parents' noble parts
 The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.

Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
 With other edifices, when they see
 Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
 May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

BEN JONSON.—*The Forrest*, ii.

The house now presents two principal fronts. The one facing westward, formerly looked into a court, called the President's Court, because the greater part of it was built by Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip, and Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales. The court is now thrown open, and converted into a lawn surrounded by a sunk fence, and overlooking a quiet valley of perhaps a mile in length, terminated by woody hills of great rural beauty. This court will eventually be laid out in a flower garden; Lord de L'Isle having fitted up the suite of rooms in this, and the north front, for the family use, including dining and drawing rooms, library, and other rooms, which have been done under the superintendence of Mr. Rebecca, of Piccadilly, in the very best taste; exhibiting, at once, a striking unity with the general character of the old pile, and yet possessing all the elegance and convenience required by modern habits. Oak wainscoting has been introduced, yet not in such heaviness and profusion as to take away from that sense of finish and of comfort that we now look for in a place of family abode; and the ceilings, with their cornices and compartments, partake of the same character. They display true keeping and good sense. You meet with none of that extravagance and broken-up-ness of design which offend you in many attempts to restore the ancient mansion, and to adapt it to present uses. You do not, as you advance, find yourself at this moment in a Chinese room, in the next in an Egyptian, and then in an Italian or a French one. All is English, and English of the right date, which is rarer

still. The ornaments are taken from the family arms; and while they continually remind you that you are in the abode of the Sidneys and the Leicesters, you are also reminded by the freshness of all the finishings, that you are there too in the days of their polished descendants.

This front, as well as the northern one, is of great length. It is of several dates and styles of architecture. The façade is of two stories, and battlemented. The centre division, which is of recent erection, has large windows of triple arches, with armorial shields between the upper and lower stories. The south end of the façade is of an ancient date, with smaller mullioned windows; the northern portion with windows of a similar character to those in the centre, but less and plainer. Over this façade shews itself the tall gable of the ancient banquetting hall which stands in the inner court. At each end of this façade projects a wing, with its various towers of various bulk and height; some square, of stone, others octagon, of brick, with a great diversity of tall, worked chimneys, which, with steep roofs, and the mixture of brick-work and stonework all through the front, give a mottled, but yet very venerable aspect to it.

The north and principal front, facing up the park, has been restored by its noble possessor, and presents a battlemented range of stone buildings of various projections, towers, turrets, and turreted chimneys, which, when the windows are put in, which is not yet fully done, will have few superiors amongst the castellated mansions of England.

The old gateway tower remains, and still forms the carriage entrance. On its front was fixed aloft, a hatchment quartering the royal arms with those of the Sidneys, denoting the death of Lady de L'Isle, the daughter of the late king. Over the door is a stone tablet with this inscription :—

THE MOST RELIGIOUS AND RENOWNED PRINCE EDWARD THE SIXTH KINGE OF ENGLAND FRANCE AND IRELAND GAVE THIS HOUSE OF PENCESTER WITH THE MANNORS LANDES AND APPURTENANCES THER UNTO BELONGINGE UNTO HIS TRUSTYE AND WEL-BELOVED SERVANT SYR WILLIAM SYDNY KNIGHT BANNARET SERVINGE HIM FROM THE TYME OF HIS BIRTH UNTO HIS CORONATION IN THE OFFICES OF CHAMBERLAYNE AND STUARDE OF HIS HOUSHOLD IN COMMEMORATION OF WHICH MOST WORTHIE AND FAMOUS KINGE SIR HENRIE SYDNEY KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL ESTABLISHED IN THE MARCHES OF WALES SONNE AND HEYRE OF THE AFORE NAMED SYR WILLIAM CAUSED THIS TOWER TO BE BUYLDED AND THAT MOST EXCELLENT PRINCES ARMS TO BE ERECTED ANNO DOMINI 1585.

The royal arms are accordingly emblazoned in stone on another tablet beneath.

Immediately on the right hand of this gateway, as you front it, remains a piece of ancient brick front with its armorial escutcheons, tall octagon brick tower, and cross-banded chimneys. The rest, with the exception of the stone tower terminating the

western end, is all new; containing another entrance arch, with the family arms emblazoned above it, and which, with its Elizabethan windows, corbels, and shields, is in excellent keeping with the old portion.

From the eastern end of this front runs a fine avenue of limes, and at a short distance in the park is Gamage's Bower, now a mere woody copse, as represented by Ben Jonson.

In the centre of the inner court stands the old Banqueting Hall, a tall gabled building with high red roof, surmounted with the ruins of a cupola, erected upon it by Mr. Perry, who married the heiress of the family, but who does not seem to have brought much taste into it. On the point of each gable is an old stone figure—the one a tortoise, the other a lion couchant;—and upon the back of each of these old figures, so completely accordant with the building itself, which exhibits under its eaves and at the corners of its windows numbers of those grotesque corbels which distinguish our buildings of an early date, both domestic and ecclesiastical, good Mr. Perry clapped a huge leaden vase which had probably crowned aforetime the pillars of a gateway, or the roof of a garden-house. It is to be hoped that Lord de L'Isle will not long delay his intention of having these monstrosities pitched from their undeserved elevation.*

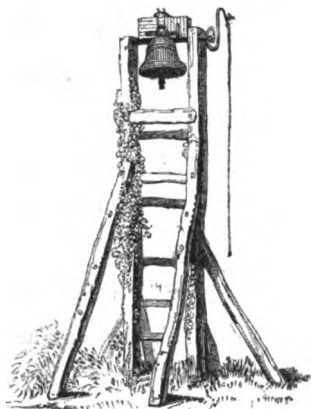
With these exceptions, this hall, of which I shall have more to say anon, bears externally every mark of a very ancient building.

* Since the above was written the cupola and vases have been removed.

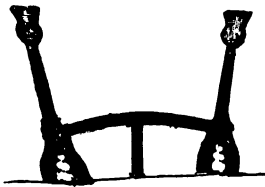
The south side of the house has all the irregularity of an old castle, consisting of various towers, projections, buttresses, and gables. Some of the windows shew tracery of a superior order, and others have huge common sashes, introduced by the tasteful Mr. Perry aforesaid. The court on this side is surrounded by battlemented walls, and has a massy square gatehouse, leading into the old garden, or pleasaunce, which sloped away down towards the Medway, but is now merely a grassy lawn, with the remains of one fine terrace running along its western side.

In this court, opposite the door of the Banqueting Hall, hangs a large bell, on a very simple frame of wood. The whole has a genuine look of the ancient time when hunters came hungry from the forest, and needed no gilded belfry to summon them to dinner. On the bell is inscribed, in raised letters :

ROBERT EARL OF LEICESTER, AT PENSHURST, 1649.



The old banqueting hall is a noble specimen of the baronial hall of the reign of Edward III., when both house and table exhibited the rudeness of a martial age, and both gentle and simple revelled together, parted only by the salt. The floor is of brick. The raised platform, or dais, at the west-end, advances sixteen feet into the room. The width of the hall is about forty feet, and the length of it about fifty-four feet. On each side are tall gothic windows, much of the tracery of which has been some time knocked out, and the openings plastered up. At the east-end is a fine large window, with two smaller ones above it; but the large window is, for the most part, hidden by the front of the music gallery. In the centre of the floor an octagon space is marked out with a rim of stone, and within this space stands a massy old dog, or brand-iron, about a yard and half wide, and the two upright ends three feet six inches high, having on their outer sides, near the top, the double broad arrow of the Sidney arms. The smoke from the fire,



which was laid on this jolly dog, ascended and passed out through the centre of the roof, which is high, and of framed oak, and was adorned at the spring of the huge groined spars with grotesque projecting carved figures, or corbels, which are now taken down, being considered in danger of falling, and are laid in the music gallery.

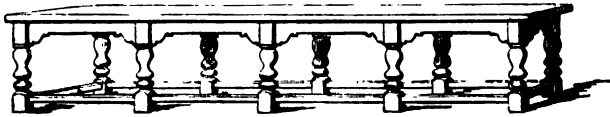
The whole of this fine old roof is, indeed, in a very decayed

state, and unless repaired and made proof against the weather, must, ere many winters be over, come down; a circumstance extremely to be regretted, being said to be the oldest specimen of our ancient banqueting hall remaining.

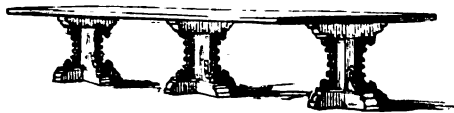


The massy oak tables remain. That on the dais, or the lord's table, is six yards long, and about one wide; and at this simple board no doubt Sir Philip and Algernon Sidney, the Countess of Pembroke, Saccharissa, Waller, Ben Jonson, and though last mentioned, many a noble, and some crowned heads,

have many a time dined. What a splendid group, indeed, may imagination summon up and set down at this rude table, where unquestionable history will warrant us in placing them. At one time the gentle and pious Edward VI.; at another his more domineering and shrewd sister Elizabeth, with her proud favourite, Leicester or Essex, Cecil or Warwick, all allied to, or in habits of intimacy with, the lord of the house. James the First, and Charles, then prince, no doubt took their seats here, at that unlooked-for visit of which Ben Jonson speaks; and the paintings in the gallery and rooms above, will shew us many a high-born beauty, and celebrated noble and gentleman who have graced this old hall with their presence, and made its rafters echo to their wit and merriment.

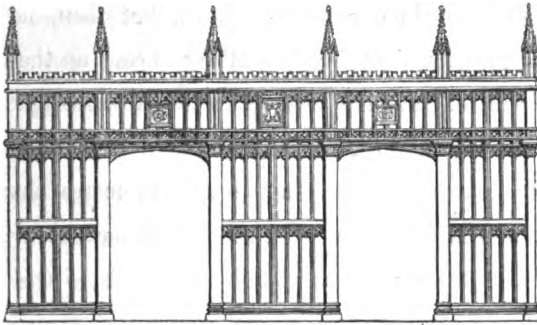


The tables down the sides of the hall, at which the yeomen retainers, and servants sate, are seven yards long, and of a construction several degrees less in remove from the common trestle.



At the lower end of the hall is a tall wainscot screen supporting the music gallery, the plainness and even rudeness of

its fashion marking the earliness of its date. The space betwixt it and the end of the hall, forms a passage from one court to the other, and serves also to conceal the entrances to the kitchen, larder, and other similar offices. The entire screen would present this appearance.



Most of the wainscot and doors of this part of the house are of split oak, never touched with a plane, but reduced to their proper dimensions only by the chisel and the hatchet; sufficient proof of their antiquity. The arched passages and door-ways from the courts to the hall are nevertheless of excellent style and workmanship.

At the back of the music-gallery, and up to the very top of the hall, hang shields, matchlocks with their rests, steel caps, banners, and different pieces of armour; but much the greater portion of those trophies has fallen down, and they lie in the music-gallery, or some of the disused rooms.

On each side of the dais, as in our old colleges, ascends a

flight of loo stairs; one leading to the old apartments of the house, the other into a sort of little gallery, out of which the lord could look into the hall, and call his wassailers to order if any unusual clamour or riot was going on, or to call any of his retainers, bells not then being introduced.

On the right hand of the dais, is the entrance into the cellar; an odd situation to our present fancy, but then, no doubt, thought very convenient for the butler to bring up the wine to the lord's table. Passing this cellar door to the right of the dais, and ascending the loo stairs, you find yourself in the ball-room: a large room, with two ancient lustre chandeliers surmounted with the crown-royal, and said to have been the first made in England, and presented by Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester. In this room are several columns of verde-antique, giallo, and porphyry from Italy; antique burial-urns, and old tables of mosaic marble. There are four large frescoes by Vanderbrecht:—the Triumph of Cupid; Venus rising from the Sea; Europa on the Bull; and Cupid trying his Bow. Amongst some indifferent portraits is one of Lady E. Sidney, and another of Lady Egerton.

In the pages' room are numerous paintings. Amongst them are the Duke of St. Albans, Nell Gwynn's son, a boy of about eight or ten years of age, in a rich murrey-coloured doublet and breeches, with roses at his knees and on his shoes; an excellent painting. Head of John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, 1545: the father of Lord Guildford Dudley; of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester; and of Mary Dudley, the mother of

Sir Philip Sidney. Head of the Duchess of Portsmouth : small full-length of Algernon Percy Earl of Northumberland : the Egerton family, three children : head of old Parr, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two : Catherine Cecil, Countess of Leicester, of whom there are several other portraits in the house : head of Algernon Sidney, in a defective state : Duns Scotus : supposed portrait of General Leslie.

There is a small recumbent statue of Cleopatra from Herculaneum, here ; and the bridle of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I., hangs by one of the windows. The front, martingal, and the bosses of the bits, gilt and much ornamented.

Queen Elizabeth's Room.—It is said that Elizabeth, when visiting Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip, furnished this room. The chairs are fine, tall, and capacious ones, the frames gilded, and the drapery yellow and crimson satin, richly embroidered. They must have been very splendid when in their full glory. The walls of each end of the room are covered with similar embroidered satin, said, as in all such cases, to have been worked by the queen and her attendants.

Here stand the three most interesting portraits in the house. Those of Sir Philip, Algernon, and Mary Sidney, the Countess of Pembroke.

Sir Philip Sidney is here apparently not more than two or three and twenty years of age. His dress is a rich laced doublet of pale crimson ; ruff, and scarlet mantle hanging loosely from his shoulder. He is standing reading, with a staff of office in his

hand, and with his armour about him. It is a lively portrait, very much resembling that belonging to the Duke of Bedford, from which Lodge's engraving is taken ; and also that in Warwick Castle ; but of a younger aspect than either. It perhaps does not come up to your idea of the knightly beauty and grace of Sir Philip Sidney ; for few indeed of the portraits of the great men of that wonderful era do realize your conceptions of them ; but it has all the truth and light-heartedness of youth about it, and breathes of that high-minded nobility and generous enthusiasm for whatever was heroic and just, which distinguished him. You cannot look long on the high forehead, clear earnest eyes, and smooth features, without feeling that they belonged to the youthful poet, and gallant and unselfish hero. His hair is cut short behind, and turned aside from his forehead, and what is perhaps most unlooked for, its colour is of a ruddy brown. It is not red hair of the common hue, nor chestnut, but a dusky red, or ruddy brown, and which is proved by a circumstance to which I shall soon advert, to have really been the colour of Sir Philip's hair. His complexion is also that of a person who has a tinge of the red in his hair. The same tinge is visible in the hair of many of the Sidneys, both as seen in their portraits and in locks which are preserved.

Lodge's portrait of the Countess of Pembroke is a very good transcript.

Algernon Sidney is also here represented as we see him in the engravings ;—standing by a column, leaning on a folio book labelled *LIBERTAS*. He is in a buff coat embroidered, a scarlet

sash, and steel cuirass. The tower where he was beheaded is in view, and the axe of the executioner behind. His long dark-brown hair is combed over his shoulders; his nose is Roman; and the expression of the whole countenance stern and melancholy. From the emblems of his fate about him, it is evident that this painting was done after his death. The original likeness is in the gallery.

Near these is Lord Lisle, the son of Lady Egerton, by Lely: Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, the husband of Saccharissa: Col. Thomas Sidney, his wife and child, the father and mother of Mrs. Perry, the grandmother of Sir John Shelley Sidney. The Earl of Leicester, 1618: Robert, Earl of Leicester, 1632, by Vandyke: Philip, Lord Lisle, Earl of Leicester, 1678: his mother, again, Lady Elizabeth Sidney (a Bridgewater Egerton): and the present Lord de L'Isle. Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, by Gerard: Ambrose Dudley, his brother, Earl of Warwick; Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, by Vandyke. A large family-piece—Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, 1596, and her six children, all in the formal dress of the time. In this room are various other family portraits, and George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Gainsborough. There is a sleeping Venus, by Titian; a Charity, by Guido; and perhaps, as a painting, the most attractive piece of all is a Vandyke, Philip Lord Lisle—a boy with his dog, and his hunting-pole upon his shoulder. He has on an embroidered scarf and buskins, richly worked with gold. He appears to be advancing through a wood, and his attention is arrested by something in the trees before

him. The whole figure is full of youthful buoyancy, and the countenance of grace and nature.

Tapestry Room.—Full-lengths of William and Mary: William IV., by Sir Thomas Lawrence: Edward VI., by Holbein, an excellent portrait: Sir Henry Sidney, the president, in a black velvet cap and robe; a portrait in keeping with his character as a high-minded gentleman.

The most curious painting in this room is however, perhaps, one containing the portraits of the two celebrated sisters, Lady Dorothy Percy, Countess of Leicester, and Lady Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle. These ladies, daughters of the Duke of Northumberland, so well known in their own day, are well known too by their portraits in Lodge. Here they are given together, and the variation of their characters is obvious in their persons. The Countess of Leicester is a woman of that bold beauty which answers to what we know of her; a woman who seemed born to command and to be admired. She had quick passions and a strong will, but she knew both her own nature, and was quick to see that of all who came about her. She had great self-command, and could fascinate, or repel by a cool air of dignity, at her pleasure. Her husband has left us in his letters, a very touching account of her death-bed farewell of him. She was the mother of Algernon Sidney, and looking on her fine, but firm, and high-spirited face, we recognise at once the source of his lofty and unbending qualities.

The Countess of Carlisle was a woman of similar character in many points, but more devoted to political intrigue. "Lady

Carlisle," says Miss Aikin in her *Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I.*, "was a distinguished beauty, wit, and political intriguer, nor is her memory free from the suspicion, at least, of gallantry; no court lady of her time was equally celebrated or conspicuous. She was flattered in French by Voiture, and in her native tongue by almost all the contemporary wits and poets, and more especially by Waller in verse, and in prose by that singular and mysterious person Sir Toby Matthew; who composed an elaborate character of her, which is sufficiently hyperbolical to wear some appearance of irony, especially in the eulogium which he seems to bestow upon that arrogant scorn with which it was her practice to treat persons of every rank. . . She was early appointed to a high office in the household of the queen; and notwithstanding occasional quarrels, such as could scarcely fail to arise between two ladies so distinguished for high spirit, she long enjoyed and singularly abused the favour and confidence of Henrietta." Wentworth is supposed at one period to have stood high in her good graces, and even Laud paid homage at her shrine.

Here are besides, heads of William and Mary: Nell Gwynn, by Lely, as a Venus lying on a couch with a child standing by her; a strange picture, but beautifully executed. Some family pictures: a sea-piece, by John Tennant, a fisherman looking out with a spying-glass: a curious old piece, a music party: a head of a female, by Giorgione, full of strong character; and St. Peter delivered out of Prison, by Steenwick. There are on the walls two large pieces of Gobelin tapestry; Eolus unbaring the

winds; and the triumph of Ceres. A card table stands here, given by Queen Elizabeth, the middle of which is covered with needlework embroidery of the very kind now so much worked by our young ladies.

Picture Closet.—Algernon Percy as high-admiral of England: Titian's *Mistress*, by himself; a soft, fattish woman with yellow hair, but beautifully painted: *Madonna and sleeping Christ*, by Guido; the face of the *Madonna* full of expression, and the light thrown upon it with fine effect: *head of a Saint*, by Giorgione, in a praying attitude with clasped hands, the colour of the flesh is of a rich deep yellow, as if the saint were the inhabitant of a sultry country: a *Crucifixion*: *Bandits*, by Spagnoletto; and various small pieces by good masters.

The Gallery.—A *Flemish Woman*, by Peter Thoue, 1560, with fruit, very good: a curious old piece, a *Madonna and Child*, probably brought from some ancient shrine: full-length of *Lady Mary Dudley*, wife of Sir Henry, and mother of Sir Philip Sidney, with a guitar, and in a rich embroidered gown and Elizabethan ruff, her hair frizzled close to her head: the original portrait of *Algernon Sidney*, by Verres: *Languet*, Sir Philip Sidney's friend: *Bacchanals*, by N. Poussin: piece on marble, a *Woman with her Distaff*, and a *Shepherd playing on his pipe*, with sheep and cattle about: *James Stuart, Duke of Richmond*, by Vandyke: *Dying Mother*, probably copied from Murillo: *Abraham offering up Isaac*, a large piece, by Guercino da Cento: a *Procession*, by Rubens, evidently a piece full of life and grace from what little can be seen of the

figures, but nearly invisible from want of cleaning : Telemachus in the island of Calypso.

Dorothea, Countess of Sunderland, by Hoskins, that is, Saccharissa after her marriage : on the other side of the gallery is Saccharissa before her marriage—Dorothea Sidney, by Vandyke. She is represented as a shepherdess in a straw hat, the brim of which is lined with blue satin, her hair is disposed in ringlets on each side of the face, leaving the crown of the head smooth and round in the favourite fashion of the time. Like that of the Sidneys in general, it has a ruddy, or in her case, rather golden tinge. For beauty, the portrait of Hoskins, done after her marriage, has the highest claim ; but though there is great softness of figure and complexion about this lady, we are led by the praises of Waller, to look for more striking charms than we immediately perceive in Saccharissa. As in Sir Philip Sidney, so in this celebrated female of his race, there were undoubtedly those fascinations of manner and spirit, which, though visible to all beholders, have escaped the hand of the painter.

Virgin, Child, and St. John, said to be a copy from Rafaele, but admirably painted. Joseph's wrinkled face, full of admiring devotion, and the brunette beauty of Mary, are equally excellent ; the dark eye and rich lips of the Madonna, are full of maternal satisfaction, and deep holy joy : Maleager and Atalanta, a large piece, indistinct from want of cleaning : the scourging of Christ, by Spagnoletto, the same : Holy Family, by Bassano, the same : a boy's head, by Carracci : Christ crowned with thorns, a large piece, of great merit, but artist not

named : a very large family-piece of the Perrys, including the wife of Bysshe Shelley, and mother of Sir John Shelley Sidney : head of Thomas, Earl of Surrey : Ann Percy, Lady Stanhope, by Nestcher : Bacchanals, by N. Poussin : Endymion, by Bartolomeo : a modern country coquette, by Wyatt : Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury : T. Fitzallen, Archbishop of Canterbury, a curious old piece : Thomas Wentworth, constable of Queenborough Castle in the first of Richard III. : a drunken gondolier, by Rubens : Apollo and the Muses, after Vandyke. In this part of the gallery stands an ebony cabinet, with small brass figures in little niches and paintings on the panels, which was given by James I. to the first Earl of Leicester.

Head of William Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, a very old man : Sir William Sidney, to whom Penshurst was given by Edward VI., by Lucas de Héer : Madonna and Christ, by Andrea del Sarto. The most curious piece in the gallery, and indeed in the house, is one of Sir Philip Sidney, and his brother Robert, afterwards first Earl of Leicester of this line. Sir Philip, a youth of perhaps sixteen, is standing arm in arm with Robert, a boy of about thirteen or fourteen. They are in a court dress, both exactly alike, a sort of doublet and collar. The collar is just the boy's collar of the present day, except that it is fringed with lace. The doublet is buttoned down the front with close set buttons, it is fitted exactly to the body with very close sleeves, and turned up with lace cuffs. The colour of the doublet is French grey. They have trunk-hose, very full indeed, of crimson figured satin, stockings and garters of the same colour

as the doublet, with roses at the knees, and on the shoes. Their shoes are of leather, with tan-coloured soles, and are cut high in the instep; having much the look of listing shoes of the present day: their swords complete their costume. Their hair is cut short behind and turned aside on the forehead. There is a hat of white beaver lying on a table close to the elbow of Sir Philip, with a stiff upright plume of ostrich feathers with edges dyed crimson.



The lads have a strong likeness as brothers, and bear the same likeness to the portrait of Sir Philip in Queen Elizabeth's room. Philip has something of an elder-brother, patronising air, and is full of a frank, ardent spirit, such as we may imagine marked the boyhood of such a man. When we recollect, too,

the strong affection he always shewed to this brother, we see plainly that the union of the two in one picture was rather the result of that known affection, than the act of the painter. This curious family and national picture bears about it every mark of its authenticity, and has never yet been engraved.

Amongst the remaining pictures, are—Philip, the fifth Earl of Leicester, by Kneller: Elizabeth, daughter of Col. Sidney, and wife of W. Perry, Esq., the same lady who figures in the large Perry family-piece just mentioned: Robert, Earl of Leicester, 1702, by Sir P. Lely: Elizabeth Egerton, Lady Leicester again, with a child, afterwards Lord Lisle, both by Lely: another Lady Leicester, a very fine, fair woman, with a profusion of brown hair: Christ at Emmaus, a large and good piece, by Jan Steen: Jane Wroth, Countess of Rochford, said to be by Netscher, *quere* by Lely? a fine woman, in Lely's style, with dark hair, hazel eyes, and large oval face, with an air of aristocratic dignity: Madonna and Child, by Leonardo da Vinci: portrait of a man, by Holbein, most capital and life-like: heads of Christ and Madonna, from the collection of Charles I., by Simon Mercati: rich man and Lazarus, by Bassan: several small family-pieces on copper, by Verelst: Flemish women, by Terburgh, excellent: Sir Thomas More, by Holbein: St. Lucia holding her eyes in a vase: the Flood, by Bassan: Holy Family, by Annibal Carracci: Barbara Gamage, first Countess of Leicester: Venus reclining, by Titian: head of a monk, by Perino del Vaga, with strong black hair, and features that would suit the Clerk of Copmanhurst: carving on wood, a saint at prayer, very excellent: Venus

attired by the Graces, copied from Guido, by Lely: portrait of a lady, a lovely fair woman: martyrdom of St. Sebastian, a large piece, that wants cleaning: a small head of Martin Luther.

Such are the names of the greater number of the paintings at Penshurst. There are a good many, both family portraits and other paintings, by good masters, which are not, however, here mentioned; some few, too, were gone to be cleaned. I have desired to enumerate the majority, that persons of taste may be more aware, than has been the case, of the treasures of art hoarded in this venerable old house of the Sidneys: to attempt to discuss their respective merits is beyond the limits of this article; but it may be an additional inducement to those who would wish to visit Penshurst, from their reverence for those of its former inhabitants, who have done and suffered so much for the literature and the liberties of England, to know that they will not merely tread the same ground, and gaze on the same scenes as these patriots and heroes, but that these noble spirits have themselves collected for their recreation, works of art which would make the spot one of strong attraction, even if it were not hallowed by their memories, and embellished by all that remains of their presence—their pictured forms.

Few, I suspect, are aware how easy of access this interesting place is from the metropolis. In about three hours, and for a few shillings, a coach three times a week will set you down at an excellent inn on the very spot. From Tunbridge Wells, a few miles distant, this is now a favourite excursion, and the

Dover Railway will, ere long, run through the vale of Tunbridge, so that we feel assured that Penshurst, standing as it does, in one of the most lovely districts of England, will be resorted to by a great multitude of our countrymen.

At present, it is true, this interesting collection of paintings is in a state of much confusion. Both they and the building have evidently suffered seriously, not merely from time, but from neglect. In the great national changes, which since the days of the First Charles have passed over England, the great families and their houses have necessarily undergone ruinous changes too. Many such houses, at this moment, stand roofless and ivy-grown, never again to be restored. Others have only been recovered by the outlay of princely fortunes; and others still, though inhabited by the descendants of their ancient lords, bear about them, and will to the last, the marks of the scath and ravages which they have suffered. Penshurst is one of these; and no one who treads its silent park, and beholds its huge trees shattered by the tempests,—its grass-grown pleasance and its grey walls,—but will feel that it derives a stronger interest from these circumstances. It is not in a scene of entire modern gaiety and splendour that we would wish to come upon the domestic haunts of the Sidneys. Such a scene would violate all our ideas of the past, and disturb those feelings which drew us to the spot. We know that the days of the Arcadia are gone by; we know that Sir Philip Sidney died young on the field of Zutphen, and Algernon's blood flowed on the scaffold for the love of civil liberty; and a place which bears on its face evi-

dences of a kindred fate, is just that which accords with our humour at the moment, and deepens our impressions of the past. We do not expect to meet Ben Jonson strolling through the park; or Waller and Saccharissa bandying compliments



beneath the noble beeches, now called Saccharissa's Walk; much less do we expect to find Sir Philip pacing the broad terrace of the garden, with his admired sister Pembroke, and Edmund Spenser, deep in dreams of chivalry and poetry, which no sound of steam-engines, nor bruit of reform and registrations, nor arrival of morning paper, in those days disturbed. All these things are of the past, and of the fashion of the past which can never be revived, and we love the spot which makes us feel it.

Nothing, therefore, is more delightful than to see the care which, in restoring this fine old fabric, has been taken by its noble possessor, to preserve as much of its antiquity as possible,

and to build in the spirit of it. Lord de L'Isle is a worthy descendant of the House of Sidney, and seems fully conscious of the honour of such ancestry; it is therefore to be hoped, that in the course of improvement and restoration, a great deal will be done which yet needs it. I have already expressed the hope that the roof of the old banqueting hall will be repaired, and the hall thus be preserved to future generations, which, without speedy attention, will not outlast this.

It will be a worthy labour too, both as it regards the public and the works themselves, to have the paintings thoroughly cleaned, and disposed to best advantage. The family portraits should be arranged in chronological order; and when it is considered that the whole family is, with scarcely an exception, complete, it may be imagined how much the interest of the whole will be increased. When this is done, it will be difficult to call to mind a suite of ancient apartments, commencing with the old hall and terminating with the gallery, that will more completely transport the spectator into the stirring times of Elizabeth and the Commonwealth.

But there are other relics of the family at Penshurst. There are the MSS. In a cabinet, in one of the front rooms, is preserved a considerable collection of these. Some of their contents have been published, particularly those of a more political nature, in Collins's two volumes of the Sidney Papers. Mr. Blencowe has also published, in another volume, under the same name, the Journal of Robert, Earl of Leicester, father of Algernon, who spent the troublous times of the civil wars and

commonwealth here, and regularly entered down the passing events. We have also, in the same volume, some letters of Algernon to his father and others, all bearing the impress of the same high and unbending spirit, perhaps the most perfect image of Roman virtue that any modern state has produced. Yet I have no doubt that a steady inquest through those papers would discover much matter that would interest the general reader. It is not within the scope of such a work as this that such materials could be comprehended. I can only indicate their existence. It may, however, give some idea of what might be found, to mention one or two things that my eye casually fell upon. One was a MS. with this title—

An. Dom. 1583.

Inventory of Household Furniture, etc. at Kenilworth Castle,
belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leycester.

An. Dom. 1583.

What a volume this would have been for Sir Walter Scott when writing his romance of Kenilworth! Here we have a thorough and particular account of the whole furnishing and household array of Kenilworth, at the very time at which Leicester gave his entertainment to the Queen. There is every article in the house from roof to cellar, and from the lady's bower to the stable. With this MS. before him, Sir Walter might have given us a portraiture of Kenilworth, not only as graphic as was his wont, but as true as if he had been at the

entertainment himself. As it is, it is a most valuable exposition of the real state and fashion of a princely house in the reign of Elizabeth.

There are also two volumes of the Household Book of the Sidneys remaining. They are those of Algernon Sidney's father, and are thus entitled—

1624.

Household Expenses of the Right Honorable Lo. vicont Lisle, at London and Pencehurst,* from the xiii of Aprill unto xxi of March.

Expenses

In Kitchens, Larders, Buttrie, Sellers, Brewhouse, Laundreys, Stables, fewell, and in other places, As here-after may appeare.

In this book, as in the Household Book of the Percys, which has been published, there is a most exact and well-kept account of all expenses throughout the entire establishment. Of the methodical and business habits of our great families in the days of tilting and court revelry, nothing can give more ample proof. Every thing is entered, and every thing is valued. The accounts are not only clear and minute, but they are set down in the most leisurely and precise hand. Such accounts were, no doubt, of the greatest value in their own day, and to us they are not a whit the less so. They are standing evi-

* Still pronounced thus by the people thereabouts, evidently from the original name, Pencester.

dences, not only of what was the consumption of a great house, and what were the kind of articles used, but they give us the value of every article of life at this period, and become data for any calculation of the change of value in money and goods between that day and this. We have meat, flour, eggs, fish, fowls, turkeys, pigs, wheat, oats, hay, brushes, mops, cloths, etc. etc. all in their separate identity. There is no lumping them in sundries. You see too what was the peculiar style of serving the several tables kept in the house, for the old days of all dining in hall were over; there were, therefore, separate entries for every day and every room where a table was set. There was the lord's table; the table in the hall, probably for the steward, yeomen, and retainers; the kitchen for the kitchen servants; the nursery; and Algernon's room.

We find continual entries in 1625, "for Algernone," of puddings, birds, mutton, etc. If Algernon was born in 1622, as it has been asserted, he would now only be three years old, and would be in the nursery; but if in 1617, as is more probable, he would be eight, and thus at a more suitable age to be advanced to the dignity of a separate table. Whatever be the fact, these, however, and such, are the entries.

We find also that one day there is veal in the kitchen, mutton in the hall, and a capon in the nursery; the same general dishes seldom appearing at the different tables on the same day. Lord de L'Isle's eldest daughter, a fine lively girl of eleven, hearing us mention the nursery, was curious to know what the children of the family had two hundred years ago, and

was amused to find that it was just what they themselves had had that day—a fowl.

In these books are duly entered the names of all the guests, so that by looking through them we can tell who were the visitants and associates of the family for those years. Many of these entries are very curious, as they regularly note how many attendants the guests brought, and how long they stayed. We may give a few samples, which are sufficiently indicative of the whole. Thus—

1624—Monday, 14th March.—At dinner, Lo. Percie and La. Percie; La. Carlisle; La. Maners; Sir Henry Lea; Mrs. Coulston.

At supper, Lord Percie, Ladie Delawar, and remaining a week.

Wednesday 16th, Lo. and La. went to Syon.

1625—12th of November.—Breakfast for La. Percie and La. Carlisle, and people going away.

Soon after occurs—Ladie Carlisle, with ten attendants, who staid fourteen days.

—Lord Wallingford; Lord Vauze; Sir Thos. Neville; Sir Antho. Forester; Lord Arundell; Sir Francis Smith; and their attendants after dinner.

—Thirty neighbours at dinner.

1625—30th December.—Sir Geo. and John Ryvers, and their La.; Mr. Geo. Ryvers; Justice Dixon; Justice Selliard and his brethren; and Lord Cruickendon; Anthony Cambridge; and about thirty others at dinner.

Prices of expenses for this weeke.—Kitchen, for flesh, fish, poultrie, butter, eggs, groceries, 29*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; Pantry and seller, in bread, beere, sack, claret, etc. 14*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*; Brewhouse—Laundrie, soape and starge, 1*s.* 11*d.*; Stables, for hay and oats, 1*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; Fewell, in charcoal and billets, 3*l.* 9*s.*

This, it must be confessed, was jovial housekeeping, amounting to about 50*l.* for the week, or 2500*l.* the year, for mere eating and drinking, when a good pig was worth 1*s.* 8*d.*, and every thing in proportion.

These are striking testimonials to the truth of Ben Jonson's description in the poem already quoted, of the liberal and ungrudging hospitality of the Sidneys. Towards the alleviation of this cost we find continual entries of gifts from friends and tenants,—another fact also mentioned by Ben Jonson :

All come in, the farmer and the clowne,
And no one empty handed.

The singularity of the entry is, that even these gifts have a value attached to them, as thus, in 1625 :—Gifts to the Lo. of Leycester : from the Earl of Dorset, 1 stag, 2*l.*—from Goodman Edmunds, 1 pig, 1*s.* 8*d.*

There were also "Provision Rents," or rents which probably small tenants paid in kind, which came pouring in weekly, and must have proved very comfortable apparitions to the cook, when lords and ladies, with their troops of attendants, rode clattering into the court. These provision rents are also regu-

larly entered, and consisted of all kinds of country produce,—bacon, fowls, turkeys, geese, mutton, pigs—fat and sucking, fruits, corn, cheese, butter, and such good things.

Besides these household books, and the volumes of historical journals, political and literary, already mentioned, there are some relating entirely to family affairs, which must be very curious. I observed a sort of summary of the historical reading of one of the earls, and a "Catalogue of the Officers in the Army of the Netherlands." This was probably made by Robert Sidney, Sir Philip's brother, who served in that army for some time. I opened, too, "An Account of the Ceremonials at the Courts of Princes," evidently being a sort of guide-book of one of the family while on foreign embassy; probably that of the second earl, whose journal is published, and who was ambassador to France in the early part of Charles I.'s reign; with others which in the same manner indicate the countries and employments in which the writers or transcribers were engaged. There is one entitled, "The Meditations of the Countess of Bridgewater on eight chapters of Scripture." This was, no doubt, brought here by her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Egerton, the fourth Countess of Leicester.

These are all interesting peeps into the lives and characters of the various members of an ancient line, of some of whom no other memorial remains except the portrait on the wall. What can be more delightful than for the descendant of an old house to be able thus to unveil and make acquaintance with the thoughts and domestic feelings of his buried ancestors? We

must not, however, leave this cabinet without noticing another article of its contents.

Of most of the distinguished personages of this family, a lock of hair has been carefully preserved, and they are here kept in little boxes. They have been severed from the head at various ages of the individual. Some have the infantine lightness of hue and silkiness of texture, and some are blanched with age. It was, however, a great pleasure to me to see locks of the hair of Sir Philip and Algernon, cut in the strength of their manhood, for they so exactly agreed, both in character and colour with that of their portraits in the house, as to give one the most satisfactory idea of the scrupulous fidelity of the painters.

We must here close our visit to Penshurst; only adding, that in the church which stands near the house, are to be found monuments of the Sidneys. The remains of Sir Philip lie in St. Paul's Cathedral. It may be interesting too, to lovers of our history, to know that in the present parsonage, now inhabited by the Rev. Philip Dodd and his daughter, once dwelt Dr. Hammond, one of the chaplains of Charles I., and author of various works of a polemic or religious nature. In fact, the church, the parsonage, the rustic churchyard—which is entered by an old-fashioned gateway through the very middle of a house, and has some of its graves planted with shrubs and flowers in the manner which John Evelyn says was common in his time in Surrey, the village, and the old mansion itself, are all so pleasantly grouped on their gentle eminence, and surrounded

by so delightful a country, that were there no other cause of attraction, it would be difficult to point out a spot where the lovers of a rural excursion, and a social party, could spend a day more to their heart's desire. Who then would not the more love to visit this spot for the recollections that cling to it?

Are days of old familiar to thy mind,
 O reader? Hast thou let the midnight hour
 Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
 With high-born beauties and enamoured chiefs,
 Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy
 Whose expectation touched the verge of pain,
 Following their dangerous fortunes? If such love
 Hath ever thrilled thy bosom, thou wilt tread,
 As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
 The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born.

SOUTHEY.

Yes, in these scenes you seem to make human acquaintance, even though ages and death and decay are between you, with spirits that were before unto you merely after the fashion of Ariel,—coming, indeed, at your call, from the fairy-land of books, and singing to you unearthly melodies, but having no local habitation. Here you have before you the traces and evidences of their humanity. Here you see Sir Philip Sidney, as the boy and the man; you walk under his oak; you tread with Ben Jonson beneath the mighty chestnuts still crowning the hills of the park; you pace under the stupendous beeches of Saccharissa's Walk, now battered with time and tempests; you see Algernon Sidney, not merely as the stern patriot, planning the overthrow of monarchy, but as the delicate child of a stately line daintily fed in his separate chamber; you recognise the

Fair Pembroke as a daughter of this house; and every where tokens of the visits and favour of Edward VI., of Elizabeth, and James, bring us back in spirit to those remarkable reigns. Numbers of portraits of those who figured most eminently on the political stage then, complete the impression; and we cannot bid adieu to the venerable pile of Penshurst without feeling that it has not merely afforded us a deep satisfaction, but has stimulated us to a closer acquaintance with some of the proudest characters and most eventful times of English history.



THE GARDEN TERRACE.



VISIT TO THE FIELD OF CULLODEN.

THERE are few things more interesting than a visit to an old battle-field. The very circumstance impresses indelibly on your mind the history connected with it. It awakes a more lively interest about the deeds done there, than the mere meeting with them in a book can. It kindles a curiosity about all the persons and the events that once passed over it; and when you have inquired, the living knowledge which you have gained of the place and its localities, fixes the facts for ever in your memories.

Besides that, old traditions linger about the field and its vicinity, which in the excitement of the main transaction never found their way into the record. There are passages and glimpses of personages, that the historian did not learn, or did not deign to place on his page, which have nevertheless a vivid effect on the heart and the imagination of him who wanders and muses there in after time. You see, even long ages afterwards, evidences of the wrath and ravages of the moment of contention, and touching traces of those human sufferings, which, though they make the mass of instant misery and the most fruitful subject of subsequent reflection, are lost in the glare of worldly glory, and the din of drums and trumpets. You see where the fierce agency of fire and artillery have left marks of their rage—where they have shivered rocks and shattered towers, laid waste dwellings and blown up the massy fortresses of the feudal ages. Nature, with all her healing and restoring care, does not totally erase or conceal these. There are grey crumbling walls, weed-grown heaps, grassy mounds shrouding vast ruins; and even at times, of the slaughtered hosts, still

The graves are green; they may be seen.

Of the battle-fields in this country, I know none which have more interested my imagination than those of Flodden and Culloden. Both were peculiarly disastrous to Scotland: in one the king was slain with nearly all his nobility, in the other the regal hopes of his unfortunate descendants were

extinguished for ever. These circumstances have made them both themes of poetry and romance of the highest quality which Scotland has produced. No one can read the pathetic ballad—

The flowers of the forest are all wede away,

without feeling a strong interest in Flodden; and the vast influence which the battle of Culloden has had on the fortunes of this country, render the spot on which it was fought one of peculiar note to Englishmen. It was there that the fate of the Stuart dynasty was sealed. It was there that it was demonstrated beyond dispute, that any chance of that family—so unfortunately attached to principles of government and religion which the bulk of the empire rejected and abjured,—to regain the throne of these kingdoms, was gone for ever. It was there that popery and regal despotism, as regnant powers in Great Britain, were destroyed. It was there that not only was Protestantism made triumphant, but that the empire was consolidated far more than by the formal Act of Union itself. While the Highlands continued the stronghold of Jacobitism, there was a weak place in the kingdom which France and Spain were only too well acquainted with; and on any recurrence of hostility with them, we were threatened with invasion and insurrection at once. The course of the rebellion of 1745, which was terminated at Culloden, by shewing the hopelessness of such attempts, put an end to them. It was found that the Highlanders alone, out of the immense population of the realm, could be roused to assert the claims

of the old dynasty, and the battle of Culloden laid the Highlands at the feet of the conquerors, and they were crushed into passive obedience. Henceforward all parties, English and Scotch, highlanders and lowlanders, have felt so vitally the advantages of union; of one common empire, and one common interest; and such has been the manifest progress in wealth, and power, and knowledge, of Britain—sound, and whole, and healthy in all its members, and with the same political and commercial advantages accessible to all its children, that every one must rejoice in the course which events have taken. Instead of internal divisions and squabbles about the crown, laying her open to attacks from without, Britain by her union has advanced to an eminence amongst the nations, most glorious in itself, and to a prospect of political dominion and moral influence that have no parallel, and that are too vast even for the strongest imagination to embrace.

On the other hand, putting out of view these considerations and consequences, history has few things so striking as the transactions that terminated at Culloden. We see an ancient dynasty driven from the throne of a splendid empire, striving to regain it, and that particular race from which it sprang, adhering with inviolable devotion to its fortunes; and ready, in the face of millions, and the vast resources of England, to stand to the death for its claims. Nothing can be more picturesque and heroic than the Highlanders, as seen in this history. Their magnificent mountain-land, their peculiar costume, their clanship, their whole life and character, so different to those of the rest of the empire

all add their effect to that romantic valour which, on the appearance of Prince Charles, burst forth over the vales of England, struck terror into the heart of the metropolis, and then, as suddenly retreating, expired in one melancholy blaze on the Field of Culloden.

It is no wonder that the struggles of the exiled Stuarts and the exploits of the Highlanders have produced such a multitude of Jacobite songs, and such romances as those of Scott; and, as thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen now traverse every summer the very scenes inhabited by these heroic clans, and where the principal events of the last rebellion took place, it may be as well, before describing the visit to Culloden, to take a hasty glance at the events that so fatally terminated there.

The moment that our summer tourists enter the great Caledonian Canal, one of the most magnificent, and now one of the most accessible routes which they can take, they are in the very cradle of the Rebellion of forty-five. Right and left of those beautiful lochs over which they sail, in the glens and recesses of the wild hills around them, dwell the clans that carried such alarm into England. The fastnesses of Lochabar, Moidart, and Badenoch, sent forth their mountaineers at the first summons of their Prince. Not a splintered mountain towers in view, nor a glen pours its waters into the Glen More nan Albin, or Great Glen of Scotland, but bears on it some trace or tradition of those times. Fort William, Fort Augustus, the shattered holds of Inverlochy, Invergarry, Glen Moriston, all call them to your remembrances. It

was here that Lochiel called them around the standard of Charles; it was here they gathered in their strength, and drove out every Saxon, except the garrison of Fort William; and it was here that the troops of the bloody Duke of Cumberland came at his command, and blasted the whole region with fire and sword. It is wonderful how nature, in ninety years, can so completely have re clothed the valleys with wood, and turned once more that black region of the shadow of death into so smiling a paradise. When you ascend to the justly celebrated Fall of Foyers, you are again reminded of forty-five, by passing the house of Frazer of Foyers; and as you approach Inverness, you only get nearer to the startling catastrophe of the drama. Your whole course has been through the haunts of the Camerons, the Macdonalds, the Grants, the Macphersons, and Frazers, the rebel clans of forty-five,—and it leads you, as it did them, to the Muir of Culloden.

From the first commencement of the troubles of the house of Stuart to the last effort in their behalf, the Highlanders were their firm, and it may be said almost their only friends. The lowland Scots, incensed at the attempt of Charles I. to impose the English liturgy upon them, were amongst the earliest to proclaim the solemn league and covenant, and to join the English parliament against him; but the Highlanders, under Montrose, rose in his cause, and created a powerful diversion in his favour. Again, when Charles the II. attempted a similar measure and aroused a similar spirit in the lowlands, the Highlanders, under the celebrated Claverhouse, maintained the royal ordinance; and

again, under the same commander, fought for James II. against his successful rival William III. In George I.'s reign, in 1715, they once more, under the Earl of Mar, set up the standard of the Pretender, part of them marching as far as Preston in Lancashire, where they were compelled to lay down their arms, while the remainder were defeated by the Duke of Argyle. Finally, they made their most brilliant but ultimately fatal attempt, in 1745, under Prince Charles Edward. Thus, for upwards of a hundred years they maintained their attachment, and were ready to shed their blood, for the fallen race of their ancient kings. So desperate, as it regarded all other aid, was become the Stuart cause, that Charles, when he landed on the west coast of Scotland in 1745, was attended only by seven men. If the hand of Providence was ever revealed against the success of any cause, through the agency of the elements, it was most signally against that of the Stuarts. Great was the admiration at the destruction of the Spanish armada in the reign of Elizabeth, chiefly by a tempest; but scarcely, for more than a century, did a ship or a fleet issue from the ports of Spain or France, to further the designs of the Stuarts on England, but it was struck upon the rocks, or blown adrift and scattered by a storm, or instantly encountered by a hostile force. In 1715, a vessel, with arms and money, sent by the French king to the aid of the Highlanders under Mar, was wrecked and totally lost on the coast of Scotland. In 1719, a fleet of ten ships of the line, with several frigates, having on board 6000 troops and 12,000 stand of arms, was sent out from Cadiz by the court of Spain, to

assert the claim of the Pretender in England—it was completely dispersed by a violent storm off Cape Finisterre! In the beginning of the year 1744, Charles was summoned from Rome to accompany Marshal Saxe, with a French army of 13,000 men, to England. The court and people of England were greatly alarmed;* and not without cause, for most of the British troops were in Flanders; the grand fleet of England was in the Mediterranean; and there were only six ships of the line ready for sea, lying at Spithead. But the elements once more rose against the Stuarts. As Marshal Saxe and the young Pretender were busy embarking their troops, the wind changed to the east and blew a storm: several transports were wrecked; a good many troops and seamen perished; a great quantity of warlike stores were lost; an English fleet was mustered from the different ports of the Channel, and the enterprise was abandoned.

Spite of this warring of the elements against his family, in the following spring he embarked in a frigate of sixteen guns, called the *Doutelle*, accompanied by an old man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, of sixty guns. They had not sailed far when they met an English man-of-war, the *Lyon*, which engaged the *Elizabeth*, and so disabled her as to compel her to put back to port, and Charles proceeded in his little frigate, with seven adventurers and a sum of money somewhat less than 4000*l*. He reached the Western Isles, but was refused aid by the chiefs.

* Home's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. i. p. 32.

He landed at Moidart; erected his standard in Glen-Finnan; the Highlanders rose around him, and soon set forward with him on the most daring and adventurous enterprise that ever was undertaken,—no other than to hurl his Hanoverian rival from the British throne, and set his own father upon it. Their success speedily astonished all Europe. They marched to Edinburgh and took possession of it. The Prince took up his quarters in Holyrood, the ancient palace of his ancestors, and proclaimed his father king. He marched out, and defeated the English forces at Preston-Pans with a facility and a total rout that appeared miraculous. His victorious army, amounting to less than 6000 men, marched forward to invade England. The people of London soon heard with consternation and amazement that they had taken Carlisle, occupied Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster, Manchester; and finally, in only thirteen days from their leaving Edinburgh, were quartered in Derby. Nothing could exceed the terror of the metropolis. The moneyed men were struck with a deadly panic; numbers got together what property they could and fled into the country; several vessels lay at the Tower quay, ready to convey the king and his treasures to Hanover; the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, shut himself up alone for two days, deliberating whether he should avow himself for the Stuart line, or not. It is true that an army of 30,000 men, chiefly of militia, lay at Finchley, and the Duke of Cumberland, with another army, was hovering near the Highlanders on the edge of Staffordshire; but such was the opinion of the desperate valour of the Scots, and such were the

spirits of the Scots themselves, that the Chevalier Johnstone, who was in the Prince's army, and commonly blames him for rashness, expresses his persuasion that had he then pushed on to London, the Finchley army would have melted away, and the crown might now have been on a Stuart's head.

But such was not the fortune of that line. The chiefs, struck with a sense of their own temerity, and with the fact that none of the English joined them, resolved to retreat northward, to the cruel chagrin of both Prince and soldiers. They made a retreat as extraordinary as their march had been. With the Duke of Cumberland now hotly pursuing, they yet pushed on without loss or molestation, except at Clifton in Cumberland, where they speedily repulsed the Duke's troops. They reached Falkirk, and there mustering 8000 men, they attacked and completely routed the English army under General Hawley, 13,000 in number. The chiefs, still deeming it prudent to retreat, contrary to the Prince's judgment, they now reached Inverness, doomed to be the scene of the termination of this most extraordinary and meteorlike adventure. Prince Charles has been charged both by friends and foes with rashness and cowardice. The history of Home, who served in the army opposed to him, certainly does not warrant any charge of cowardice; and if that of rashness be better founded, it should be recollected that Charles Edward had been for years amused with promises of assistance from France to regain the crown—promises that ended in nothing; that the prize aimed at was a noble one; that he had seen nothing but victory

attend him, and the throne at one moment apparently all but achieved. That he had been irritated—being forced on retreat after retreat by his own officers, over four successive fields of victory—and that now they proposed a further retreat into the mountains. These must be taken as palliatives; yet his conduct now was rash to madness, and cost him the destruction of his cause. The troops were worn out with their long and wonderful march. They were famished for want of provisions. They had had no pay for six weeks; and the bulk of them were dispersed, seeking rest and refreshment amongst their friends and families. These circumstances all pointed to the course which his chiefs counselled, to avoid a general engagement, and assume a strong position in the mountains. The evil angel of the Stuart race prevailed. Charles harassed his men by a miserable night march in a vain attempt to surprise Cumberland's camp; and when the worn-out and starving soldiers had just thrown themselves down in the neighbouring woods, and under the walls on Culloden Moor to sleep, the Duke was upon them. It is melancholy to imagine those brave men, who had shewn such unparalleled devotion, and had performed such wonders, thus forced to go into battle, faint with want of food, of rest, and sleep, with scarcely half of their numbers assembled.* The English artillery swept them down by whole ranks, and they were speedily seen flying in all directions. The fate of the Stuart dynasty was sealed for ever,

* The number of Highlanders in the battle of Culloden was about 5000; of the king's troops nearly double that amount.

and the bloody butcheries of the monster Cumberland were then to begin.

Thinking and talking over "this strange eventful history," we set out from the interesting town of Inverness,* to walk to Culloden Moor, on Thursday the 11th of August, 1836—just ninety years and about three months after the occurrence of that memorable battle, it being fought on the 16th of April, 1746.

We found it a pleasant ramble of about four miles ; partly amid pleasant cultivated fields, with their corn ripe for the harvest ; partly along the shore of the Murray Frith ; and partly through woods of Scotch fir. As we approached Culloden, we asked many of the peasantry living near the wood whether we were in the right direction, but not one could speak English. The ground gradually ascended as we advanced, and when we came in sight of the Moor, we found a sort of observatory tower built by the gentleman who now lives in Culloden House, and a number of old cannons lying about, evidently intended to give the place a fortified air ; one of those whims which so frequently seize people in picturesque situations, but of which the interest

* Inverness is one of the most delightful and interesting places in the kingdom. Delightful from its fine situation, on the margin of the Murray Frith, and surrounded by mountain regions of the greatest beauty. It is interesting by its numerous poetical and historical associations. Being the capital of the Highlands, it is full of clan history. Almost every object on which your eye falls has its peculiar recommendation—such as the old castle of Macbeth, where he murdered the king ; Craig Phadric, a wild hill crowned with one of those vitrified forts that have so much puzzled the antiquaries ; Tomnaheurich, or the Hill of the Fairies, a very singular hill, said to be the burial-place of Thomas the Rhymer, etc. etc.

dies before the object is finished. We were now speedily on the Moor, and were at a loss whether to admire more the black and blasted aspect of this fatal spot, or the magnificent scenery of which it is the melancholy centre. To the south, beyond the river Nairn, rose wild ranges of hills which run into the mountains of Badenoch; to the north lay at our feet the Murray Frith, to the right shewing Fort George, built on a narrow promontory pushing into it from the southern shore, and on the opposite shore Fort Rose; to our left lay the dark woods and green hills between us and Inverness, and all before us one wide and splendid prospect,—the mountain regions of Rosshire, with Ben Wyvers lifting his cloudy bulk far above the rest.

Between us and the Murray Frith ran a narrow strip of cultivated country, and just below us appeared, shrouded in its solemn woods, Culloden House, at the time of the Rebellion the residence of the celebrated Lord Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of Session; a man whose advice, had it been taken, would, in all probability, have prevented the Rebellion, and whose exertions actually broke it of so much of its force that its defeat may be attributed to him more than to any other cause.* The Moor itself, on which we stood, we found as Robert Chambers in his *Picture of Scotland* has correctly stated, “a vast table-

* The heavy Dutch and Hanoverian kings whom it was the fortune of this kingdom to have subsequently to the expulsion of the Stuarts, never seemed to have the slightest conception that their rule might be made popular by conciliation and kindness. The Highlanders, who were the most to be feared in case of any attempt of the Stuarts to regain the crown, were treated uniformly with contempt or asperity. In 1788, Lord Forbes, when a war with Spain was expected, represented to Sir Robert Walpole, through Lord Milton and the Earl of Hly, that

land covered with heath, over which are scattered a few wretched cottages." These cottages, however, are chiefly sprinkled over that side of the Moor nearest to Inverness, with their little patches of corn and potatoes, and give some aspect of life and cultivation to the scene; but the site of the battle itself, and the heath far beyond, are as free from the marks of culture as they could be in the days of Adam. In the words of the same worthy and indefatigable authority, "the whole plain is as desolate and blasted in appearance as if it suffered under a curse, or were conscious of the blood which it had drank." It is, in fact, in strict poetical keeping with our feelings on visiting such a place. Culloden Moor ought to be Culloden Moor; not a mere commonplace tract of pasturage or corn-field. Old battle-fields are the property of the nation; they are spots bearing evidence to the changes of our dynasties, and the conflicts, good or evil, through which England has passed to what she now is. However, therefore, farmers and country squires, and political economists may rave at our folly, we cannot help being jealous of the rooting out with the plough and the spade, the identifying marks of our national battle-fields. The greater part of the scenes of these great conflicts, of which we read in English history, we find, on visiting, so exactly like the other fields of hay

the first thing which Spain would do, would be to excite the Highlanders; but that all that danger might be most easily prevented by raising four or five Highland regiments, and giving commissions in them to their chiefs. Sir Robert expressed his admiration of the plan, wondered that it had never before occurred to any one, and warmly recommended it in council. The scheme was rejected, and in seven years after came the Rebellion.

and corn around them, that we have a difficulty in realizing to ourselves that these are actually the sites of those great actions that stand so prominently in our annals. Even Flodden is a corn-field; and the hill on which James V. posted himself, is at present fast disappearing to mend the roads. But Culloden is every thing that the poet or the antiquary would wish it to be. It is solemn and melancholy as the imagination of the most sympathetic visiter can desire: and who does not sympathise with the fate of so many brave men, who had burst forth in so romantic an enterprise for the restoration of their fallen kings, and had done such extraordinary deeds in it? Who can avoid sympathising in the last vain efforts of a high-spirited people to maintain their independence against a nation of such overwhelming power as England, notwithstanding the misgovernment of the Stuarts, and the clear demonstration, from that day to this, that their removal from the throne was one of the most auspicious events that ever happened to this kingdom?

Though ninety years have passed since the battle of Culloden, the field is covered with the marks of that day. The moment you set foot on the scene of action, you recognise every position of the contending armies, and the objects which surrounded them. The night before the battle, Prince Charles and his officers lodged in Culloden House. There stands Culloden, restored and beautified since then, but occupying the same site and surrounded by the same wood. The battle took place between this house and an extensive inclosure on the Moor, the north wall of which screened the right flank of the Highland

army. This wall the English troops partly pulled down, and raked the flank of the rebels with such a murderous fire of artillery as cut down almost every man, and caused the almost instantaneous rout of the right wing. The mouldering remains of that old and shattered wall still stretch across the Moor in the very course laid down in the original plans of the battle. In the centre of the place of action the ground was hollow and boggy. The ground is now sound, but you see plainly the hollow extent of the morass.

To the south-west stood, at that day, a large farm-house, called Balvraid: to this house the right wing of the rebels retreated; here great numbers of their comrades gathered to them, and in a body made good, and indeed without pursuit, their way into Badenoch. The house stands there yet. On the northern edge of the battle field, near the extremity of the left wing, is marked the site of a hut: this was unquestionably the hut of a blacksmith, the only house then standing precisely on the battle field. This smith, so says the current tradition of the place, was a stalwart fellow, but not at all desirous to take part in the fray, but the Highlanders compelled every man that they found in the vicinity to come forth to their help. Their numbers were diminished by absence, and their strength by starvation and excessive fatigue; they needed all aid that they could command, and they insisted on the jolly smith taking arms. The smith was very loath and very dogged, but, snatching up the shaft of a cart that was reared against the wall of his smithy, he took his post beside them. When, however, he saw

the havoc made by the English cavalry amongst his countrymen, his blood was up, and rushing into the thickest of the fray, he laid about him with his tremendous weapon, knocking down the troopers from their horses, and levelling all that he came near.



The exploits of this son of Vulcan turning the attention of the cavalry on him, he was beset by overwhelming numbers, and after performing prodigies of valour, and laying low many with his cart shaft, he was at length compelled to fly. He took the road towards Inverness, the direction which the greater number of the fugitives were taking, and after turning repeatedly on his pursuers, and bringing down several of them, he was at length killed, not far from the mill, about a mile from Inverness, where the last bodies were found. The country people yet tell the spot where the sturdy blacksmith dropped. His smithy stood from year to year on the fatal field, deserted and gradually

falling to decay. It remained a heap of mouldering ruin till within these few years, when several fresh huts springing up on the Moor not far off, the people gradually conveyed away the stones of the walls to construct their own habitations. It is said that the forge, the tools, and heaps of rusty iron, were found beneath the ruins of the roof, which had fallen in. Such had been the horror connected with that fatal field, that none had cared to carry them away. When we saw the place every stone was grubbed up to the bottom of the foundations, and a pool of water nearly filled the hollow; but you had only to turn up any part of the floor which was bare, and you found it to consist of the cinders and smithy-slack of the brave old blacksmith's forge.

A road has been cut across the Moor since the battle, which passes right through the centre of the scene of action, and runs close past the site of the smith's forge; and it passes, too, amid what are the most striking and conspicuous objects on the field—the graves of the slaughtered soldiers. Nothing can be more impressive than these graves. The whole Moor besides is one black waste of heath; but these graves are grassy mounds of clear green, the only green spot within the whole compass of the melancholy Moor. They lie right and left of the road, but principally on the south side. The road, as we have observed, having been cut across the heath since the battle, and passing directly across the place of graves, has no doubt covered some of them for ever from our view, but has brought the remainder under the very eye of all that travel through Culloden. Burns

once looked on these green hillocks in his northern ramble, and described his own and the popular feeling in

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Na joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en and morn she cries alas !
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e :—

“ Drumossie Moor,* Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me !
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

“ Their winding-sheet the bloody clay,
Their graves are growing green to see ;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e !

“ Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bloody man I trow thou be ;
For many a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.”

That we might not miss any information connected with the spot, we entered a hut not very far from the old smith's forge, and to our great satisfaction found a family that could speak English. They were, a widow of the name of Mackenzie, and her son and daughter, both grown up. They appeared very intelligent, and took a warm interest in every thing relating to the field of battle. They told us that some of their family had lived on this spot from the day of the contest. That, besides the smith's hut, this was the only one in the

* Drumossie was the old name of Culloden.

immediate vicinity of the field. That it had been called Stable Hollow ever since, from a number of the English troopers after the fight putting up their horses in the shed belonging to it, while they went to strip the slain. That their ancestors, the occupiers of the cottage, all made their escape, with the exception of one young man who was compelled by the Highlanders to go into the battle. That such was his horror and frenzy, when he saw the flight and bloody havoc that took place, that he flew across the field without knowing whither he was going, and was not heard of for more than two months, when he most unexpectedly again made his appearance wasted almost to a skeleton. They had supposed him killed in the battle. They afterwards learned that he had been roving amongst the hills of Badenoch, in a state of apparent idiocy; and only saved from starvation by the pity of the inhabitants. Of this, however, he himself could give no account, nor did he ever afterwards regain his former tone of mind.

William, or as they called him, Wully Mackenzie, the widow's son, was a short strong-built youth of about twenty years of age; he was a gardener by trade, and as well informed as Scotch gardeners generally are. We were particularly pleased with the openness and intelligence of his countenance, and on his part he offered with great evidence of pleasure to conduct us over the field. He pointed out to us a large stone, not far from their cottage; *i. e.* on the north side of the scene of action, and on the left wing of the Highland army, where tradition said that a French engineer had posted his artillery,

and committed considerable havoc on the English line. When we reached the graves, he directed our attention to a little stream that wandered through the heath near them, and a spring which was before the battle particularly admired for its delicious water. During the contest a number of the wounded crawled to it to assuage their thirst; and amongst them an officer who, as he was just raising his head, again was struck with a ball, and fell with his head into the spring. There, after the battle, he was found; the fountain itself perfectly choked up with the stiffened corpses of himself and the heaps of combatants that had fallen there. From that day to the present, he said, nobody would ever drink from that spring; and in truth it was nearly overgrown with long grass and weeds, that testified to its not being disturbed by visitants.

As we sate on the greensward of one of these battle-graves, we observed that in many places the turf had been broken up by digging; and our young guide told us that scarcely a party came there but was desirous to carry away the fragment of a bone as a relic. "What," said we, "are the bones soon come at?" "Yes," he replied, "in some places they lie within a foot of the surface." These graves have been dug into in hundreds of places, yet you can scarcely turn a turf but you come upon them. He dug out a sod with his knife, and throwing out a little earth, presently came to fragments of the crumbling bones of the skeletons of 1746. He told us that in one instance, a quantity of bones which had been carried off by a traveller, had been sent back at a great expense,

and buried again; the person who conveyed them away being continually tormented by his conscience, and his dreams, till that was done; "and the next visiter," added Wully Mackenzie, 'would most probably carry them off once more.' Balls and portions of military accoutrements are still not unfrequently found about the heath. We picked up as we walked across it, a leaden bullet, flattened by having struck against some hard body, and rendered quite white with age.

"Many a clever fellow lies here!" said young Mackenzie, as he was busy turning up the sod in quest of some appearance of bones; and indeed what a contrast was that quiet scene, with the sun and breeze of August playing over it, to what it was ninety years before, when these dry bones lived! In such situations we often, and very naturally, wish that we could call up some of the dead to tell us what were their thoughts and feelings in that moment of wrath and confusion; but we had no need of that here. All those who were now reduced beneath our feet to dust and mouldering bones, had left their representatives behind them, to tell us not only what they had suffered, but what the surviving Highlanders suffered. Many who fought in that battle, have left more or less some written account of it; but remarkably enough, an officer of each contending army has been the historian of the whole war. Home in the king's army, and the Chevalier Johnstone in that of the prince, have left us vivid records of the field of Culloden, and all that led to it, and all that followed it. The escape, and wanderings of Prince Charles for more than five months

through the Highlands, with the king's soldiers after him, with the price of 30,000*l.* set upon his head, and the peremptory orders of the Duke of Cumberland to put him to death the instant he was found—his living in the cave in the wild mountain Coramhian, with the seven Macdonalds—his escape by Captain Mackenzie personating him, and sacrificing his life for him; the adventure of Flora Macdonald, the prototype of Scott's Flora Mac Ivor, who rescued him from his pursuers in one of the Western Isles, by conveying him away disguised as her Irish maid Betty Burke,—all these things, from their own romantic nature, and the rank of the person concerned, have been made familiar to all readers. The narrative of the escape of the Chevalier Johnstone, however, as written by himself, is to the full in my opinion, as interesting, because it may be considered as the recital of one out of the multitude of those who fled from Culloden for their lives—some to escape by a hair's-breadth, but many more to perish by the sword of the pursuer, or the scaffold, as Kilmarnock, Balmerino, old Lovat, and their fellows, whose heads so long dried in the winds on Temple Bar and London Bridge.*

* The Chevalier Johnstone's history is a romance of real life, to the full as interesting, and abounding with hair-breadth escapes, as the tales of the author of *Waverley*; and, indeed, frequently reminds you of his characters and incidents. The chevalier was the only son of James Johnstone, merchant in Edinburgh. His family, by descent and alliance, was connected with some of the first houses in Scotland. His sister Cecilia was married to a son of Lord Rollo, who succeeded to the title and estate in 1765. The chevalier moved in the best society of the Scottish capital, and was treated by the then celebrated Lady Jane Douglas with the tenderness of a parent. Educated in Episcopalian and Jacobite

One cannot even now, nearly a century after its enactment, traverse this last field of the Jacobite wars, without a strong feeling for all the human suffering in which this bloody drama closed; but still stronger is that of indignant contempt for that

principles, on the first intelligence of the landing of Prince Charles Edward, he made his escape from Edinburgh to the seat of Lord Rollo, near Perth, where he waited the arrival of the Prince, and was one of the first low-country gentlemen that joined his standard. He acted as aid-de-camp to Lord George Murray, and also to the Prince; and after the battle of Preston-Pans, he received a captain's commission, and bore a part in all the movements of the rebel army till the defeat at Culloden. From Culloden, he escaped with the utmost peril to Killihuntly, where Mrs. Gordon, the lady of the house, offered to build him a hut in the mountains, and give him a few sheep to look after, so that he might pass for a shepherd; but the uneasiness of his mind would not allow him to adopt such a life. He fled to Rothiemurchus, where the young laird advised him to surrender himself to the government, as he had advised others, particularly Lord Balmerino; advice which, had he adopted it, would have caused his destruction, as it did theirs. From house to house, and place to place, he escaped by the most wonderful chances and under all sorts of disguises. He passed continually amongst the English soldiers busy at their work of devastation, his blood boiling with fury at the sight, but instant death his fate if he gave one sign of his feelings. Seventeen days he remained in the house of a very poor peasant, called Samuel, in Glen-Prossen; Samuel's daughter watching at the entrance of the glen. He was determined to reach Edinburgh if possible, and thence escape to England, and so to the Continent; but the chances were a hundred to one against him. Every part of the country was overrun with soldiers, every outlet was watched, and heavy penalties denounced on any boatman who conveyed a rebel across the Tay and Forth. He prevailed, however, with two young ladies to ferry him over the Tay; but after a dreadful journey on foot into Fifeshire, he found the utmost difficulty in getting across the Forth to Edinburgh. The account of all his negotiations and disappointments at Dubbiesides, where no fisherman would carry him over; but where he did at length get carried over by a young gentleman and a drunken fisher, is very much in the Waverley manner. After being concealed with an old nurse at Leith, and partly with Lady Jane Douglas at Drumsheagh—he set out for England as a Scotch pedlar, on a pony. On his way he encountered a Dick Turpin sort of gentleman, and again a mysterious personage, who entered the inn where he was near Stamford, seated himself at table with him, and after playing away heartily at a piece of

monster Cumberland. It was impossible not to reflect what was the shocking barbarity with which he treated many of those whose bones now mouldered beneath our feet. "The Duke of Cumberland," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "had the cruelty to allow our wounded to remain amongst the dead on the field of battle, stript of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of our unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock on Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life; and a great many, who had resisted the effects of the continual rains which fell all that time, were then dispatched. He ordered a barn, which contained many of the wounded Highlanders, to be set on fire; and having stationed soldiers round it, they with fixed bayonets drove back the unfortunate men who attempted to save themselves, into the flames; burning them alive in this horrid manner, as if they had not been fellow-creatures."* This was a fitting commencement of those dreadful atrocities which he perpetrated in the country of the rebellious clans. The burnings, massacres, violations, and other demoniacal outrages with which

cold veal, began to interrogate him about the rebels in Scotland. Escaping from this fellow by the sacrifice of some India handkerchiefs, he got to London, where he lay concealed for a long time amongst his friends—fell into a very interesting love adventure—and saw many of his comrades pass his window on their way to execution. On one occasion he was invited by his landlord as a relaxation, to go and see two rebels executed on Tower Hill, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino! He finally escaped to Holland, in the train of his friend Lady Jane Douglas; entered into the service of France, went to Louisbourg in America, and returned to France to poverty and old age! Such is one recorded life of a Jacobite of the expedition of forty-five,—how many such, and even more wretched, passed unrecorded!

* Memoirs of the Rebellion, p. 146.

he laid waste some of the most beautiful regions on the globe; deeds which will make his name infamous while there is a human feeling, or the power to record it in the world.

As we left the field, we gave, with our thanks, a small gratuity to our intelligent young guide, Wully Mackenzie, which seemed to him so much beyond his services, that, in the height of his gratitude, he was quite uneasy that he could not shew us some further good office. "Was there nothing more that he could do? Would we go in, and sit down to rest us awhile? Would we like a tune on the bagpipes?" As it is always a pleasure to gratify a generous feeling, in we went, and took our seats in their little hut, a regular Highland habitation, with smoky rafters, while Wully produced his pipes, and began to put them in order. There is something very delightful to sit in the simple cabin of these mountaineers, and see them converse with an easy and unembarrassed air, and with a mixture of intelligence and local superstition nowhere else to be found. We observed that the beds, and various parts of the roof, were canopied with birch boughs, which had dried with all their leaves on. These, they assured us, were a certain protection from the plague of flies, for not a fly would go near the birch. This, we suppose, is a fact which experience has taught them, and if so, is a valuable one. We had a long talk with these good people, about the battle-field and its traditions. They told us that the name of Drumossie was not now used for that Moor—Culloden had superseded it; but was retained on a wild track at its extremity in the direction of Badenoch. They assured us, with

the utmost gravity, that a battle would some day be fought *there*. We inquired how they knew that. They replied, because it had been repeatedly seen. On a summer's evening, people going across that moor had suddenly on various occasions found themselves in the very midst of the smoke and noise of a battle. They could see the various clans engaged, and clearly recognise them by their proper tartans; and on all these occasions the Laird of Culdethel, a neighbouring gentleman, was conspicuous on his white horse. One woman was so frightened and bewildered by this strange spectacle that she fainted away, and on coming to herself, found all traces of the battle gone, and made the best of her way home again without proceeding on her original object. We told them that these must be strong impressions left on the imaginations of the people by the memory of the old battle, but they only shook their heads. They were perfectly satisfied that a battle was to be fought on Drumossie, and that the Laird of Culdethel would be in it—though with whom the clans would fight, and for what, they could not pretend to tell.

Having finished our discussion on this singular second-sight sort of superstition, Wully Mackenzie struck up on his pipes. The pipes are the true instrument of the Highlands, as the harp is that of Wales, or the guitar of Spain. We never felt so strongly their power as on this occasion. Our musician was, as I have said, a short, stout Highlander. He was clad in coarse blue cloth, every thread of which his mother had spun, and which, when woven, had been made up too by his mother and sister in this very cabin; yet, as he stood playing his native airs, he

seemed quite inspired, and we could not help being struck with the manliness of his attitude, and of his whole bearing. We never heard the music of the bagpipe in perfection till then. He played the tune with which the Highlanders were said to have marched into the battle of Culloden. We could see the gallant bands pass over the heath on which we were gazing through the open door. We could see the glimmer of their weapons, and the fluttering of their tartans, and feel, peaceful people as we are, the romantic spirit of heroism which had led them on their expedition into England, and now brought them here to destruction.

Our gallant piper never seemed weary of playing; and as it was a treat to sit in a Highland hut, and hear such a musician, we got him to play all the interesting airs that we could recollect. There scarcely was one that he was not the master of; and on no occasion did we ever listen to music that so powerfully and variously affected us. He played pibrochs and marches, and spite of our better judgments, we could not help kindling into the admiration of clan warfare; but the celebrated dirge, of which he related the origin, with which Highlanders march to the shore when they are about to embark as emigrants to some distant clime*—

Cha till, cha till, cha till, mi tuille.

We return, we return, we return no more!

—it was impossible to listen to it without tears. Let no one

* This is called Mackrimmon's Lament. Sir Walter Scott has written words to this air, and gives the following as the origin of it: "Mackrimmon, hereditary

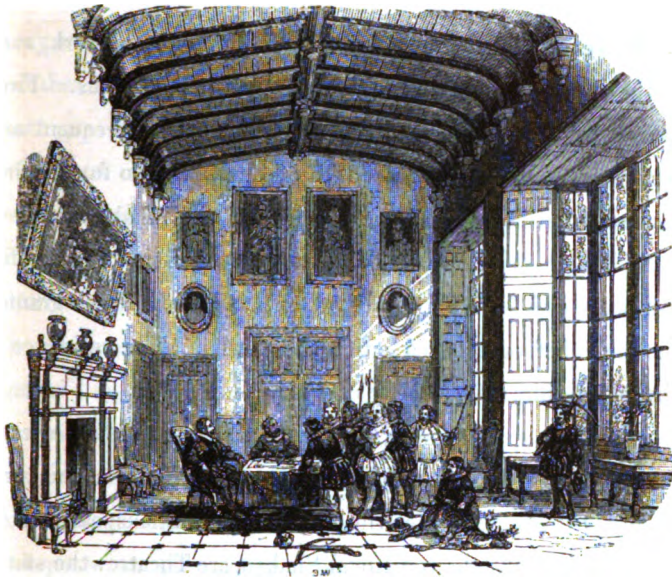
despise the droning of the bagpipe that has not heard it as we heard it that day.

We took leave of this simple, intelligent, and kind-hearted family, and walked back, on a delicious evening, a nearer way over the fields to Inverness ; having passed one of the pleasantest days of our life on the Field of Culloden.*

piper to the laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this lament when the clan was about to depart on a distant and dangerous expedition. The minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud, and hence the Gaelic words :—' *Cha till mi tuille ; ged thilles Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon.*' I shall never return ; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return."

Wully Mackenzie had a different version of the tradition.—That there was a cave in the isle of Sky which had never been explored to its termination ; that Mackrimmon and another bard, Macleod, dared each other to explore it ; and that Mackrimmon composed this lament on the occasion, and went playing it into the cave, from which neither of the bards reappeared.

* For a most singular history of the fortunes of the present laird of Culloden— which, if one half of it be true, shews the laws and the lawyers of Scotland to be ten times worse even than those of England—see Tait's Magazine for May of the present year.



HALL OF CHARLECOTE.

VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AND THE HAUNTS OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE country about Stratford is not romantic, but extremely pleasant. The town stands in a fine open valley. The Avon, a considerable stream, winds past it through pleasing meadows. The country is well cultivated, and the view of wooded uplands and more distant ranges of hills, gives spirit to the prospects. The town itself is a good, quiet, country town, of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants. In Shakspeare's time it could be nothing more than a considerable village; for by the census of 1801 the total of its inhabitants was but 2418. In that day,

the houses were, no doubt, built of wood or of framework, such as the dwelling of Shakspeare's parents still remains. Fires appear, by the history of the place, to have been frequent and destructive. In the 36th and 37th of Elizabeth two furious fires occurred, and so reduced the property of the inhabitants as to compel them to petition parliament for a remission of subsidies and taxes, and for a portion of 36,000*l.*, which had been granted for the relief of decayed cities and towns. The residence of Shakspeare himself narrowly escaped.

Stratford appears now to live on the fame of Shakspeare. You see mementos of the great native poet wherever you turn. There is the Mulberry-tree Inn; the Imperial Shakspeare Hotel; the Sir John Falstaff; the Royal Shakspeare Theatre: the statue of Shakspeare meets your eye in its niche on the front of the Town-hall. Opposite to that, a large sign informs you that there is kept a collection of the relics of Shakspeare, and not far off you arrive at another sign, conspicuously projecting into the street, on which is proclaimed,—“IN THIS HOUSE THE IMMORTAL BARD WAS BORN.” The people seem all alive to the honour of their town having produced Shakspeare. The tailor will descend from his shopboard, or the cobbler start up from his stall, and volunteer to guide you to the points connected with the history of the great poet. A poor shoemaker, on my asking at his door the nearest way to the church containing Shakspeare's tomb, immediately rose up and began to put on his coat. I said, “No, my friend, I do not want you to put yourself to that trouble; go on with your work—I only want you

to say whether this way be the most direct." "Bless you, sir," said the man, taking up his hat, "I don't want anything for shewing a gentleman the way to Shakspeare's tomb; it is a pleasure to me. I am fond on't; and a walk, now and then, does me good." The old man bustled along, holding forth with enthusiasm in the praise of Shakspeare, and coming up to the sexton's house, and knocking,—“There,” said he, “I have saved you ten minutes' walk:—don't forget to look at old Johnny Combe!” and was turning off highly pleased that he had done something to the honour of Shakspeare, and reluctant to receive even the value of a glass of ale for his services.

The Royal Shakspeare Club annually celebrate the birth of Shakspeare on the 23d of April, and even Washington Irving is held in great honour for having recorded in his Sketch-Book his visit to his tomb. At one of the inns they shew you Washington Irving's room and his bed. In the Red Horse, at which I stayed, my room was adorned with his sole portrait, and all the keepers of Stratford albums take good care to point out to you the signature of Washington Irving, the American, who spoke so highly of Shakspeare.

It is pleasing to find the prophet enjoying so much honour in his own country; and yet I shall have a fact or two presently to mention, which will require the serious attention of the people of Stratford, if they do not mean all this show of zeal for the poet's memory to appear empty and inconsistent.

One of the first places which I hastened to visit was the birth-place of Shakspeare's wife; the rustic cottage where he

wooded, and whence he married her. Millions, perhaps, have visited the house where he was born; tens of thousands have certainly inscribed their names on the walls of that simple chamber where he is said to have first seen the light; but not so many have visited, or known of, or inquired after the house where his modest, faithful, and affectionate wife,

Ann Hathaway, she hath a way,

was born, and lived, and became the wife of Shakspeare when he was nineteen, and she twenty-seven.

Shakspeare seems to have had no personal ambition. If he had, we should have had more account of the incidents of his existence. He seems to have thrown off his inimitable dramas, rich with passion and poetry, more from the very enjoyment of the act, than from the glory to be derived from them. So, too, in his youth, he married the first humble object of his affections; and after having seen all the fascinations of London life, after having conversed with the most celebrated beauties and wits of Elizabeth's splendid court, he retired with a competence to the quiet uneventful town of Stratford, the quiet haunts of his youth, and to domestic peace with his true Ann Hathaway.

There is nothing more wonderful in the character of Shakspeare than the perfect indifference shewn to the fate of his inimitable dramas. For thirteen years after his retirement from the stage, and those years the very prime of his existence—for he died at the early age of fifty-two—he continued to live, and that in a great degree in the perfect leisure of Stratford, without

apparently taking the slightest means to secure a correct edition of his works. He threw them off with the greatest imaginable ease and rapidity, the "Merry Wives of Windsor" being said only to have occupied a fortnight in the composition, and to have left them to the care of the public as stoically as the ostrich leaves its eggs to the sun. It could not be that he was insensible to their merit, for in his sonnets he gives us repeated assurances of the immortality of his muse; but it would seem as if, satisfied with the consciousness that he had done enough to secure his eternal fame, he followed his natural bent for the enjoyment of domestic life, and the entire forgetfulness of public concerns in which he was absorbed by it, testifying that there lay his entire happiness. That he spent the greater portion of the last sixteen years of his life at Stratford there is every reason to believe, having purchased for his residence one of the best houses of his native town, in 1597, which, having repaired and improved, he named New Place; nor is any other trace of him discoverable, independent of his literary exertions, from that year, except that in 1602 he was at Stratford, adding a new purchase of one hundred and seven acres of land to his former purchase of New Place. Not all the havoc committed by players and publishers on the sense and diction of his great dramas could rouse him from his domestic rest. "He made," says Johnson, "no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the deprivations that obscured them, or to secure to the rest a better destiny by giving them to the world in their genuine state. . . . They

were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were, perhaps, sometimes mutilated by actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches, and were, at best, printed without corrections of the press."

All this were enough to have roused, one would have thought, any author that had but sufficient ambition to write, but it disturbed not Shakspeare, and it must appear that the astonishing power displayed in his dramas was not the most wonderful quality of his nature. He had a mind that could not only achieve what was beyond the fame of other men, but a calm indifference even for his own fame, that more resembled the elevation of a divine nature than the nervous temperament of humanity. How different is this, even to the sensitiveness of his own youth, when the insult which he supposed himself to have received from Sir Thomas Lucy stung him to the quick, and induced him to gibbet him in ballads, and run for miles to fix them on his park-gate; an irritability so lasting that it revived and issued to the light again in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

That Shakspeare valued the enjoyments of domestic life, beyond both the brilliant life of successful literature in London and beyond the fame of his works, his long quiet retirement at Stratford sufficiently proves. There have not been wanting those who have accused him of indifference or infidelity towards his wife; but, whatever might be the occasional dissipations in

which he might indulge during his London sojourn, he has himself left the most triumphant testimonies of his strong and changeless affection to his Ann Hathaway,* and that it was in the depth of domestic existence that he found his real happiness. Nothing can be more beautiful than those of his sonnets which refer to these subjects:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. *Love is not love*
That alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
 It is the star of every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,—
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

There never were fourteen lines which so deeply and eternally express the sentiment clearly springing from the bottom of the poet's soul, of the unchangeableness of true affection.

* The author of the beautiful and able romance of "The Youth of Shakspeare" has, contrary to his usual sagacity, and without any sufficient historic evidence, and contrary, moreover, to the evidence of Shakspeare himself, here produced, unfortunately fallen into the former opinion, that of his alienation from her whom the writer himself thus describes in Shakspeare's days of courtship:—"To him every thing was Ann Hathaway; but especially all wisdom, goodness, beauty, and delight, took from her their existence, and gave to her their qualities. She was, in brief, the sun round which the rest of creation must needs take its course."—vol. ii. p. 183.

That one sonnet is enough to cast to the winds every malignant slander against the true heart of Shakspeare. That he, like other men, had fallen into errors, he was the first most earnestly and eloquently to avow; but where was the man, that after having won the fame that he had, and passed through the Circean enchantments of metropolitan beauty, and splendour, and wit as he had, ever gave so marvellous a proof that his heart of hearts was not in them, but that his only hope and idea of true happiness was in his native fields, and in the home of his wedded affection? What accuser could venture to stand up against such a man, after reading the very next sonnet, the continuation, in fact, of the former?

Accuse me thus,—that I have scanted all,
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me, day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds,
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down;
 And on joint proof surmise accumulate;
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your wakened hate:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

That his long absence, for it does not appear that his wife ever left Stratford to reside with him in town, had occasioned some misunderstanding and estrangement between her and himself, would appear from several of his sonnets, which are the

only records which he has left of his life and internal feelings ; but the sorrow and repentance which he expresses are more than enough to unbend the brow of the sternest judge, much more of a tender and loving wife.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seemed my flame to qualify!
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul which in thy heart doth lie.
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels, I return again ;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged ;
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reigned
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stained,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :
 For nothing this wide universe I call
 Save thou my rose, in it thou art my all.

Alas ! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view ;
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is that I have looked on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worst essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof to try an older friend,
 A god in love to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure, and most, most loving breast.

O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
 Pity me then, and wish I were renewed;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eyzell* 'gainst my strong infection,
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 No double penance to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

In these sonnets we have not only the most touching confession of his errors, but some clue afforded to that neglect and contempt of his dramatic works which we have already noticed. He clearly regarded his profession of an actor as a degradation, as no doubt it was considered in the eye of those times. He probably regarded his dramas as mere compositions written to advance his fortune, and as standing testimonies to that mode of life which he regarded with aversion. This, it is probable, was the cause why he so entirely neglected them, and turned, as it were, his very thoughts from them, as reminding him of many things, during the period of their production, which he would fain forget for ever. The very next sonnet, and the only one which I shall here indulge myself in transcribing, most strongly expresses this feeling, and the formation of that resolution to which he so inflexibly adhered to the day of his death.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill,
 Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow:
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?

* Vinegar.

*You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive
 That my steeled sense, or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyss I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic, and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred
 That all the world beside, methinks they are dead.*

Impressed with the feelings and the history conveyed in these sonnets, I must confess that there was no spot connected with Shakspeare at Stratford that so strongly interested me as Shottry, the little rustic village where Ann Hathaway was born, and where Shakspeare wooed, and whence he married her. The house in which he was born is turned into a butcher's shop; his birth there was a mere accident, and the accidents of time have not added to the intrinsic interest of the place; the house which he built, or improved for himself, and in which he spent the last years of his life, was pulled down, and dispersed piecemeal by the infamous parson Gastrell, who thus "doomed himself to eternal fame" more thoroughly than the fool who fired the Temple of Diana; but the birth-place and the marriage-place of Ann Hathaway, is just as it was; and, excepting the tombs of Shakspeare and herself, the only authentic and unchanged traces of their existence here. I therefore hastened away to Shottry the very first moment that I could get out of the inn. It is but a short walk to it across some pleasant meadows, and I pleased myself with thinking as I strode along, with what delight Shak-

speare in his youth trod the same path on his way to see his fair Ann Hathaway; and how often, in his latter years, when he had renounced public life, and she was his "all-the-world," they might, led by the sweet recollections of the past, often stroll that way together, and perhaps visit some of their kindred under the same rustic roof.

The village is a real rustic village indeed, consisting of a few farm-houses, and of half-timbered cottages of the most primitive construction, standing apart, one from the other, in their old gardens and orchards. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and quiet of this rustic hamlet. It is the *beau ideal* of Goldsmith's Auburn. The village public-house is the "Shakspeare Tavern," a mere cottage, like the rest. No modern innovations, no improvements, seem to have come hither to disturb the image of the past times. The cottages stand apart from each other, in their gardens and orchard-crofts, and are just what the poets delight to describe. The country around is pleasant, though not very striking. Its great charm is its perfect rurality. Ann Hathaway's cottage stands at the farther end of this scattered and secluded hamlet, at the feet of pleasant uplands, and from its rustic casements you catch glimpses of the fine breezy ranges of the Ilmington and Meon hills, some miles southward; and of Stratford church spire eastward peeping over its trees.

The cottage is a long tenement of the most primitive character; of timber framing, filled up with brick and plaster work. Its doors are grey with age, and have the old-fashioned wooden latches, with a bit of wood nailed on the outside of the

door to take hold of while you pull the string; just such a latch as, no doubt was on the door of Little Red Riding-Hood's grandmother, when the wolf said to the little girl, "pull the string, and you'll get in."



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

The antiquity of the house is testified by the heads of the wooden pins which fasten the framing, standing up some inches from the walls, according to the rude fashion of the age, never having been cut off. The end of the cottage comes to the village road; and the side which looks into the orchard is covered with vines and roses, and rosemary. The orchard is a spot all knolls and hollows, where you might imagine the poet, when he came here a-wooing, or in the after-days of his renown, when he came hither to see his wife's friends, and to indulge in day-dreams of the past, as he represents the king of Denmark

— Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon —

lying on the mossy turf, and enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and the flickering shadows of the old apple-trees. The orchard extends up the slope a good way; then you come to the cottage garden, and then to another orchard. You walk up a little narrow path between hedges of box, and amongst long grass. All the homely herbs and flowers which grow about the real old-English cottage, and which Shakspeare delighted to introduce into his poetry—the rosemary, celandine, honeysuckle, marigold, mint, thyme, rue, sage, etc., meeting your eye as you proceed.

The commentators on Shakspeare have puzzled themselves wonderfully about some of the plainest matters of his text, and about none more than the identity of the dewberry. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Titania tells the fairies to be kind to Bottom:

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, figs, and mulberries ;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees, etc.

These same dewberries have cost the expounders of his text a world of trouble. As apricots, grapes, and figs are very good things, they could not bring their fancies to believe that the fairies would feed Bottom on ought less dainty, even though he yearned hungrily after good oats and a bundle of hay. All kinds of fruits were run over in the scale of delicacies, and not finding any of the finer sorts which ever bore the name of

dewberry, they at last sagely concluded that it must be a gooseberry, because the gooseberry is only once mentioned as a gooseberry in all his dramas. A wise conclusion! What a pity that those laborious and ingenious commentators would but step occasionally out of their studies, and go into Shakspeare's own neighbourhood, and hear the peasantry there talk. They would not only have long ago discovered what a dewberry is, but might hear many a phrase and proverb, that would have thrown more light on the text of Shakspeare, than will ever stream in through a library window in half a century. A dewberry is a species of blackberry, but of a larger grain, of a finer acid, and having upon it a purple bloom like the violet plum. It is a fruit well known by that name to botanists (*rubus cæsius*), and by that name it has always been well known by the common people in the midland counties. As I walked round the orchard of Ann Hathaway, I was quite amused to see it growing plentifully on the banks; and taking up a sprig of it with some berries on it, I asked almost every countryman and countrywoman whom I met during the day, what they called that fruit. In every instance, they at once replied, "the dewberry." While I was in that neighbourhood I repeatedly asked the peasantry if they knew such a thing as a dewberry. In every case, they replied, "To be sure, it is like a blackberry, only its grains are larger, and it is more like a mulberry." A very good description. "Yes," said others, "it grows low on the banks; it grows plentifully all about this country." So much for all the critical nonsense about the dewberry.

I could not avoid noticing many such little touches of natural imagery with which Shakspeare has enriched the poetical portion of his text, as I strolled about this garden and orchard. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv., Shakspeare says,

The female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Why the *barky* fingers of the elm? Because the young shoots of the elm and those of the maple cover themselves with a singular corky bark, which rises in longitudinal ridges, of frequently more than a quarter of an inch high, and presenting a very singular appearance. It is a curious fact that the elm is the great natural growth of the country about Stratford, and must have been particularly familiar to Shakspeare's eye, and in this very orchard he must have seen plenty of the very images he has used. I pleased myself with imagining the quiet happiness which he had enjoyed with his Ann Hathaway in this very spot, while these rural images and happy illustrations silently flowed into his mind from the things around him. There was an old arbour of box, the trees of which had grown high and wild, having a whole wilderness of periwinkle at their feet; and upon the wooden end of a shed forming one side of this arbour, grew a honeysuckle, which seemed as though it might have grown in the very days of Shakspeare, for it had all the character of a very old tree; little of it shewing any life, and its bark hanging from its stem in filaments of more than a foot long, like the tatters and beard of an ancient

beggar. At the door looking into this orchard is a sort of raised platform up three or four steps with a seat upon it, so that the cottagers might sit and enjoy at once the breeze and the prospect of the orchard and fields beyond. There is a passage right through the house, with a very old high-backed bench of oak in it, said to have been there in Shakspeare's time, and old enough to have been there long before. The whole of the interior is equally simple and rustic. I have been more particular in speaking of this place, because perhaps at the very moment I write these remarks this interesting dwelling may be destroyed, and all that I have been describing have given way to the ravages of modern change. The place is sold, and perhaps the cottage of Ann Hathaway is now no more. A Mr. Barns, a farmer of the neighbouring hamlet of Luddington, has bought the whole property for 300*l.*, and talks of pulling down the house at spring. He has already pulled down some of the neighbouring cottages, and built up a row of red staring ones in their places; and already he has made an ominous gap into Ann Hathaway's orchard! The Taylors, the old proprietors, who have lived in the cottage for many years, were gone, the very morning I was there, to Stratford, to sign the conveyance.



A YOUNG SHAKSPEARE IN THE SHAPE OF A SCHOOLBOY.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SHAKSPEARE FAMILY.

As I went to Shottry, I met with a little incident which interested me greatly by its unexpectedness. As I was about to pass over a stile at the end of Stratford into the fields leading to that village, I saw the master of the national school mustering his scholars to their tasks. I stopped, being pleased with the look of the old man, and said, "You seem to have a considerable number of lads here; shall you raise another Shakspeare from amongst them, think you?" "Why," replied the

master, "I have a Shakspeare now in the school." I knew that Shakspeare had no descendants beyond the second generation, and I was not aware that there was any of his family remaining. But it seems that the posterity of his sister Joan Hart, who is mentioned in his will, yet exist; part under her marriage name of Hart, at Tewkesbury, and a family in Stratford, of the name of Smith.

"I have a Shakspeare here," said the master with evident pride and pleasure. "Here, boys, here!" He quickly marshalled his laddish troop in a row, and said to me, "There now sir, can you tell which is a Shakspeare? I glanced my eye along the line, and instantly fixing it on one boy, said, "That is the Shakspeare." "You are right," said the master; "that is the Shakspeare: the Shakspeare cast of countenance is there. That is William Shakspeare Smith, a lineal descendant of the poet's sister."

The lad was a fine lad of, perhaps, ten years of age; and certainly the resemblance to the bust of Shakspeare, in the church at Stratford, is wonderful, considering he is not descended from Shakspeare himself, but from his sister, and that the seventh in descent. What is odd enough is, whether it be mere accident or not, that the colour of the lad's eyes, a light hazel, is the very same as that given to those of the Shakspeare bust, which it is well known was originally coloured, and of which exact copies remain.

I gave the boy sixpence, telling him I hoped he would make as great a man as his ancestor (the best term I could lay

hold of for the relationship, though not the true one), or, at all events, a good man. The boy's eyes sparkled at the sight of the money, and the healthful joyous colour rushed into his cheeks; his fingers continued making acquaintance with so large a piece of money in his pocket, and the sensation created by so great an event in the school was evident. It sounded oddly enough, as I was passing along the street in the evening, to hear some of these same schoolboys say to one another, "That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakspeare sixpence."

Which of all the host of admirers of Shakspeare, who has plenty of money, and does not know what to do with it, will think of giving that lad, one of the nearest living representatives of the great poet, a good education and a fair chance to raise himself in the world? The boy's father is a poor man,—if I be not fanciful, partaking somewhat of the Shakspeare physiognomy,* but who keeps a small shop, and ekes out his profits by making his house a "Tom-and-Jerry." He has other children, and complained of misfortune. He said that some years ago Sir Richard Phillips had been there, and promised to interest the public about him, but that he never heard any more of it. Of the man's merits, or demerits, I know nothing; I only know that in the place of Shakspeare's birth, and where the town is full of "signs" of his glory, and where Garrick made that pompous jubilee, hailing Shakspeare as a "demi-

* Ireland, when, in 1793, making collections for his "Views on the Avon," was much struck with the likeness to this bust in Thomas Hart, one of this family, who then lived in Shakspeare's house.

god," and calling him "the god of our idolatry," and where thousands and even millions flock to do homage to the shrine of this "demi-god," and pour out deluges of verse of the most extravagant and sentimental nature in the public albums; there, as is usual in such cases, the nearest of blood to the object of such vast enthusiasm are poor and despised: the flood of public admiration at its most towering height, in its most vehement current, never for a moment winds its course in the slightest degree to visit them with its refreshment, nor, of the thousands of pounds spent in the practice of this poetic devotion, does one bodle drop into their pockets.

Garrick, as I have observed, once

——— called the world to worship on the banks
 Of Avon, famed in song. Ah, pleasant proof
 That piety has still, in human hearts,
 Some place,—a spark or two not yet extinct.
 The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths;
 The mulberry-tree stood centre of the dance;
 The mulberry-tree was hymned with dulcet strains:
 And, from his touchwood trunk, the mulberry-tree
 Supplied such relics as devotion holds
 Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
 So 'twas a ballowed time; decorum reigned,
 And mirth without offence. No few returned,
 Doubtless much edified, and all refreshed.

COWPER'S TASK, B. VI.

But it does not appear that Garrick and his fellow-worshippers troubled themselves at all about the descendants of the poet's sister. The object, in fact, seemed, at the moment rather to worship Garrick even than Shakspeare. How then could

any ray of sympathy diverge from two "demi-gods" to the humble relatives of one of them? And why should it? I hear learned utilitarians asking—why? What should lead the ragged descendants of poets and philosophers to forsake self-dependence and look to the admirers of their ancestors for benefit? What a shocking thing if they should; especially in a nation which ennobles whole lines for ever, and grants immense estates in perpetuity for the exploit of some man, who has won a battle which better never had been fought! What! shall such men and shall whole troops of lawyers, who have truckled to the government of the day, and become the tools of despotism in a country dreaming that it is free—shall men who have merely piled up heaps of coin, and purchased large tracts of earth, by plodding in the city dens of gain, or dodging on the Stock Exchange,—shall such men be ennobled, and their line for ever, and shall the men who have left a legacy of immortal mind to their country, leave also to their families an exclusive poverty and neglect? Will our very philosophic utilitarians tell us why this should be?

It might also be whispered that it would not be much more irrational to extend some of that enthusiasm and money, which is now wasted on empty rooms and spurious musty relics, on at least trying to benefit and raise in the scale of society, beings who have the national honour to be relics and mementos of the person worshipped, as well as old chairs, and whitewashed butchers' shops. Does it never occur to the votaries of Shakespeare, that these are the only sentient, conscious, and rational

things connected with his memory which can feel a living sense of the honour conferred on him, and possess a grateful knowledge that the mighty poet of their house has not sung for them in vain, and that they only in a world overshadowed with his glory are not unsoothed by its visitings?*

But the poetic veneration of the public need not yet be reduced to this severe trial—there are plenty of relics of Shakspeare (so called) for them to wonder and exclaim over.

RELICS OF SHAKSPEARE IN STRATFORD.

IN front of the Town-hall, in a niche, stands the full-length figure of Shakspeare, cast for the jubilee, and presented by Garrick to the corporation; at which time this Town-hall, a new erection, was dedicated also by Garrick to the memory of Shakspeare. “The bard,” to use the words of Wheeler, the historian of Stratford, “is represented in a graceful attitude, as on his monument in Westminster Abbey, resting upon some volumes placed on a pedestal, ornamented with three busts, *viz.* Henry

* It appears from the town records and inscriptions in the church, that the Hathaways were very respectable people at Shotton for generations after Shakspeare's time; and that the Smiths were amongst the principal people of the town. One, cotemporary with Shakspeare, was three times mayor. Three of them appear in inscriptions as benefactors to the town; and others as witnesses and trustees, both in deeds executed by Shakspeare, and also by his granddaughter Lady Bernard, his last descendant; so that a family friendship was evidently maintained to the last.

the Fifth, Richard the Third, and Queen Elizabeth. Upon a scroll, to which he points, are the following lines, judiciously selected from his own *Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes; and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Upon the pedestal beneath, are these words from *Hamlet* :—

take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

Within the hall is a painting of Shakspeare, by Wilson, wherein he is represented sitting in an antique chair, and upon the ground lie several books and MSS., as North's *Plutarch's Lives*, Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, Cynthio's *Novels*, etc., being some of the authors which Shakspeare consulted.

Opposite to this Town-hall is a house occupied by a Mr. Reason, who has a sign in front of it, announcing that there is kept a collection of articles which were in the house where the poet was born, and remained there till Mary Homby, the mother of the present Mrs. Reason, was obliged to leave it, on account of the proprietor raising the rent so much in consequence of the numerous visits to it. She at first gave ten, then twenty, then forty pounds a-year for it; but the tide of visiters increasing, the demand of the landlord still rose with it, till either the man outvalued the income, or the patience of Mary Homby gave

way. She gave notice to quit the house, and another person immediately took it. A violent feud arose between the outgoing and the incoming exhibitor. Mary Homby, of course, stripped the house of every article that had been shewn as Shakspeare's. But she did not stop there. She deliberately, or perhaps, as will appear probable, rather hastily, took a brush and a pail of whitewash, and washed over all the millions of inscribed names of adoring visiters on the walls! At one fell swoop, out went the illustrious signatures of kings, queens, princes, princesses, ambassadors and ambassadresses, lords, ladies, knights, poets, philosophers, statesmen, tragedians, comedians, bishops, lord chancellors, lord chief justices, privy counsellors, senators, and famous orators; all the sweet tribe of duchesses, countesses, baronesses, honourables and dishonourables,—out went they altogether, with as little remorse as if death himself had been wielding the besom of destruction, instead of Mary Homby her whitewash brush!

Mary Homby, having executed this sublime extinction of so many dignities, marched out with a lofty sense of the vacuum she left behind, carrying away with her the Albums into the bargain. The new tenant on entering was struck with a speechless consternation! In "the immortal bard's" own words, all the precious relics had

Vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision,
And left not a wreck behind.

Nothing at all but four bare walls! What was to be done? It was still Shakspeare's birth-place—but it was a very naked

one indeed,—all the imposing relics were gone, and a rival shop was set up with them! She looked upon herself as swindled. She had a higher rent to pay, with a diminished stock and a formidable rival, and she accordingly raised a loud clamour in the ears of the landlord. The landlord began to bluster with Mary Homby, and claimed the goods as heirlooms,—as part and parcel of the property; but the lawyers told him a different story. He then claimed the Albums, and commenced proceedings to recover them, but with no better success. Money was then offered for them, but money could not buy them; so it was absolutely necessary to commence a-new with blank walls and blank books. It was a melancholy coming down. Where was the chair called Shakspeare's chair, which had stood in a niche in the room, and the arms of which alone had been sold for twenty-three guineas? Where were those two fine old high-backed chairs which were *said* to be given to Shakspeare by the Earl of Southampton, with the Earl's coronet and supporters (animals having an odd look, between lions and men, with big heads) upon them? Where was the little chair of the same kind, called Hamnet's chair—the son of Shakspeare, who died when twelve years old? Where was that precious old lantern made of the glass of the house where Shakspeare died? The bust, taken and coloured accurately from the bust in the church? The portrait of a boy, with a curious high-laced cap on his head and an embroidered doublet, *called* John Hathaway, the brother of Ann Hathaway? The painting said to be done by Shakspeare's nephew, William Shakspeare Hart, representing

Shakspeare in the character of Petruchio? The cup, and the knotted walking-stick made from the crab-tree under which he slept in Bidford Fields? * Where the various pieces of carving from his bedstead? That old basket-hilted sword which *looked* as though it had lain buried for a century or two on the field of Edge-hill or Worcester, but which was, in fact, no such thing, but the veritable sword with which Shakspeare performed in Hamlet, and which the Prince Regent had wanted so much to buy in 1815, saying—“*he knew the family very well that gave it to Shakspeare?* Where was that? Ay, and still more, where was that grand old piece of carving which used to be over the mantelpiece, coloured and gilt, and representing David fighting with Goliath between the adverse armies; and over their heads, on a flying label or garter, this inscription, *said*, and sufficiently testified by the splendour of the verse, to be written by “the immortal bard” himself?—

* Bidford is a village about six miles from Stratford, where it is said in Shakspeare's time was a set of rustic toppers who were in the habit of challenging the residents of neighbouring places to drinking matches, and that on one occasion Shakspeare was amongst the young men of Stratford who accepted such a challenge. That, on returning homewards defeated, the Stratfordians lay down under a crab-tree still standing by the road-side, about half a mile from Bidford, where they slept from Saturday night till Monday morning, when they were roused by workmen going to their labour. Shakspeare was the last to wake; and when his companions urged him to return, and renew the contest, he exclaimed—“No! I have enough. I have drank with

Piping *Pebworth*, Dancing *Marston*,
 Haunted *Hillbro'*, Hungry *Grafton*,
 Dudging *Exhall*, Papist *Wicksford*,
 Beggary *Broom*, and Drunken *Bidford*.

Goliath comes with sword and spear,
 And David with his sling;
 Although Goliath rage and swear,
 Down David doth him bring.

SAMUEL 17th. An. Dom. 1606.*

The iron box that held the poet's will; Shakspeare's bench; pieces of his mulberry-tree; the box given to him by the Prince of Castile; a piece of the very matchlock with which he shot the deer; the portraits of Sir John Bernard and his lady Elizabeth, the granddaughter of Shakspeare; the portrait of Charlotte Clopton in her trance; the pedigree, and the will—where were they all? Carried off by the indignant and vindictive Mary Homby, who was too selfish to pay more than 40*l.* a-year for the house in which so great a genius was born; for all the great names of all the illustrious people, from all quarters of the world, written by the blacklead pencils of every known manufactory, and all these precious relics to boot,—such a collection as was never yet seen on this side of Loretto.

But the ravages of this modern Goth and Vandal, Mary Homby, could not be entirely repaired—they might, however, be in some degree mitigated; and as the disconsolate successor ruminated on the means—lo! a most happy and inspired idea occurred to her. Mary Homby had been in a passion, and perhaps she had forgotten to put any size into her whitewash. A brush was instantly applied to the walls,—the hope became at once a certainty!—Mary Homby *had* omitted the size, and by gentle and continued friction of the brush, the millions of pen-

* This was there at the time of Ireland's visit.

cilled names once more appeared in all their original clearness ! The relics were at once pronounced—humbug ; new Albums were opened, and the Shakspeare show-room was restored to its ancient value. In fact, this house, which was some years ago purchased of Joan Shakspeare's descendants, the Harts, with other property, for 250*l.*, is now said to be worth 2000*l.*



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

THE SHAKSPEARE ALBUMS.

AMONGST the innumerable signatures on the walls, the woman points you out that of Schiller as that of *the* Schiller, but it is written in Roman and not German hand. She also points out about a yard from the floor that of Edmund Kean, in a large hand, and tells you that he kneeled down to write it, saying,—“that as most people were ambitious to place their names as high as possible, he would place his low, and thus it would be

the longer unencroached upon." It is now covered all over with a mob of names, and even written over and over. Indeed, the whole surface of the walls, from top to bottom, all round the room, nay, even the ceiling is covered thick with names upon names, which, if transcribed, would fill many large volumes.

There is nothing more curious than the signatures and the characteristic combinations of signatures which albums kept at such places present. I generally copy a few of the most striking as I turn them over; and here is a sample, from those in the albums both at the house where Shakspeare was born, and those formerly carried off thence by Mary Homby, and now at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Reason.

1813. March 5th.—John Howard Payne, New York.

Aug. 13th.—Dr. Rees.

Sept. 3rd.—Henry, Bishop of London.

Lord Cowper.

Mrs. Opie.

Oct. 1st.—William Rathbone, Liverpool.

1815. July 27th.—Washington Irving.

Aug. 17th.—George P. R. and

Col. M'Mahon.

26th.—William, Duke of Clarence.

Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

1816. Aug. 22nd.—Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, etc.

28th.—Byron.

1821. Aug. Mr. W. Stewart Rose.

Mr. W. Lockhart.

Sir Walter Scott, etc.

1821. Oct. 14th.—William Jerdan, Brompton, London.

To Nature, sages in the earlier time—
 To Nature, men, even in each savage clime,
 Before revealed a God, all bowed the knee;
 Here where the High-Priest lived, oh, be it mine
 To breathe one prayer, that fervent one be thine,
 And Shakspeare, next to Nature, given to thee!—W. J.

1827. Prince Pückler Muskaw.

1829. Duc de Chartres.

1831. April 22nd.—Helena, Grand Duchess of Russia.

Countess of Nesselrode.

Prince Gagarin, and suite.

1831. July 19th.—James Montgomery.

1832. June 25th.—A. Sedgwick.

W. Whewell.

1835. Sept. 18th.—Jane Porter.

N. P. Willis.

Oct. 1st.—Countess Guiccioli.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner.

1836. June 26th.—Prince of Orange.

Alexander, Prince of the Netherlands.

1837. July 1st.—Edwin Forrest.

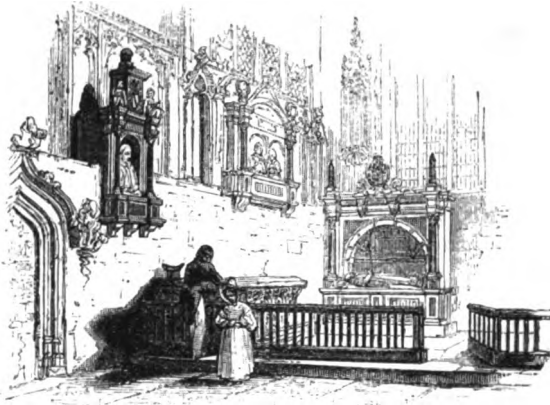
Catherine Norton Forrest.

1838. Aug. 28th.—Countess of Blessington.

Comte d'Orsay.

30th.—Charles Matthews.

E. Vestris.



SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

After all, the church is the most interesting place in Stratford connected with Shakspeare, because you have here proofs of him and his family connexions beyond all question. There is the well-known bust of him in a niche close to the communion rail, on the north wall of the chancel, placed on a cushion, holding a pen in his right hand, and his left upon a scroll. Above his head are his arms, and on each side of them a small sitting figure; one holding in his right hand a spade, the other, whose eyes are closed, to indicate mourning, has one hand upon a skull, and in the other an inverted torch. Beneath the cushion is engraved this distich :

JUDICIO PYLIUM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRIT, OLYMPUS HABET.

And on a tablet underneath, these lines —

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast !
 Read if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
 Within this monument, Shakspeare, with whome
 Quicke Nature dide; whose name doth deck ye tombe
 Far more than coste; sieth all ytt he hath writt
 Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616, Ætatis 53. Die 23. Ap.

This monument is said to have been raised very soon after Shakspeare's death. Wheeler thinks it probable that it was erected by Dr. John Hall, his son-in-law and executor, or relations, at a time when his features were perfectly fresh in every one's memory, or, perhaps, with the assistance of an original picture, if any such ever existed. He adds, that some verses by Leonard Digges, a cotemporary of the poet, prove that it was here before 1623; that is, within seven years of his death. Sir William Dugdale, in his Diary, states the artist to have been Gerard Johnson, "a Hollander, a tombe-maker, who lived in St. Thomas's Apostells." It is undoubtedly the most authentic representation of him that we possess, and we have some additional argument for its resemblance to the original in its likeness to the print in the folio edition of his works printed in 1623, which Ben Jonson, in his verses under it, plainly asserts to be a great likeness. Yet, when we call to mind how little notice was attracted to this spot for years after Shakspeare's decease, and how easily satisfied are country people in a piece of monumental art, we cannot entertain too sanguine notions

that we have a very characteristic representation of Shakspeare before us.

The head must fulfil and confirm all the faith of the phrenologists; it is a noble structure, but the remarkable gravity and massiness of the features do not answer to our notions of that soul of mirth, and whim, and passion, which must have shone through the outer veil of Shakspeare. The character is that of a sensible, grave, and benevolent man.

It is well known that the bust was originally painted to resemble life; that the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown, without sleeves; the lower part of the cushion before him was crimson, and the upper green, with gilt tassels. In 1748 this monument was carefully repaired, and the original colours of the bust restored, the expense being defrayed by the receipts of the acting of Othello at the old Town Hall, which were given by Mr. Ward, the manager, grandfather of Mrs. Siddons. In 1793 the bust and figures above it, together with the tomb of John a Combe, were, to correct the false taste of the erectors, by the perpetration of the worse taste of altering an original monument of so much consequence, painted white, at the request of Mr. Malone.

Below, and in front of the monument, we have, facing the communion-rail, a row of inscribed flags, covering the remains of himself, his wife Ann Hathaway, his daughter Susanna, and her husband, Dr. John Hall. We see the rude sculpture of that characteristic and awful warning which he left to be placed over his remains.

GOOD FRIEND FOR JESUS SAKE forbear
 TO DIGG T—E DUST ENCLOSED HERE
 BLESSE BE T—E Man $\frac{1}{y}$ spares T—E S STONES
 AND CURST BE HE $\frac{1}{y}$ MOVES MY BONES.

That this hearty malediction was not unnecessary; that Shakspeare knew the freedoms that the worthy churchwardens, in their ignorant authority, were accustomed to use with the dead in his native place, is strikingly proved by the disgraceful liberty taken with the tomb of his daughter Susanna. Besides her arms, Hall impaling Shakspeare, and the following inscription still remaining:—Here lyeth ye body of Susanna, wife to John Hall, gent., the daughter of William Shakspeare, gent. She deceased ye 11th July A. D. 1649, aged 66,—there was originally this epitaph:

Witty above her sexe; but that's not all;
 Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall;
 Something of Shakespere was in that, but this
 Wholly of him with whom she's now in bliss.
 Then passenger, ha'st ne're a teare,
 To weepe with her that wept with all?
 That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
 Them up with comforts cordiall.
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
 When thou hast ne're a teare to shed.

These verses were long ago obliterated to make way for another inscription, carved *on the same stone*, for Richard Watts of Ryhm Clifford, a person in no way related to the Shakspeare family, and who, no doubt, was buried in the grave of Mrs. Hall. Thus it is probable that had not Shakspeare taken care of his bones in his lifetime, they would long ago have been dug

up, and added to the enormous pile which used to lie in the charnel-house, and which was seen, so late as the year 1793, by Mr. Ireland.

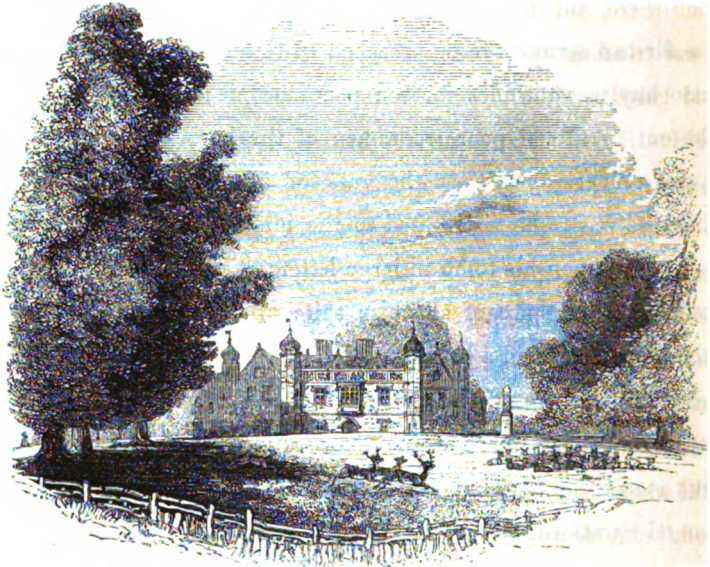
After reading the Latin verses on the tomb of Ann Hathaway, we glance into the eastern corner, just by, and lo! the tomb of John a Combe, with his effigy stretched upon it. It is said that this man was a thorough-paced usurer. He resided at Welcome Lodge, and afterwards at the College; that is, a mansion so called, which, at the time that Stratford church was a collegiate church, was the residence of the chanting priests and choristers. This, after the dissolution by Henry VIII., was granted to the Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and at his attainder by Queen Mary, was resumed by the crown; then let to Richard Coningsby, esq., and finally sold to John Combe, esq., who died there without family in 1614, two years before Shakspeare. It is said that, during Shakspeare's residence in the later years of his life at Stratford, John Combe and he were on very sociable terms, and Combe, presuming on Shakspeare's good-nature and his own moneyed importance, frequently importuned the poet to write him an epitaph, which, to the old gentleman's vast indignation, he did thus:—

Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
 'Tis a hundred to ten if his soul be saved.
 If any one asks who lies in this tomb—
 "O ho!" quoth the devil, "'tis my John a Combe!"

As if to obviate the effect of the witty sarcasm of the inexorable poet, who would not give him any other passport to

posterity than what he justly deserved, we find emblazoned not only on John a Combe's tomb, but on the gold-lettered tablets of the church, that he left by will, annually to be paid for ever: 1*l.* for two sermons to be preached in this church; 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* "to buy ten gowndes for ten poore people;" and 100*l.* to be let out to fifteen poor tradesmen of the borough, from three years to three years, at the rate of 50*s.* per annum, which increase was to be distributed to the inmates of the almshouse—adding upon his tomb in large letters, *VIRTUS POST FUNERA VIVIT*. But, spite of all this; spite of thus charging on his tomb only two and a half instead of ten per cent.; spite of this emblazonment in marble and gold before the eyes of all churchgoers, the witty words of the poet, scattered only on the winds, not merely survive, but are in everybody's heart and mouth all round Stratford, and will be till the day of doom.

This church stands pleasantly, between Stratford and the Avon, surrounded by trees, with a pleached avenue up to the porch door. The chancel is of beautiful architecture, which has lately been restored with great care. It also contains some grotesque and curious carving on the seats, which used to be occupied by the chanting priests, and now serve the clergy at visitations.



CHARLECOTE HOUSE.

No person who feels a lively interest in the history and haunts of Shakspeare, will think he has seen all that has drawn him to his native neighbourhood till he has seen Charlecote, the abode of that Sir Thomas Lucy who drove Shakspeare, for his deer stealing and his satirical sallies, from the obscurity of his original condition and calling, to London and universal fame. Charlecote lies on the banks of the Avon, about four miles from Stratford. It is a pleasant walk along a pleasant level road, through a country well shaded with large elms, and

presenting on one hand rich meadows, and on the other as rich corn-lands. It was a fine autumn morning when I set off to walk there, and I pleased myself, as in going to Shottry, that I was treading the ground Shakspeare had trod many a time, and gazed on the same scenery, if not on the very identical objects. As I passed over the bridge, going out of the town, I said, "It was here that Shakspeare passed in his way to Charlecote, to affix those merry verses to Sir Thomas's park-gate, which so nettled the old knight; and on many another occasion paused to gaze up and down the quiet-flowing Avon, as I do now." The woods of Charlecote began to rise in view before me, and presently the house itself, in front of them, stood full in view, and made me exclaim, "Ay, there is the very place still where Shakspeare encountered the angry old knight in his hall." A footpath led me across a field into the park, and I found myself at the entrance of a long avenue of limes, which led towards the house, but not to it. It was terminated by a figure, which appeared to beckon to you. As I advanced, I met a country lad; "So," I said, "this, I suppose, is where Shakspeare came for some of Sir Thomas Lucy's deer? You have heard of Shakspeare, I warrant you." "Yes," said the lad, "often and often, and yonder he is upon a deer that he took." "What Shakspeare?" "Yes, sir, Shakspeare." I went on towards the image, wondering at the oddity of taste which could induce the Lucys to place an image of Shakspeare there, and with the deer too! When I came near, behold it was a leaden statue of poor innocent Diana. She was in the

attitude of the Apollo Belvidere, having apparently just discharged an arrow and watching its career, still holding aloft the bow-hand, and grasping the centre of the bow. Close to her side was the figure of a fallow deer; and the simple country people had converted her into Shakspeare. That this odd mistake did not rest with the boy, I satisfied myself by asking every country man and woman that I met in the neighbourhood what that image was, and all answered, "Shakspeare on a deer." I suppose that, as the knees of the goddess are a little bent and the deer placed close to her left side, they had got the notion that it meant to represent Shakspeare riding away on the deer that he had caught. Even a Scotch travelling tea merchant that I fell in with, told me the same story. I asked him whether he had ever been at the statue and examined it. He replied he had. "And did you not observe," I asked, "that it was a woman, with a woman's bosom, in a woman's dress, and with a crescent on her brow?" "In troth," said the man, "I didna' just notice that noo." So completely has the notion of its being meant for Shakspeare taken hold of the people's fancies, that they see nothing in it but Shakspeare, spite of sex and dress; and the Scotchman thought the crescent on the brow of the image merely meant that Shakspeare stole the deer by moonlight!

Charlecote-House stands pleasantly on the banks of the Avon, where it makes a bend. One side looks down upon the river and towards Stratford; the opposite front looks into the old court, now a garden, and in part of which stands a fine

old gate-house, which the present proprietor, George Lucy, esq. intends to restore, and fit up in accordant style. This front is entered by a porch, built to admit Queen Elizabeth when she paid a visit to Sir Thomas. The house was built by the Sir Thomas of Shakspeare notoriety, but has been much enlarged and embellished by the present Mr. Lucy, who has built two noble rooms facing the river,—a dining and drawing room,—and furnished the whole with great taste.

The park is finely wooded with the natural growth of this part of the country, elms of a large size, and is nobly stocked with fallow deer. Mrs. Lucy told me that it was a very common and perpetually repeated mistake that it was from this park that Shakspeare stole the deer, but that it was actually from the old park of Fulbrook on the Warwick-road, where Fulbrook Castle formerly stood, which ground is now disparked. This accords with Mr. Ireland's statement. It was, however, in this hall that he was tried.

The entrance-hall, the scene of Shakspeare's examination, is a fine room, with a grained oaken roof, having been restored with admirable taste; and contains objects which cannot be looked on without great interest. The family paintings are collected, and well disposed around it, with others connected with the history of the family.

On the ample mantel-piece are the large, old-fashioned initials of Sir Thomas Lucy, T. L. raised and gilt; and the date of the building of the hall, 1558. Upon this mantel-piece also stands a cast of the bust of Sir Thomas, taken from his monu-



ment in the church. There is also a painting of him, sitting at a table with his lady; in a black velvet dress with slashed sleeves, large bunches at the knees, of a zigzag pattern, in black-and-white stripes; light-coloured roses in his shoes, and with a ruff and cuffs of point lace. The portrait and bust bear a striking resemblance to each other; and though they do not give us any reason to suppose him such an imbecile as Shakspeare in his witty revenge has represented Justice Shallow, they have an air of formal conceit and self-sufficiency that accord wonderfully with our idea of the country knight who would look on the

assault of his deer as a most heinous offence, and would be very likely to hold his dignity sorely insulted by the saucy son of a Stratford woolcomber, who had dared to affix a scandalous satire on his park-gate, and to make him ridiculous to all the country.

After all, what Sir Thomas did was just what nine-tenths of the country gentlemen of that or this day would have done in like case. He appears to have dealt gently with the young man in the first instance; and it was not until the ugly verses, of—

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass, etc.

were fixed on his gate by the vindictive pride of the embryo poet, that he began to threaten him with the serious visitation of the law. The only singularity of the case is, that Sir Thomas had stumbled on a great poet by the merest chance, and that before either he or anybody, even the poet himself, knew that he were one, and thereby roused him, as the Edinburgh Review roused Byron, to a full consciousness and demonstration of his hidden strength. Who can tell whether, had it not been for the agency of Sir Thomas and the Edinburgh Review, we might at this moment have been possessed of the noble poems of Shakspeare and of Byron? But, as the Scriptures say, "Offences must needs come, but woe unto those by whom they *do* come." So the Review and Sir Thomas have alike won a notoriety that they never dreamed of, by starting a lion where they supposed themselves pursuing a very different beast.

I have frequently heard it said that all which Shakspeare

asserted of Sir Thomas Lucy was true, and that his descendants continued to this day pretty much the same, and always went by the name of Shallow. It is a luckless doom to fall under the bann of an irritated poet, and such a poet as Shakspeare. "The daggers which he spoke, though he used none," were sure to stick fast in the wounded name, and the vengeance which he took on the original offender, must descend, in some degree, to his posterity. There will never want that spite of malice in the popular mind which delights to believe all that common prejudice delights to promulgate in such cases, and I can conceive few greater curses falling on an innocent family, than the brand of folly thus fixed upon it by the withering sarcasm of indignant genius. Who does not shrink from the very idea of being born under such a stigma? Who could hope to bear up against it unscathed in the great race of life? Who can tell the blasting and deadening, and dwarfing influence of such an actual finger of bitter and burning scorn, held up against you and your children? When, therefore, I beheld the pleasant abode of the Lucys, and saw the evidences of taste and refinement about it, and heard what I did of the present family, I could not help feeling how awful is the clinging curse of an incensed poet, and how fearfully unjust he may become to whole generations of guiltless spirits, in the unrestrained indulgence of his revenge on its immediate object.

It was a high and sincere pleasure to me to find the present descendants of Sir Thomas Lucy the very reverse of all that Shakspeare would persuade us that he was. On all sides, and

from all classes of people, I heard the most excellent character of them. They were described as amiable, intelligent ; as of the most domestic habits, and as spending the chief portion of their time on their estate here. The poor spoke of them with affection for their kindness. I had not the pleasure to find Mr. Lucy at home ; but the house itself bore every where the most unequivocal testimonies of his taste : and I have rarely met with a lady that interested me more by her agreeable manners, intelligence, and tone of mind, than Mrs. Lucy, a sister of Lady Willoughby de Broke, of Compton-Verney, in the same neighbourhood.

Mr. Lucy has enriched Charlecote-House with a select collection of paintings ; and as the house, owing to the domestic habits of the family, is not commonly shewn, it may be acceptable to some of my readers to have a passing mention of them.

In the hall, however, which we will mention first, the pictures are, as I have said, chiefly family ones. Over the fireplace is a large family piece—Sir Thomas, the grandson of old Sir Thomas, his lady, and six children, by Cornelius Janson, done while on a visit here. Sir Thomas has a mild contemplative look. His hair is of a sandy hue ; his beard of the same colour, and peaked. The two youngest boys have also portraits as grown men in the hall,—Sir Fulke and Sir Richard Lucy.

There is a curious old view of the house and gardens in their original state ; that is, in the state in which Skakspeare would see them. Captain Thomas Lucy and his lady, by Lely. This lady he left a widow, and she afterwards married the Duke of Northumberland.

In the library—portraits of Charles I. and II., Archbishop Laud, and Lord Strafford, by Henry Stone. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, by Isaac Oliver: a small, swarthy countenance, small dark and quick eyes, extremely black hair, and black mustachios, indicate in a lively manner the brisk and fiery spirit of this celebrated man. Here are also portraits of Henry VIII.; Rich, Earl of Holland; Marquess of Mantua, by Raffaele; Sir Thomas Lucy again, in his youth; Isabelle, wife of the Emperor Charles V.; and the Lord Keeper Coventry. There are also in this room eight fine ebony chairs inlaid with ivory, two cabinets and a couch of the same, said to have been brought from Kenilworth, and to have been a present of Queen Elizabeth to Leicester.

In the drawing-room—Tenier's Wedding, painted by himself, purchased by the present Mr. Lucy for 1100*l.*, and for which he has refused 1300*l.* Cassandra delivered from captivity, by Guercino. Tempest, by Mole. Henry II. of France. Samson pulling down the temple, and Samson and the lion. Marketing parties going and returning, by Wouverman. Landscape by Cuyp. St. Cecilia, by Domenichino. Landscape by Hobbima. Ditto, by Berghem, 1619. Interior of a room, by Peter de Hogh. Madonna and child, by Vandyke. Watermill and cattle, by Paul Potter. Here are also busts, by Behnes, of the present Mr. and Mrs. Lucy; and a splendid gold cup made for George IV., richly studded with jewels.

In the dining room—Battle of a cock and turkey, by Ulnoecker. Still-life,—cock and gardener, by Jacob Jordans. An

arrest, by Peter Valentine. Woman spinning, said to be by Raffaele in his early style. Horses, by Wouverman.

In Mrs. Lucy's morning-room there are a few good paintings. St. Catherine and a Magdalene. Christ's head, by Carradocio. But the most beautiful thing, and one of the most beautiful in the whole house, is the portrait of a female holding a cup in one hand, with the other placed upon it—her beautiful face full of melancholy sentiment, with rich golden locks hanging on her shoulders. The subject and the artist are alike unknown. Mrs. Lucy found it in the house, and had it cleaned; and it certainly is one of the most divine things ever seen. The beauty of the whole countenance—the fine large eyes full of thought and sorrow—the high rich forehead—the glorious head, and the pure and deep sentiment of the whole, mark the hand of the master, and are worthy of Raffaele himself. It is a being radiant with youth and beauty, and rendered irresistibly attractive by the soul and the sublime sorrow breathed through and breathing from it. Mrs. Lucy was inclined to believe it a Niobe, but to my feeling it could be nothing else but one of the noble women who ministered to our Saviour—a Mary, a Magdalene, or the penitent and nameless woman who “washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.”* Such a being, in the sublimity of her grief, so far beyond any subject

* The old painters make Mary Magdalene this woman, but there is no evidence of it in the Gospels. Three of the evangelists declare that this anointing took place at Bethany, and John says it was by Mary the sister of Martha. The others do not name the woman; and Luke says it occurred at Nain.

of the Grecian mythology, inasmuch as the grief of any natural bereavement, however agonizing, falls short in its solemn grandeur of that profound sorrow and shame which surprise and overwhelm a noble soul when it becomes aware of the original purity of beauty which once was its own, and how much "its inner self it has abused,"—can only be conceived and expressed by a spirit of a similar elevation. These circumstances point out this beautiful female as belonging to the Gospel history, and to the pencil of a great master.

At a short distance, in the park, stands the little church of Charlecote; and it is well worthy of a visit from the stranger. It contains the monuments of the Lucys, and they are some of the richest and most beautifully executed to be found in any of our country churches. There, too, you see the hatchments of the different knights, with their *lucies* (the three fishes—pikes) in the escutcheon, made so notorious by Shakspeare. Old Sir Thomas lies on his tomb in effigy, and his lady by his side. It is from this effigy that the bust in the hall has been taken, with its ruff, and peaked beard cut square at the end.

If Sir Thomas has been pretty well misrepresented by the waggish wit of Shakspeare,* we must believe that his lady has

* John Fox, the martyrologist, was received by Sir Thomas at the time when he was obliged to fly for his life on account of his religion, in Mary's reign, and was deserted by every one besides. It is said that Sir Thomas took care to have a good equivalent for his protection, by making Fox the tutor to his children, and that when that end was served, he dismissed him with little ceremony, and no care for his future provision. Admitting all this, it is evident still, that Sir Thomas gave him that shelter at a critical time, which no one else would give, and in so far was before his age.

not been the less so by the fragment of a ballad which has been preserved by Professor Barnes, taken down as an old woman sung it at an inn at Stratford, and attributed to Shakspeare, in which she is described as a most unfaithful wife. If any faith is to be put in the epitaph engraved on this tomb, which was written by Sir Thomas himself,—“as by him that did best know what hath been written to be true,”—she must have been, on the contrary, a very exemplary woman: “a woman,” he says, “so garnished with virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled by any.” The tradition is, that she went by the name of “the good Lady Lucy,” and Newton in his “Memoirs of Pious Women,” gives her an extraordinary character for virtue and benevolence.

Sir Thomas’s son and successor, who appears to have only survived him five years, lies on his stately tomb by himself. His lady, in a black hood, is placed in a praying attitude in front of the tomb, thereby indicating that she was the sorrowful survivor; while, on the plinth, is a whole procession of little images of sons and daughters, two by two. Six sons on the panel before the mother, and eight daughters on that behind her. The tomb of the third Sir Thomas, the grandson of *the* Sir Thomas, and his lady, is a very splendid one by Bernini, executed in Italy. It is a pediment of white marble, bearing the family escutcheon, the panels and shafts of the columns black. It is indeed of beautiful workmanship. Sir Thomas is in a recumbent position, leaning on his elbow, as if contemplating the effigy of his wife, whose figure and drapery are

finely wrought. Behind him, on the one hand, are seen books as in a library, with various classical titles on the back; and on the other hand, himself, mounted on his favourite horse—probably intended to intimate his prevailing tastes, as well as an accident in hunting which hastened his death. The bust of the lady is particularly soft and rich, the arms and hands are beautiful.



SHAKESPEARE WRITING ON THE PARK GATE.

CLOPTON HALL.

There is one more place, the history of whose proprietors is, in a slight degree, connected with that of Shakspeare in this neighbourhood, which we will take some notice of before

we quit his Stratford haunts altogether; and the more because it is a specimen of a large class of old mansions which once held families of great note, but are now passed into other hands, leaving no trace of their once important inhabitants, beyond the monuments in the parish church; the brief record of their genealogy in the history of the county; and some fragments of mysterious traditions that float about amongst the common people, but which are fast fading away too.

The ground on which Shakspeare's own house in Stratford stood, had been the property of the Cloptons of Clopton. In course of time it was again purchased by a member of the Clopton family; and in 1742, Sir Hugh Clopton entertained Garrick, Macklin, and Dr. Delany there, under the poet's mulberry-tree. Shakspeare also mentions, in his will, lands belonging to him in Welcome; which probably also had been the property of the Cloptons, as Welcome adjoins the present estate of Clopton, both of which are, in fact, now in the hands of one proprietor. At Welcome too, Shakspeare used to visit and make merry with his friends, John and William Combe.

But we have only to enter Stratford church to see that the Cloptons were the great family of that neighbourhood. At the east end of the north aisle, the chapel formerly dedicated to the blessed Virgin is occupied with their stately tombs. Above hang numerous hatchments, recording so many deaths, and family banners, dusty and worn with age, waved there too. These now are gone; but the monuments remain, with a massy and time-worn splendour which dwarfs all others around, and

marks the once high estate of the race. Under a Gothic arch is raised an altar-tomb, about four feet and a half from the pavement, with numerous panels, originally filled with brazen shields of arms, but which have been long since torn away. A marble slab, without effigy or inscription, covers the tomb; but the arms of Clopton, with those of the city of London, and those of the company of woolstaplers, of which he was a member, carved and yet remaining on the arch above, mark it as the tomb of Sir Hugh Clopton, who in 1492 was Lord Mayor of London, and by his will directed that his remains should repose exactly on this spot. Sir Hugh, a younger branch of the ancient family of the Cloptons, had not disdained to enter into trade, and becoming not only very wealthy, but Lord Mayor of London, was a man of princely liberality. Besides numerous benefactions to the city of London, to Aylesbury, and other places, in building bridges and making causeways, leaving perpetual charity to the poor, etc.—he, at his own charge, built the chapel of the Holy Trinity in Stratford, the transept of the church, and the bridge over the Avon; as is still recorded on a tablet on the bridge itself. Sir Hugh also left an exhibition to three poor scholars in Oxford, and three in Cambridge.

Besides the monument of this magnificent old Sir Hugh, the most conspicuous is that of George Carew, Earl of Totnes and Baron of Clopton. This is the Lord Carew who, when President of Munster under Queen Elizabeth, wrote the chronicle of the events in Ireland during the three years of his government, called by him *Hibernia Pacata*, and published by

his secretary and natural son, Sir Thomas Stafford. He was the friend of Camden the antiquary. He and his brother Richard Carew, were his fellow collegians at Christ Church, Oxford, and Camden styles him "a most affectionate lover of venerable antiquity." Lord Carew became Baron of Clopton by marrying Joyce the sole heiress of the family. The effigies of himself and Countess in alabaster, coloured to the life, lie under a large ornamented arch, supported by Corinthian columns, and adorned as well with numerous figures of angels and cherubims, as with the various arms, warlike accoutrements and insignia of his office of master of the ordinance, carved in bas-relief. The hearty old Earl, who has a most frank and goodly aspect and bearing, is represented in armour; over which is his mantle of estate, a coronet on his head, and a lion couchant at his feet. If ever the outward form and visage bespoke the inner man, we should say they did in this worthy nobleman. That the effigy is a strong likeness of the living man is testified by his existing portraits—and the likeness is that of a right worthy nobleman; and Joyce Clopton his countess must have been a fitting match in generous and good disposition. Sir Thomas Stafford, the natural son of the Earl, so far from being a cause of unhappiness between this amiable pair, was the attached friend of both; and as is recorded on a panel of this monument, not only lived long with them in affection, but desired to be buried near them, and is accordingly buried here with them. This is a pleasant record to be found on a tomb; but it is not the only one which shews the amiable heart of the

Countess. Another inscription tells, that here too lies buried "Mistress Amy Smith, sixty years of age and a maid, who for forty years had been the waiting gentlewoman of the Right Honorable Joyce, Ladie Carew, Countess of Totnes, and desired to be buried in the same church where her ladie intended to be buried." And accordingly on her death, at Nonsuch in Surrey, Lady Carew had her remains deposited here, "in gratefull memorie of her whom she had foun so good a servant." Far and wide might we look for another tomb bearing such beautiful records of the faith and affections of the good old times. The worthy Earl not only continued in high esteem with Elizabeth, but under James and Charles, by the latter of whom he was created Earl of Totnes; and, as if the calm sunshine of virtue and friendship had shed a sanative power upon their lives, all of these parties lived to an old age, the Earl himself being seventy-three and the Countess seventy-eight.

The stately old mansion where this family resided for more than five hundred years, stands advantageously on a fine upland about a mile above the town of Stratford, and commands all the fair vale in which Stratford stands. It looks full upon the woody spot to the right of the town in which Shottry lies nestled, and has for the boundary of its view, at the distance of some eight or ten miles, the long line of the Ilmington and Meon hills. Though thus elevated, it stands in a little hollow, as it were, in the upland slope, as if to give it that snug and protected air of which our ancestors were so fond, while behind it still ascend upland pastures, their hedgerows finely scattered with noble elms.

It was of this goodly old abode that a fair lady thus wrote to me on seeing the announcement of this volume. "I wonder if you know Clopton Hall, about a mile from Stratford-on-Avon. Will you allow me to tell you of a very happy day I once spent there. I was at school in the neighbourhood, and one of my schoolfellows was the daughter of a Mr. W——, who then lived at Clopton. Mrs. W—— asked a party of the girls to go and spend a long afternoon, and we set off one beautiful autumn day, full of delight and wonder respecting the place we were going to see. We passed through desolate half-cultivated fields, till we came within sight of the house—a large, heavy, compact, square brick building, of that deep, dead red almost approaching to purple. In front was a large formal court, with the massy pillars surmounted with two grim monsters; but the walls of the court were broken down, and the grass grew as rank and wild within the enclosure as in the raised avenue walk down which we had come. The flowers were tangled with nettles, and it was only as we approached the house that we saw the single yellow rose and the Austrian briar trained into something like order round the deep-set diamond-paned windows. We trooped into the hall, with its tessellated marble floor, hung round with strange portraits of people who had been in their graves two hundred years at least; yet the colours were so fresh, and in some instances they were so life-like, that looking merely at the faces, I almost fancied the originals might be sitting in the parlour beyond. More completely to carry us back, as it were, to the days of the civil wars, there

was a sort of military map hung up, well finished with pen and ink, shewing the stations of the respective armies, and with old-fashioned writing beneath, the names of the principal towns, setting forth the strength of the garrison, etc. In this hall we were met by our kind hostess, and told we might ramble where we liked, in the house or out of the house, taking care to be in the 'recessed parlour' by tea-time. I preferred to wander up the wide shelving oak staircase, with its massy balustrade all crumbling and worm-eaten. The family then residing at the hall did not occupy one-half,—no, not one-third of the rooms; and the old-fashioned furniture was undisturbed in the greater part of them. In one of the bed-rooms (said to be haunted), and which, with its close pent-up atmosphere and the long shadows of evening creeping on, gave me an 'eirie' feeling, hung a portrait so singularly beautiful! a sweet-looking girl, with paly gold hair combed back from her forehead and falling in wavy ringlets on her neck, and with eyes that 'looked like violets filled with dew,' for there was the glittering of unshed tears before their deep dark blue—and that was the likeness of Charlotte Clopton, about whom there was so fearful a legend told at Stratford church. In the time of some epidemic, the sweating-sickness or the plague, this young girl had sickened, and to all appearance died. She was buried with fearful haste in the vaults of Clopton chapel, attached to Stratford church, but the sickness was not stayed. In a few days another of the Cloptons died, and him they bore to the ancestral vault; but at they descended the gloomy stairs, they

saw by the torchlight, Charlotte Clopton in her grave-clothes leaning against the wall; and when they looked nearer, she was indeed dead, but not before, in the agonies of despair and hunger, she had bitten a piece from her white round shoulder! Of course, she had *walked* ever since. This was 'Charlotte's chamber,' and beyond Charlotte's chamber was a state-chamber carpeted with the dust of many years, and darkened by the creepers which had covered up the windows, and even forced themselves in luxuriant daring through the broken panes. Beyond, again, there was an old Catholic chapel, with a chaplain's room, which had been walled up and forgotten till within the last few years. I went in on my hands and knees, for the entrance was very low. I recollect little in the chapel; but in the chaplain's room were old, and I should think rare editions of many books, mostly folios. A large yellow-paper copy of Dryden's 'All for Love, or the World Well Lost,' date 1686, caught my eye, and is the only one I particularly remember. Every here and there, as I wandered, I came upon a fresh branch of a staircase, and so numerous were the crooked, half-lighted passages, that I wondered if I could find my way back again. There was a curious carved old chest in one of these passages, and with girlish curiosity I tried to open it; but the lid was too heavy, till I persuaded one of my companions to help me, and when it was opened, what do you think we saw—BONES!—but whether human, whether the remains of the lost bride, we did not stay to see, but ran off in partly feigned, and partly real terror.

“The last of these deserted rooms that I remember, the last, the most deserted, and the saddest, was the Nursery,—a nursery without children, without singing voices, without merry chiming footsteps! A nursery hung round with its once inhabitants, bold, gallant boys, and fair, arch-looking girls, and one or two nurses with round, fat babies in their arms. Who were they all? What was their lot in life? Sunshine, or storm? or had they been ‘loved by the gods, and died young?’ The very echoes knew not. Behind the house, in a hollow now wild, damp, and overgrown with elder-bushes, was a well called Margaret’s Well, for there had a maiden of the house of that name drowned herself.

“I tried to obtain any information I could as to the family of Clopton of Clopton. They had been decaying ever since the civil wars; had for a generation or two been unable to live in the old house of their fathers, but had toiled in London, or abroad, for a livelihood; and the last of the old family, a bachelor, eccentric, miserly, old, and of most filthy habits, if report said true, had died at Clopton Hall but a few months before, a sort of boarder in Mr. W——’s family. He was buried in the gorgeous chapel of the Cloptons in Stratford church, where you see the banners waving, and the armour hung over one or two splendid monuments. Mr. W—— had been the old man’s solicitor, and completely in his confidence, and to him he left the estate, encumbered and in bad condition. A year or two afterwards, the heir-at-law, a very distant relation living in Ireland, claimed and obtained the estate, on the plea of undue influence,

if not of forgery, on Mr. W——'s part; and the last I heard of our kind entertainers on that day, was that they were outlawed, and living at Brussels."

After reading this account, I was strongly drawn towards Clopton, and on my visit to Stratford, I hastened eagerly to see a spot so attractive by its history, and so graphically described. It was too late. A new lord was in possession. After passing through several hands from the period alluded to by my fair correspondent, and through many dismal stages of neglect and decay, Mr. Ward, the proprietor of Welcome, had purchased, and had had sixty workmen for at least six months employed upon it. Those old staircases were now painted and polished into new ones. Those old oak floors had given way to new deal ones. Wagon-loads of lumber, as the new proprietor called it, wainscot, carving, old chests and benches, and things of the past, were carried away, and splendid stoves, and massy mantelpieces of Italian marble, had succeeded the stern wide old-English fireplaces. Modern furniture was standing about in confused heaps in the rooms; and fresh paintings of a higher character than the Cloptons ever knew, were in the act of ascending those walls where the grim Clopton portraits had hung so long: but which, such as still remained, were now consigned to a back gallery. "They are wretched affairs," said the young and gay lord of the house. "I am not at all related to the family; and I do not know what I could better do with them."

Perhaps nothing more could be expected. They clearly belonged to an era and a race that were gone by. They were

things which had outlasted their legitimate masters :—

Another race had been, and other palms were won.

But I looked them over. They did not exceed two dozen in number, and amongst them I looked in vain for Charlotte Clopton, with “her locks of paly gold,” or for Margaret, with “her beautiful face, and dark brown ringlets flowing on her shoulders.” “Was there not such and such a tradition?” I asked. “And such and such a picture? Margaret as a child with her little dog in her arms, and again in the bloom of maiden beauty?” “There were such traditions,” it was carelessly replied, and in a tone which shewed that there was no strong interest felt in such traditions. Youth, wealth, and fresh possession, and the eager novelty of fitting up a new abode, were not calculated to generate a sentimental mood; and yet methinks the fate and the pictures of the past race of such an abode would have excited in my mind an interest, not the most trivial, amongst those feelings which gave value to its possession.

Well, but where were the pictures of Charlotte and Margaret Clopton? They were not there! In some of the many changes which had occurred, somebody had taken them away—somebody, it is to be hoped, who valued them.

It was useless pressing further inquiries upon the new proprietor—but I saw some women collecting apples in the orchard, who were old enough to have known the house well in its former state. I asked them, and they knew the portraits familiarly, just as described by my fair correspondent, and they knew that

they were there not very long ago. One of them also went and shewed me the spring in which Margaret was drowned. In a woody glade which runs up behind the house is a succession of fish-ponds, now half empty of water, and neglected; and beyond these, under the shade of large elms, is the spring in which Margaret drowned herself. It is a tank of perhaps three yards long, and two wide, and of a considerable depth, now arched over nearly level with the ground, and only open at one end. The water was so transparent that every part of the tank is seen to the bottom, and a fearful and gloomy place it is for any human creature to plunge into. What must have been the misery and despair which must have goaded Margaret's spirit in this old and solitary place, before she could venture to plunge in there!

On a stone laid behind the spring, but which is said to have been laid at its mouth, are inscribed the initials S. I. C. 1686. No doubt those of Sir John Clopton, who died in 1692, and who most probably first enclosed this well. But who were Charlotte and Margaret Clopton? Whose daughters were they? At what period did they live? What more is known of the tragic death of Charlotte? What is known of the history, or the cause of the suicide of Margaret? These are questions that we ask of the local historian: but we ask in vain. The facts to which they relate are such as antiquaries, while hunting after genealogies, knights and warriors, and heads of families, have too much passed over, to the great loss of our domestic history. The dry outlines of family descent have been scrupulously preserved, but

the most touching and characteristic passages in the home events of those families themselves have been passed over as not belonging to the province of the topographer. What would we not now give to recal them? What would we not give, as we pass through the galleries of our ancient houses, or stand by family tombs, and see the portraits or read the names of numbers of whom no special record is left, to be able to summon them before us, and hear what befel them in their day? Even Dugdale, who, unlike the general race of topographers, has rescued so many of these fleeting traditions in his beloved county of Warwick, has left no glimpse of the history of Charlotte or Margaret Clopton. Yet there is no doubt but that the popular traditions respecting them are founded in fact. To the portraits of these ladies, which were in the hall at the time of the visit of my fair correspondent, and were well known to the women with whom I conversed in Clopton orchard, these stories were always attached. In Mr. Reason's collection of Shakspeare relics, already mentioned, there is a painting of Charlotte in her Trance; a lovely young woman leaning back in a cushioned chair as in a profound sleep, which, no doubt, was one of the family-pieces of the hall. Everybody thereabout was familiar with just as much of Charlotte's history as is given above by my fair friend; and the women in the orchard said that Margaret had drowned herself in the well called after her, on account of the death of her lover in the civil wars. Who would not give up the catalogue of a score of bearded knights, grim Sir Johns and Sir Thomases, with all their dates of birth

and death, for the simple history of these unfortunate damsels, which the historians of the time did not deem worthy of their notice! We may now inquire for them in vain.

Clopton, independent of its family interest, has, in fact, little interest. It has no claims to fine architecture or to value from works of art; but it attracts our imagination as a specimen of those mansions of old families which once were of importance, but are now, like their ancient proprietors, gone to decay, or are, as it were, resuscitated by the wealth of a modern purchaser. The north and west sides of the house are said to have been built in Henry VII.'s time; the south and east part in that of Charles II. When Ireland visited it in 1792 or 1793, he found in it a bed given to Sir Hugh Clopton by Henry VII., and in which he is said to have frequently slept; the furniture being of fine cloth of a darkish brown, with a rich fringe of silk about six inches deep. In the attic story also was a chapel, with scriptural inscriptions in black letter, and religious paintings on the walls, as ancient as the house. In one place was a large fish, with a hand at a distance dragging it forward with a string; in others, scraps of poetry, such as these lines:

Whether you rise pearlye,
Or goe to bed late,
Remember Christ Jesus
That died for your sake.

This chapel, which one of the Cloptons, a stanch Catholic, is said to have used after the Reformation, is exactly such a chapel as is still found in the roof of Compton-Winyates.* Mr. Ireland's

* See Visit to Compton-Winyates.

son, the fabricator of the Shakspeare MSS., in his "Confessions" of that curious transaction, also states that he was with his father on this visit, and saw "numbers of chambers in this antique mansion darkened to obviate the expense of the tax on window-lights; and in the cock-loft were piles of mouldering furniture of the age of Henry VII.; amongst the rest an emblazoned representation of Elizabeth, the queen of Henry VII., as she lay in state in the chapel of the Tower of London, after having died in childbed; which curious relic the then owner of Clopton gave to Mr. S. Ireland, as a *picture* which was in his opinion of no service, because, being on vellum it would not do *to light the fire*."

Mr. Ireland had been informed that many papers had been removed from Shakspeare's house in Stratford at the time of the fire, to this house; and on inquiring if any such had ever been seen, the proprietor made this answer, "By G—d, I wish you had arrived a little sooner! Why, it isn't a fortnight since I destroyed several basketsful of letters and papers, in order to clear a chamber for some young partridges which I wish to bring up alive; and as to Shakspeare, why there were many bundles with his name wrote upon them. Why, it was in this very fireplace I made a roaring bonfire of them."

Mr. Ireland listened to this relation with feelings not to be described, and, starting from his chair, exclaimed, "My God! sir, you are not aware of the loss which the world has sustained. Would to heaven I had arrived sooner!" Williams, the then proprietor, called his wife, who made the same statement, and

lanterns were lighted, and the dark rooms of the house examined, but nothing further of the kind found. How far this story is true, considering the fabulating character of the younger Ireland, may be left to the faith of the reader, especially as the father, in his account of his visit, is silent on so remarkable a circumstance.

In its later years, Clopton must have been, in its desolation, just the place for generating tales of superstition. Its old carving and decayed paintings, its ruinous windows and rotting floors,—all around its fences and gates going to decay, and its mighty trees spreading higher and wider, and casting over it a brooding gloom. It will now, no doubt, soon become a goodly and splendidly-furnished mansion; but the visible traces of the ill-fated Cloptons are nearly erased, and it can only in future be said, such a family once lived there, and such were the traditions of their fate. Amongst the portraits, that of Lord Carew, already mentioned, who married Joyce, the heiress of this house, was still to be seen, bearing a striking resemblance, both in form and feature, to the effigy in the church. There were also one or two besides who exhibited lively and attractive features, but they are not by eminent masters, and therefore cannot claim a merit apart from their own identical importance, which has expired. The Cloptons have evidently been not only a powerful, but a well-featured race; but they had not their poet—they had not even their painter—who could invest them with immortality. They, therefore, now hang in the back passage of a house no longer theirs. Its master does not share

their blood; he has no interest in them, and how long they will be tolerated, even there, is a dubious problem.

Can any termination of the career of a once honoured and fortunate race be imagined more melancholy? Yet, of how many a proud line is this the end!

As I returned towards Stratford, I met the new lady of the mansion driving up in her gay equipage, and I could not help wondering at what period the portraits of herself and her descendants would be displaced by some other family, and the Cloptons be exiled, even from the back passage, to make room for the Wards!

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

VISIT TO COMBE ABBEY, WARWICKSHIRE.

THIS pleasant old mansion, the seat of the Earl of Craven, which lies about four miles from Coventry, besides its own particular attractions as a good specimen of an old monastic building, and containing a considerable number of valuable paintings, lying also in a pleasant park, and retaining its gardens in their primitive state—making it altogether a very agreeable spot to visit on a summer's day, with cheerful hearts and cheerful friends—has a great deal of interest attached to it, through its having been the scene of some of the earliest and latest fortunes of the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. and Queen of Bohemia. It was hence that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot endeavoured to seize and carry her off when a mere girl, and it was hither she returned after all the troubles of her most troublesome and disastrous reign, and enjoyed the only peaceful days of her existence. Elizabeth was a Stuart, and, like the rest of her family, was doomed to drink deep of misfortunes; but, strictly virtuous and highly amiable, Providence seemed to concede to her what so few of her family were permitted, or indeed deserved,—a quiet termination of a stormy life. If ever the finger of an ill fate, laid on evil deeds,

was, however, manifest, it was not merely in her family, but in the families of those who were concerned in the attempt to carry her off from this place. Such were the singular fortunes connected with that circumstance and its great cause—the Gunpowder Plot,—that, perhaps, no other spot of the strangely eventful soil of England can shew more remarkable ones. It will be curious to trace these most uncommon and melancholy facts before we make our visit to the house.

The Princess Elizabeth was, at the time of the plot, living here under the care of the Earl of Harrington, the then proprietor of the abbey. This circumstance, and the fact also that several of the conspirators were closely connected with that part of the country, drew them in their defeat in that direction, and made Warwickshire, with its neighbouring counties of Worcester and Stafford, the grand scene of the catastrophe.

It appears singular, at first view, that so many of the principal conspirators were from the midland counties; but Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, were inhabited by more stanch Catholic families than perhaps any other part of England. Warwickshire, moreover, never was conspicuous for its attachment to the Stuarts, as was eminently shewn when the Parliament and Charles I. came to open rupture. Catesby, the originator of the plot, was, indeed, of Ashby St. Legers in Northamptonshire,—itself, however, not far distant from the scene of action, and he was intimately connected with the Catholics in these counties. In his case, as very remarkably in that of several others of the conspirators, and as is more often

the fact in life than we are aware of till we begin to trace back effects to their causes, he was in a great degree the victim of his father's crimes and of a pernicious education. He was lineally descended from that Catesby, who was the favourite and one of the base ministers of Richard III., whose fame is still preserved in the old popular rhyme :

The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under the Hog.

He appears to have been one of the most zealous and devoted bigots that this country ever produced. He was for many years the sworn friend of Garnet, the principal of the Jesuits in England, and was supposed to be concerned, more or less, in all the plots and schemes of treason which fermented and occasionally came to the light during the reign of Elizabeth. On her death, the hopes of the Catholics rose high. James, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, a queen who had suffered so much from the heretic Elizabeth, and a queen, too, so fervently attached to the Catholic religion, was fondly expected by the Papists, when seated on the throne of Great Britain, and free to avow his own predilections, to shew that the influence of blood and of filial resentment were not unfelt. They hoped from him, if not the restoration of the ancient worship, at least a most indulgent toleration of it. James disappointed them. He shewed every disposition to put into rigorous force the laws against Popish recusants; and when, on the conclusion of a peace with the king of Spain, even that monarch was found to

have secured no stipulation in favour of the English Catholics, their rage and disappointment grew desperate. Catesby hit upon the grand idea of blowing the whole Protestant government of England into the air. He soon found in Thomas Percy, a branch of the illustrious house of Northumberland, a ready coadjutor, for Percy was smarting under personal resentments towards the king, and already brooding on a plan of assassination.

One of the earliest to join these desperate men in so desperate an enterprise, was a gentleman who, at first sight, would have seemed the most unlikely of all persons, and that was the handsome, the accomplished, the fortunate—and, as far as personal disposition, the resources of mind and of fortune, elegant pursuits, and the dearest domestic ties, could make any man so—the singularly happy Sir Everard Digby.

Sir Everard was descended of a highly distinguished line. He was distinguished at the court of Elizabeth by the graces of his person, and his accomplishments; from James himself he had received the honour of knighthood. His father had made himself known by his philosophical writings, and he himself had received such an education, and possessed such abilities as made the path of fresh honours easy and alluring. As if fortune had intended to mark him out as one of her especial favourites, he had succeeded in gaining the hand of a woman, at once of great endowments of person, mind, and estate,—the sole heiress of the Mulsho family, of Gothurst in Buckinghamshire. To crown this extraordinary tendency towards felicity, he had

already two lovely children; one of them afterwards destined to acquire great distinction for himself, as Sir Kenelm Digby. What then was the disastrous cause which was able to overpower all these concurrent auspices, and lead him into this bloody enterprise? An unlucky education. His father died when he was but eleven years old, and the priests of the Catholic families with which he was most intimately connected, seized on the opportunity to mould his naturally fine and generous mind to the views of their party. They brought him up with the most devoted notions of the claims of the Catholic church, and the duties which every gentleman in this country owed it; and he eventually became the victim of these their inculcations.

But there was another circumstance, and one which I have here more particularly in view, which, to a mind accustomed to mark such things in the current of human affairs, might seem to have a mysterious influence.

In the old park of Coleshill, in Warwickshire, formerly stood the ancient hall of the De Montfords. In the reign of Henry VII., Sir Simon de Montford was accused of sending 30*l.* to Perkin Warbeck, whom he firmly believed to be the son of Edward IV. He was tried at Guildhall in 1494, for high treason, condemned, hanged, and quartered at Tyburn, and all his vast estates confiscated. The people beheld with surprise that he who had been the accuser of De Montford at the bar—Simon Digby, keeper of the Tower, speedily become the possessor of his estate at Coleshill, and establish himself as master in

his ancient house there. In this very house, according to tradition, a descendant of this Simon Digby, who attained it by the destruction of its lawful lord, on a plea of high treason, was wont to hold secret councils with Catesby and his fellows, concocting a scheme of treason of the most terrible description, and which brought him to the block when all other circumstances tended to his felicity and advancing fortune. 1580

But the most striking instance of that fatality which seems to linger in criminal families for some generations, yet at length breaks out, and "visits the sins of the father on the children even unto the third and fourth generation," was shewn in yet another family—that of Lyttleton—which furnished two traitor-victims to this Popish plot.

At Shirford, near Nuneaton in Warwickshire, there formerly stood an old hall, now long since fallen to decay and pulled down, which, with a fair estate there, belonged to a most unfortunate family of the Smiths.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Sir Walter Smith was the possessor of Shirford Manor, and his singular story is thus related by Sir William Dugdale:—"Sir Walter, being grown an aged man at the death of his first wife, and considering of a marriage for Richard, his son and heir, then grown up to man's estate, made his mind known to Mr. Thomas Chetwyn, of Ingestrie in Staffordshire, a gentleman of ancient family and fair estate, who, encouraging the proposal in behalf of one of his daughters, Dorothy, was willing to give five hundred pounds, as a portion with her. But, no sooner had the

old knight seen the young lady, than he became a suitor for himself; being so captivated with her beauty, that he tendered as much for her, besides a good jointure, as he should have received in case the match had gone for his son; which liberal offer so wrought upon Mr. Chetwyn as that he spared not for arguments to persuade his daughter to accept of Sir Walter for her husband;—whereupon the marriage ensued accordingly; but with what a tragic issue will quickly be seen: for it was not long ere that, her affections wandering after younger men, she gave entertainment to one Mr. William Robinson, then of Drayton Bassett, a young gentleman of about twenty-two years of age, son of Sir George Robinson, a rich mercer of London; and grew so impatient of all impediments which might hinder her full enjoyment of him, that she rested not till she had contrived a way to be rid of her husband. For which purpose, corrupting her waiting gentlewoman and a groom of the stable, she resolved, by their help and the assistance of Robinson, to strangle him in bed, appointing a time and manner how it should be effected. And though Robinson failed in coming on the designed night, perhaps through a right apprehension of so direful a fact, she no wit staggered in her resolutions; for, watching her husband till he had fallen asleep, she then let in the assassins before specified; and casting a long towel about his neck, caused the groom to lie upon him to keep him from struggling, whilst herself and her maid, straining the towel, stopped his breath.

“It seems the good old man little thought that his lady had

acted therein ; for when they first cast the towel about his neck, he cried out, ' Help, Doll, help ! ' After an hour, that the maid and groom were silently got away, to palliate the business, she made an outcry in the house, wringing her hands, pulling her hair, and weeping extremely, with pretence that she had found him in that condition. Which subtle and feigned shew of sorrow prevented all suspicions of his violent death ; and, not long after, she went to London, setting so high a value upon her beauty, that Robinson, her former darling, perhaps for not keeping touch with her, as before hath been said, became neglected. But, within two years following, it so happened that this woful deed of darkness was brought to light by the groom before specified, who, being entertained with Mr. Richard Smith, son and heir to the murdered knight, and attending him to Coventry with divers other servants, became so sensible of his villany when he was in his cups, that, out of good-nature, he took his master aside, and upon his knees, besought forgiveness from him for acting in the murder of his father, declaring all the circumstances thereof. Wherefore Mr. Smith discreetly gave him good words, but wished some others that he trusted to have an eye to him, that he might not escape when he had slept and better considered what might be the issue thereof. Notwithstanding which direction, he fled away with his master's best horse, and hasting into Wales, attempted to go beyond sea ; but, being hindered by contrary winds, after three assays to launch out, was so happily pursued by Mr. Smith, who spared no cost in sending to several ports, that he was found

out, and brought prisoner to Warwick, as was also the lady and her gentlewoman, all of whom with great boldness denying the fact, and the groom most impudently charging Mr. Smith with endeavour of corrupting him to accuse the lady, his mother-in-law, falsely, to the end that he might get her jointure. But upon his arraignment, so smitten was he at the apprehension of the guilt, that he publicly acknowledged it, and stoutly justified what he had said to be true, to the face of the lady and her maid; who, at first, with much seeming confidence pleaded their innocence, till, at length, seeing the particular circumstances thus discovered, they both confessed the fact. For which, having judgment to dye, the lady was burnt at a stake, near the Hermitage on Wolvey-heath, towards the side of Shirford lordship, where the country people to this day show the place; and the groom, with the maid, suffered death at Warwick."

But misfortune had not yet done with this family. This Mr. Richard Smith, having avenged the death of his father, it came to his turn, in the course of years, to become the prey of Sir John Lyttleton, who, to use the words of Sir William Dugdale, "juggled him out of a fair inheritance," of which this lordship of Shirford formed a part. We cannot do better than let Sir William tell this most singular story, as he has done the last.

"Having but one daughter, called Margaret, by his first wife, and doubting of male issue, he treated with Sir John Lyttleton, of Frankley in Worcestershire, for a marriage betwixt

his said daughter and William Lyttleton, third son of the said Sir John; in consideration of which he agreed to settle all his lands in remainder, after his own decease, without other issue, upon the said William and Margaret, and their heirs. And having writings drawn accordingly, trusted the said Sir John Lyttleton to get them engrossed. Which being effected, and a day appointed for sealing, Mr. Smith came to Frankley, where he found very noble entertainment, and some of Sir John's friends to bear him company, in whose presence the writings were brought forth, and begun to be read: but before they came to the uses, stept in Sir John Lyttleton's keeper in a sweat, and told them that there were a brace of bucks at lair in the park, which carried a glass in their tails for Mr. Smith's dogs to look in—for he loved coursing well, and had his greyhounds there—but if they made not haste, those market-people which passed through the park would undoubtedly rouse them. Wherefore Sir John Lyttleton earnestly moved Mr. Smith to seal the writings without further reading, protesting that they were according to the draughts he had seen, and without any alteration. Which bold asseverations, putting him out of all suspicion of sinister dealing, caused him forthwith to seal them, and to go into the park.

“Hereupon the two children, for they were each of them not above nine years old, were married together, and lived in the house with Sir John. But it so happened that, about six years after, the young man died by a fall from his horse, inso-much as Mr. Smith, considering that his daughter had no issue,

resolved to take her away, and signified as much to Sir John; who, designing to marry her again to George, his second son, refused to deliver her; till which time Mr. Smith never suspected any thing in the deed, formerly so sealed, as hath been said. But then, upon difference between him and Sir John, it appeared that for want of issue by the before specified William and Margaret, the lands were to devolve unto the right heirs of the said William, which was Gilbert Lyttleton, the eldest brother, contrary to the plain agreement at first made. To make short, therefore, William, the third son, married her—George, the second son, enjoyed her—and Gilbert, the eldest, had the estate, as heir to his brother.”

From Gilbert, the eldest son of this bold bad man, the estate descended to his son John, from whom Mr. Smith in vain endeavoured to recover it by several suits at law. Misfortune descended with it. John Lyttleton, the son of Gilbert, being attainted for high treason for uniting with the Earl of Essex in the 42d of Elizabeth, and this very estate was forfeited to the crown. It was afterwards granted by James I. to the widow of John Lyttleton, on her petition; and she, being justly apprehensive of fresh law-suits from Smith; sold it to Serjeant Hale, a lawyer of great eminence. Hale disposed of it among his five sons,—but the curse of unjust possession seemed divided amongst them with it; it became a source of most bitter and inextinguishable contentions amongst them.

Nor did the ill luck confine itself to one line of the juggling Sir John Lyttleton's descendants; another of his grandsons—

Stephen, the son of his second son George and of this Margaret Smith, became one of the chief conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, and lost his life and estates in consequence. His cousin Humphry, the younger brother of that John who had suffered attainder for his participation in Essex's affair, a conspirator, too, narrowly escaping with his own life in endeavouring to save Stephen.

If ever a fatality attended ill-gotten property, surely it did that of this daring Sir John Lyttleton. The very means which the Lyttletons used seemed to become the means for their destruction, and their dishonour was brought, as it were by the design and agency of some supernatural power, to their own country, and exhibited before the eyes of their neighbours. Nay, as treason and gunpowder were employed by them, treason and gunpowder brought them to their fate.

The course of these strange circumstances now lead us to Combe Abbey. The plot being all ready, and the whole of the royal family being expected to be blown up—except the Duke of York, whom Percy was to seize, and the Princess Elizabeth, who was here—Sir Everard Digby undertook to be at Dunchurch with a body of horse raised amongst his friends thereabout, and seize upon the princess.—As she was a child, and therefore not too old to be educated in the Catholic faith, her they proposed to proclaim queen. When the day came, and, instead of the blowing up of the Parliament, the discovery of the plot was made, and Guy Fawkes seized; Catesby, Percy, the Lyttletons, and others of the conspirators, as if struck with infatuation, instead

of making their escape abroad, all hastened down to Dunchurch to Sir Everard Digby, in the wild hope of seizing the princess, and raising a civil war in her name. The princess, by the activity of Lord Harrington, was conveyed into Coventry. The celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, who was deputy-lieutenant of the county, appeared in force against them. He seized the horses, arms, and persons of the suspected; the sheriff raised the country; and the unhappy conspirators soon found the population from whom they had vainly hoped for support, up, and in full chase of them. The pursuit was hot: gentle and simple, cavalry and peasantry, came fiercely upon them from all quarters, and they flew in wild confusion across the county into Worcestershire; some taking shelter in Hendlip-hall, the seat of Thomas Habington, esq., a zealous Catholic and a secret favourer of their views, but the greater number fleeing to Holbeach-house, the fortified mansion of Stephen Lyttleton.

The account of the discovery of those who concealed themselves at Hendlip, as given in the "Beauties of England," vol. xv., is very curious. The Habingtons were a family of great distinction and talent. The then owner, Thomas, was a man of letters. He wrote a history of Edward VI., which was completed by his son William Habington, the author of *Castara*, in which he celebrated, under that name, his wife Lucia, the daughter of William Lord Powis; a poem which went through several editions at the time, and which has been reprinted in the present century by Mr. Elton. William was author also of "The Queen of Arragon," a play acted at court before Charles I.

and again at the Restoration; on this latter occasion with a prologue and epilogue, by the author of *Hudibras*.

But the Habingtons were as zealously attached to the Catholic cause as to letters. Thomas, the father of the poet, and at this time possessor of Hendlip, had been deep in the Babington conspiracy for the release of the Queen of Scots, and had suffered six years imprisonment in the Tower. His brother Edward also engaged in the same conspiracy, and suffered death for it. Thomas was married to Mary, the sister of Lord Mont-eagle, and it is supposed to be this lady whose letter of warning to her brother led to the discovery of the plot. John Habington, the father of Thomas, and grandfather of the poet, had, even while a cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, been also a secret partisan of the Queen of Scots, and supporter of the Catholic interest, and had built the hall at Hendlip in such a style as might render it, on occasion, a place of most subtle concealment. "There is," says the *Beauties of England*, "scarcely an apartment that has not secret ways of going in or going out; some have back-stairs concealed in the walls; others have places of concealment in the chimneys. Some have trap-doors; and all present a picture of gloom, insecurity, and suspicion." Something of the same kind we shall observe in the old house of Compton Winyates.

When the sheriff came with a party to Hendlip to search for the fugitives, Habington stoutly denied that any of them were there; but the sheriff was too certain to the contrary to be easily put off. A most minute and persevering search was

made, when in the gallery over the gate there were found two cunning and artificial conveyances in the main brick-wall, so ingeniously framed, and with such art, as cost much labour ere they could be found. Three other secret places, contrived with no less skill and industry, were found in and about the chimneys, in one whereof two of the traitors were close concealed. These chimney conveyances being so strangely formed, having the entrances into them so curiously covered with brick, mortared and made fast to planks of wood, and coloured black like the other part of the chimney, that very diligent inquisition might well have passed by without throwing the least suspicion on such unsuspecting places. And whereas divers funnels are usually made to chimneys according as they are combined together, and serve for the necessary use in several rooms, where were some that exceeded common expectation, seeming outwardly fit for carrying forth smoke; but being further examined and seen into, the service was to no such purpose, but only to lend light and air downwards into the concealment where such as should be enclosed in them any time should be hidden. Eleven such corners and conveyances were found in the said house, all of them having books, massing stuff, and trumpery in them, only two excepted, which appeared to have been found in some former search, and therefore had now the less credit given to them.

“Three days had been fully spent, and no more found there all this while; but upon the fourth day in the morning, from behind the wainscot in the galleries came forth two men of their

own voluntary accord, as being no longer able to conceal themselves; for they confessed that they had but one apple between them, which was all the sustenance they had received during the time they were there hidden. One of them was named Owen, who afterwards murdered himself in the Tower, and the other Chambers. On the eighth day, the before-mentioned place in the chimney was found. Forth of this secret and most cunning conveyance came Henry Garnet, the Jesuit sought for, and another with him named Hall;* marmalade and other sweetmeats were found there lying by them, but their better maintenance was by a quill or reed, through a little hole in the chimney that backed another chimney into a gentlewoman's chamber, and by that passage caudles, broths, and warm drinks had been conveyed to them."

But the most singular fortune befell the Lyttletons. They, with Sir Everard Digby and a considerable number of the other conspirators, made good their flight to Holbeach-house, the seat of Stephen Lyttleton, where they determined to make a desperate resistance; but by a curious coincidence, the very death which they had intended for the king and parliament, had nearly been their own,—their gunpowder, by some accident, exploded, blew up the roof, wounded some of them, and rendered the house untenable. There was nothing left but to make a bold sally, in which Stephen Lyttleton and Winter made their escape, but Percy, Catesby, and some others were killed, and Sir Everard Digby and the rest made prisoners.

* This Jesuit, called also Aleuine, or Oldcorn, was domesticated in the family.

Stephen Lyttleton and Winter, though they had escaped immediate death or captivity, were in a condition little better. They were in a country swarming with active enemies in quest of them, and were obliged to skulk in woods, and hide themselves from view in a miserable condition of hourly fear and starvation. At length Humphry, the cousin of Stephen Lyttleton, conducted them to Hagley, then the house of the widow of his late unfortunate brother John, by which he rashly endangered the very property which had been recently restored to her by the king. Luckily, however, she was absent, and could not be held accountable for their entering there; and there, moreover, they soon found that treason in a servant which they had entertained against the whole body of the government; and were delivered up to their fate.

So perished this singular body of conspirators, many of them closing with a fearful catastrophe, very remarkable histories, and what is not less remarkable, the lines of Digby and Lyttleton, as if sufficient expiation had now been made for their ancestral crimes, again extended in dignity and prosperous state.

The Princess Elizabeth, thus rescued from the meditated grasp of the conspirators here in her youth, returned once more to Combe Abbey in her latter days. Like that of all the Stuarts, her fate had a melancholy hue. The story of her unfortunate husband, Frederick, the Elector Palatine, of his being raised to the crown of Bohemia; of his struggles to maintain his elevation, in which he was left without the smallest aid by his cold-blooded and pedantic father-in-law, James I.; of his dethronement and

melancholy end, is well known to most readers. If Elizabeth knew any enjoyment of life, it must have been in those later days when she resided in England. Many English gentlemen had chivalrously fought to maintain the cause of her and her husband in this kingdom, and amongst them she found a most devoted friend in the then Lord Craven. She is supposed, during her residence in this country, to have been privately married to him, and she left him her collection of paintings, most of which are here. In the great gallery of the house, the portraits of her husband and herself are surrounded by those of almost every individual of her own family, the Stuarts, and of most of those gallant officers, English and German, who distinguished themselves in their endeavours to maintain the Elector on the throne of Bohemia.

The great interest of this house consists, indeed, in its connexion with the history of this amiable but unfortunate princess. The beautiful but dissipated Margravine of Anspach, whose portrait will be found on the staircase, may excite a momentary attention, but the mind will here speedily revert to Elizabeth, and every room of the house will present you with the characters and memorials of her story. In the Breakfast Room are white marble busts of Elizabeth and her daughter the Princess Sophia. In the Great Gallery are portraits of a daughter of Charles I.; Dukes of Richmond and Brunswick; Charles I.; Charles II. at fourteen; Earl of Craven; Prince Edward, Count Palatine; the Queen of Bohemia herself, a half-length by Honthorst, a very different face to that of the full-length at

Hampton Court attributed to the same artist. She has here all the Stuart countenance; an amiable but melancholy look, her crown on her head, and is robed in ermine. There is also a head of the king; of Gustavus Adolphus, the king's firm friend; Honthorst, the painter to the court of Bohemia, by himself; a great number of the officers who fought in the king's wars; the queen's daughter as an abbess; Charles II. and James II., and their queens; Princes Rupert and Maurice, and Dukes of Richmond and Brunswick again; Duke of Richmond again, full-length; Prince Henry. In the Bohemia Room, you have the Queen again, full-length, with six daughters and four sons. In the Vandyke Room, are the Countess of Bedford, the daughter of Lord Harrington, who was educated with the Princess Elizabeth; two daughters of Elizabeth. On the Staircase are Rupert and Maurice again; a fine portrait of Lord Craven, and another in armour; Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I., by Vandyke. In the Library, Charles II. in buff and cuirass; the Duchess of Cleveland, said to be by three masters, Lely, Dobson, and Kneller. In the Drawing Room, full-lengths of the King and Queen of Bohemia, by Honthurst. The king is represented in armour, with a surcoat of velvet lined with ermine. The sceptre is in his hand, and the crown, which was a most uneasy one to him, on his head. It is a fine portrait, expressing great mildness of character. Elizabeth is in black, richly adorned with pearls. We have here again Charles I., by Mytens; and full-lengths of Maurice and Rupert, in their youth, in buff. In the Beauty Parlour, so called from the portraits

of the beauties of Charles II.'s court formerly hanging there, are now Charles I. and his queen, three-quarter lengths, by Vandyke, painted at the request of Elizabeth. They are crowned, and Henrietta is presenting Charles with a laurel-wreath. The king was evidently drawn in an hour of domestic comfort; and his countenance is more cheerful and happy than you see it anywhere else. In the Hunting Parlour, are the beauties of Charles II.'s court. They are said, many of them, to be by Lely, but they are merely small heads, and not very striking.

Perhaps so many portraits of the Stuart family are not to be met with in any one place besides, as these which were chiefly collected by the affection of Elizabeth. There is none, indeed, like the grand equestrian Vandykes of Charles I. at Warwick Castle, Windsor, and Hampton Court; but there are many of a high character, and some nowhere else to be found. These render a visit to Combe well worth making; but besides these, the Abbey contains many admirable subjects by first-rate masters. Vandyke, Reubens, Carravagio, Lely, Kneller, Brughel, Teniers, Mereveldt, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Albert Durer. Amongst them I may particularly mention fine and characteristic portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Thomas More, General Monk, Lord Strafford, Vandyke by himself, Honthorst by himself; heads of the Saxony Reformers, by a Saxon artist; Lot and his daughter, by Michael Angelo. There is also a very curious old picture of a lady with a golden drinking horn in her hand, and a Latin legend of Count Otto, who hunting in the forest, and seeing this lady, asked to drink out

of her horn, for he was dreadfully athirst; but on looking into it, he was suspicious of the liquor, and pouring it behind him, part of it fell on his horse, and took off the hair like fire.

The Gallery is a fine old wainscoted room; the cloisters are now adorned with projecting antlers of stags, and black-jacks. There are old tapestry, old paintings, old cabinets, one made of ebony, tortoiseshell and gold; and the house altogether has that air, and those vestiges of old times which must, independent of its connexion with the Queen of Bohemia, give it great interest in the eyes of the lovers of old English houses, and of the traces of past generations.

Mrs. Jameson, in her interesting "Visits at Home and Abroad," thus speaks of Elizabeth and of the most striking event in her history, that of occasioning the celebrated "Thirty-Years' War."

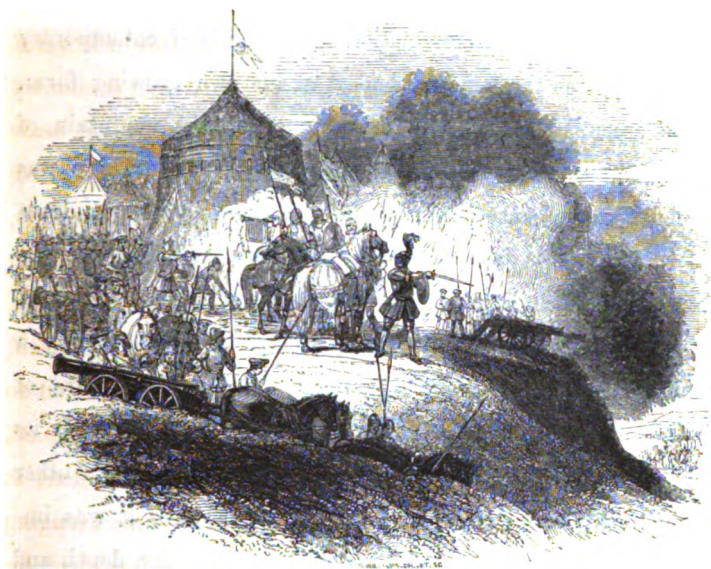
"MEDON.—Do you forget that the cause of the Thirty-Years' War was a woman?"

"ALDA.—A woman and religion; the two best or worst things in the world, according as they are understood and felt, used and abused. You allude to Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was to Heidelberg what Helen was to Troy.

"One of the most interesting monuments of Heidelberg, at least to an English traveller, is the elegant triumphal arch raised by the Palatine Frederick V. in honour of his bride—this very Elizabeth Stuart. I well remember with what self-com-

placency and enthusiasm our Chief walked about in a heavy rain, examining, dwelling upon every trace of this celebrated and unhappy woman. She had been educated at his country seat, and one of the avenues of his magnificent park yet bears her name. On her, fell a double portion of the miseries of her fated family. She had the beauty and the wit, the gay spirits, the elegant tastes, the kindly disposition of her grandmother, Mary of Scotland. Her very virtues, as a wife and a woman, not less than her pride and feminine prejudices, ruined herself, her husband, and her people. When Frederick hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, his high-spirited wife exclaimed, 'Let me rather eat dry bread at a king's table than feast at the board of an elector;' and it seemed as if some avenging demon hovered in the air, to take her literally at her word, for she and her family lived to eat dry bread; ay, and to beg it before they ate it; but she *would* be a queen. Blest as she was in love, in all good gifts of nature and fortune, in all means of happiness, a kingly crown was wanting to complete her felicity; and it was cemented to her brow with the blood of two millions of men. And who was to blame? Was not her mode of thinking the fashion of her time, the effect of her education? Who had

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty?



VISIT TO LINDISFARNE, FLODDEN FIELD, AND
OTHER SCENERY OF MARMION.

THE poetry of Scott has been eclipsed by his prose. He had the singular fortune to see his poetic fame diminished by a cause which carried with it its own consolation,—the vast success of those prose romances which came after his metrical ones,—prose in outward form, but abounding in all the elements of poetry, in such force and extent as gave him no mean claim to the title of the second Shakspeare. 'T was a proud circumstance, and one which can happen rarely in the

history of literature, that the gloom cast upon his poetry, after it had placed him by acclamation in the chair of cotemporary supremacy, was the mighty shadow of his own growing form, as he ascended higher and still higher up the mountain of Fame, and towards the sun of universal favour. There was indeed another cause which operated collaterally to put down his romantic lays below their just position, and that was the novelty, and consequent great popularity of Byron's Eastern Tales. This cause could, however, have produced merely a temporary effect; for the exaggerated and unhealthy spirit of the Giaour and Mazeppa school could not long maintain its hold upon the public mind. The very effect of Byron's other productions tended to destroy their influence; for it was impossible for the same mind to feel the philosophic depth and spiritual beauty of Childe Harold, or of Cain, or to enjoy the wit, the humour, the sarcasm, the graphic painting of human life, the alternating mockery and poetic feeling which characterize the equally wonderful and reprehensible Don Juan, and still to admire the stilted and hectoring style of those Turkish tales. Byron was himself the first to laugh at the public which had swallowed his mock-heroic for the true sublime. Between the other poetry of Byron and that of Scott there could be no direct comparison, and therefore no unjust disparagement; for, though no one would contest the question of Byron's superiority, as a poet, to Scott, no intellect which could feel the greatness of the one could be insensible to the real merit of the other in any of his productions. It could only be the

fascination of the prose romances of Scott which could draw away the public from his poetical ones, and make it for a time unjust in its estimate of them; for, after all, in their particular class and department, they are amongst the most delightful poems in the language. They are not poetry of the grade of Shakspeare's Hamlet or Lear, of Milton's Paradise Lost, or some of the writings of Wordsworth or Coleridge; they do not fix us in deep astonishment as does the stern majesty of some of these, nor lead us down into the deepest regions of the human heart as do the others; yet they are, in their way and of their kind, as real poetry. They are transcripts of nature in her most beautiful scenery, of human life in its most picturesque and romantic shape. Who would wish for ever to be borne along by the city crowd, to live amid the fiercest political agitations, within the sound of the most trenchant or patriotic eloquence, whether of senate or of bar, and would not delight to steal away to the domestic fireside—to home peace and affection, to the voices of children, wives, sisters, and friends? There are none but feel the delicious charm of such retreat from the excitement and exasperation of those public stimulants, and none therefore but who must love the poetry of Scott. The epistles prefatory to each canto of Marmion are some of the most interesting peeps into a heart, strong in its tastes and warm in its affections, with which the world was ever favoured. It is an old truth, that we may have too much of a good thing; and to climb Alps, however magnificent,—to wander amid the stunning roar of an ocean, however sublime,—

to run bareheaded through tempests and darkness, however exciting, can be only the wild delights of a moment,—acts of youth, of passion, or romance; but, to stroll out for a summer evening, amongst beautiful hills, by streams rapid and clear; through forests hoary with years, yet green and musical with spring; these are refreshments which every day and every stage of life have enough in them of weariness and annoyance to render most welcome, and all who love them must love the poetry of Scott. He himself knew, as well as any man, the genuine character and claims of his poetry. He took down from the crumbling wall of the feudal castle, the disused harp of the old metrical romancer, and strung it again to feudal strains in the improved harmony of modern language, and with the wider views of modern society. If the field was old, the mode of its occupation was new: he engrafted on the old Anglo-Norman stock, a germ of poetry novel and peculiar. Chivalrous life, as seen not from its own living centre, but from the modern distance, was beheld again with a quick delight which proved the original power and fresh feeling of its restorer. And had it no high and heroic excitement? The life and character of the Gael and the Borderer, till then nearly overlooked; the adventures of Bruce, Wallace, and the fourth and fifth James; the contentions of England and Scotland; the beauty of the highland hills and lochs, and the stern picturesqueness of many a mouldering castle, both in highland and lowland,—all had a newness, a piquancy, and a spirit in them, that was felt throughout the kingdom. It is true that, as to heroic story

and human character in all its varieties, the abandonment of rhythmical restraint subsequently enabled him to sketch more broadly, and fill up more freely and fully; but after all, when that reaction takes place, which assuredly will, it will be found that there is no poetry so thoroughly imbued with that species of beauty which every summer leads so many thousands to the Scottish highlands, as that of the man whose very name seems to designate him, *par excellence*, THE SCOTT. His poetry actually smells of the heather. I never read it, or think of it, but I hear the very rustle of the crimson heath-bells in the gale. I see the beautiful birches dipping their pensile boughs in summer waters as beautiful. Around me are moss and ferns, where the roebuck couches in secret; before me, scattered over the brown waste, little brown huts, part and parcel of the scene, sending abroad the odour of their peat-fires; and my imagination is haunted by shapes of highland warriors, watching to accomplish some stern design, or fairies that still take a peep at this steam-engine world from the hidden entrance to their pleasant subterrane.

So much for a passing tribute to the poetry of Scott, which, like that of Southey, has for a time been underrated, because we had got the metaphysical fit upon us, and could not condescend to be pleased except with what required reading twice over. Happy is the man whose taste is not so exclusive, but who has eyes for beauty wherever it is to be found, in all fields and schools, whether pleasant or profound!

The poem of Marmion has always been reckoned the highest

in merit amongst those of Scott, as more active, bustling and spirited than the rest. If it were only for those introductory epistles, it ought to be dear to every feeling heart. Where is the spirit of a genuine friendship so sensibly felt; where are those descriptions of country life so living, especially in those gloomy months which stir the imagination of the poetical?

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our merry Christmas still.

Christmas, indeed, never was so richly painted as in this letter to Richard Heber; and what sportsman, or country gentleman, does not feel the truth of the following lines?—

When sylvan occupation's done,
 And on the chimney rests the gun;
 And, hung in idle trophy near,
 The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
 When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
 And greyhound with his length of limb,
 And pointer, now employed no more,
 Cumber out parlour's narrow floor;
 When in his stall the impatient steed,
 Is long condemned to rest and feed;
 When from our snow-encircled home,
 Scarce cares the hardest step to roam,
 Since path is none, save that to bring
 The needful water from the spring;
 When wrinkled news-page, thrice conned o'er,
 Beguiles the dreary hour no more;
 And darkling politician crossed,
 Inveighs against the lingering post,
 And answering housewife sore complains
 Of carriers' snow-impeded wains.

Introduction to Canto V.

Hogg himself has not laid before us the wintry toils and perils of the mountain shepherd more vividly than does his letter preceding canto fourth. He induces us to ask with him :

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
 His healthy fare, his rural cot,
 His summer couch by greenwood tree,
 His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
 His native wood-notes tuned on high
 To Marion of the blithesome eye;
 His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
 And all Arcadia's golden creed?

The very foundation of the poet's own character and tastes are all sketched out in these letters with a most delightful feeling. In the poem itself, it is not to be denied that there are many passages of merely easy tinkling rhyme, but there are also many others of the richest harmony and of the true trumpet tone. But we must pass from the poem to the scenery of its action. Not, however, let us premise here, to go over all that ground, for it would lead us to Edinburgh, to Boroughmoor, to Tantallon, and a whole train of places where our excellent friend Robert Chambers can lead the reader a thousand times better; being one of those rare persons whose love of antiquities has grown, like that of Scott himself, out of the poetical feeling, and who has, in indulgence of it, traced some thousands of miles of auld Scotland, and made many a nook of Edinburgh as familiar to him as the face of his Journal is to his host of readers. We must confine ourselves to the two most important points of interest, Holy Isle and Flodden Field.

LINDISFARNE, IN HOLY ISLAND.

NEXT to the great natural interest which bears upon the Battle of Flodden, is that produced by the fate of Constance de Beverley in the dungeon of Lindisfarne Abbey. In this episode Scott has portrayed one of those horrid practices of the Catholic church in its days of unlimited power, which forcibly act upon the imagination, because they are surrounded with mystery and darkness, and involve their destinies in a machinery so vast and overwhelming as to present no result to the sufferers but despair and death. This scene in the dungeon of Lindisfarne is one of the most intensely interesting and powerfully painted in English poetry. The victims, a young, beautiful, and faithful, but ill-requited woman, roused by the passions of love, and jealousy, and resentment, to deeds against her rival of a deadly character, and the sordid wretch by whom she strove to accomplish her vengeance. The high spirit of the woman, which rises and towers over the heads of her judges in majesty of injured feeling, and the base fear of the man,

Who shamed not loud to moan and howl;
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch like hound beneath the lash,

contrast finely, as does the impassioned eloquence of the unhappy lady, with the awe-stricken aspects of her judges, who pronounce the fatal words,

Sister, let thy sorrows cease,
Sinful brother part in peace;

and hurry up to the light of day. The place a dungeon, whose access was a secret, except to the abbot and a few of his familiars, a hundred steps below the surface, where the thunder of the ocean above it was heard as a dull sound; the figures of the judges in their monastic robes and seated on their stone seats; the dim cresset shewing the sepulchral vault, the two executioners and the two niches ready to receive their living victims, and the stones and mortar ready to build them up—unite to raise the tone of mind to that pitch in which even the exaggeration of the midnight passing-bell, which is made to be heard fifteen miles off, becomes grand and imposing.

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung;
 Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
 To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
 His beads the wakeful hermit told;
 The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
 But slept ere half a prayer he said;
 So far was heard the mighty knell,
 The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
 Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
 Listed before, aside, behind,
 Then crouched him down beside the hind,
 And quaked amid the mountain fern,
 To hear that sound so dull and stern.

But Scott was aware of the excellent effect of connecting as much of the circumjacent country as possible with the scene of his subject. The youthful reader of *Marmion* will recollect the pleasure with which he perused the description of the voyage of the Abbess of Whitby and her nuns to Holy Isle; and no

one can have passed over the high ground of the Great North road, between Alnwick and Belford, without being struck with admiration at the vast extent of sea and shore thence beheld, embracing nearly the very places which he has included in the following lines.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
 Of mountainous Northumberland;
 Towers, towns, and halls successive rise,
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
 Monkwearmouth soon behind them lay,
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay:
 They marked amid her trees, the hall
 Of lofty Seaton Delaval;
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
 They passed the tower of Widrington,
 Mother of many a valiant son;
 At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
 To the good saint who owned the cell.
 Then did the Alne attention claim,
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
 And next they crossed themselves to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near,
 Where boiling through the rocks, they roar
 On Dunstanborough's caverned shore.
 Thy tower, proud Hamborough, marked they there;
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down,
 And on the swelling ocean frown.
 Then from the coast they bore away,
 And reached the Holy Island's bay.

We left the coach, and dined at Belford, and set off for Holy Island. From the hill above the town we saw it lying off the coast below, at apparently no great distance. The distance is, nevertheless, four good miles, yet a pleasant walk through fields,

and past farm-houses, with the wide wild sea-view before us ; to our right Bamborough Castle, on its lofty rock, and in the offing the Fern and Staple islands. When we reached the strand, the scene was wild and solemn. Scott conducts his fair bevy of voyagers thither at high-water.

The tide did now his flood-mark gain,
 And girdled in the saint's domain ;
 For with the flow and ebb the style
 Varies from continent to isle ;
 Dry-shod o'er sands twice every day
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way :
 Twice every day the waves efface
 Of staves and sandaled feet the trace.

But we arrived at low-water, and the sands between the mainland and isle, called Fenham Flats, were partly bare and partly intersected with creeks and pools of salt-water. If the pilgrims could cross twice a-day dryshod, it was more than we could do. We were told, indeed, that it might be done, but only by those who knew both the track and the proper hour ; those who are ignorant of these, run a good chance of being set fast in quicksands, or overtaken by the tide, for it is more than a mile across. We imagine, too, that the holy pilgrims were not dainty about wetting their sandals. We found it necessary to pursue the curvature of the shore, which forms a vast circuit at the lower end of the inlet. From this point of view the projecting land and the island appear a continuous range running for some miles parallel to the shore, a brown and jagged range of rocks and sand-banks, worn and torn by the ocean into an aspect

sufficiently savage. On our right hand run these sand-banks, high, and thrown up in irregular heaps, and overgrown with sea-grass, behind them the ocean booming with an awful grandeur. The strand was rent and undermined by the violence of the tides. In some places patches of smooth turf overhung the beach, crimson with flowering thrift; in others huge masses of the sward were lying half-buried in the sands. The sand-hills were at intervals scooped into caves by the assaulting ocean; an old boat lay half buried in the sandy drift; and long heaps of sea-weeds, shells, and pebbles, at high-water-mark, added to the picturesque effect of the scene. Near these sand-hills we found the strand dry, and as we advanced,—

Higher and higher rose to view,
The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle :

and besides these appeared a solitary hut on the sandy promontory, and two tall white obelisks,—landmarks which kept continually varying their apparent relative position in that singular manner that most of my readers must have noticed. We reached the hut, and wished for the pencil of Collins to preserve the aspect of it and its locality. It was a fisherman's abode, erected in this wilderness of sand-hills, with all those adjuncts of boats, nets, pitch-casks, and remnants of fish, that are scattered about such places. There were rabbits in abundance running in and out of their sandy burrows; and cows, which if

they did not live on this coarse and rigid sea-grass, it was a wonder on what they did live. As we stood looking on this isolated tenement, out came a whole troop of grotesquely clad children, with the half-shy and half-curious air that solitary children have. But this spot was not so solitary as it seemed, for here the promontory terminated, and across a passage of not more than a quarter of a mile wide lay Holy Island. On the summit of a range of dark rocks opposite, appeared the ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey, and to our right the castle, perched on, or rather built into, the summit of a singular and most inaccessible pile of rock. In this are stationed a few individuals of the preventive service, and a king's cutter is generally cruising not far off. Some fishermen on the island observed us, and put across for us. Truly a wild place, and an amphibious population! Evening was coming fast upon us, and no doubt greatly heightened the effect. We landed under a dark range of cliffs, on a shore scattered with huge blocks fallen from above. There were numbers of sailor-looking figures about; boats drawn on shore, drying-houses, fish bones scattered around, and all the signs of a fishing-place. We climbed the cliff, and at once appeared the ruins of the abbey, and a village just by them. Troops of children were at play, and their familiar cries sounded strangely in this desolate-looking place. The population of the island is about five hundred souls. It has its school, its shops, and its resident clergyman. What a place for the constant abode of a man of cultivated tastes! and yet how many much more isolated stations do Christian ministers occupy, and in

these kingdoms too—in the Orkneys and Shetlands for instance. And how much more unselfish, how much more devoted to the truest objects of mortal ambition and duty are they than we, if men, however lowly, however ignorant, and cut off from the ordinary haunts of society, the occupiers of the outposts of the habitable world, be still the children of one common parent, and worth seeking and gathering into the great human family.

We found the ruins of the abbey far surpassing our expectation, both in extent and beauty. They are of a massy construction, but of genuine Saxon, and in a state of preservation, their age and exposure considered, truly remarkable. The description in the poem is one of the many instances of the extreme accuracy of Sir Walter's details.

In Saxon strength the abbey frowned,
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low.
 Built ere the art was known,
 By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
 The arcades of an alleyed walk
 To emulate in stone.
 On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
 Had poured his impious rage in vain;
 And needful was such strength to these,
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
 Open to rovers fierce as they,
 Which could twelve hundred years withstand
 Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
 Not but that portions of the pile,
 Rebuilt in a later style,
 Shewed where the spoiler's hand had been;
 Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen,

Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the abbey stood,
Like veteran worn but unsubdued.

The line put in italics expresses the very peculiar character of the massy columns here. There is a singular arch of grand dimensions, stretching in a diagonal direction from one part of the fabric to another, and richly adorned with the Saxon zigzag. It appears to have been a sort of bridge-way to some upper part of the building, reached by a spiral staircase. The walls about the arch itself have disappeared, and it stands in its naked grandeur, "like a rainbow in the sky." On seeing it, we exclaimed, "How like a rainbow!" "Yes," said the guide, "it is called the rainbow arch. The boys delight, above every thing, to get up and walk across it, high and unprotected as it is. For this reason the staircase leading to it has been built up, but still the lads will climb aloft. They stick their fingers and toes into the crevices of the masonry, and up they go."

Within the ruins of the abbey stands a rustic chapel, built from the fallen stones; and within its green inclosure rest the dead of the island. There was one circumstance which struck me in reading the inscriptions, both here and in the burying-ground of Tynemouth Priory—the numbers of deaths by shipwreck and other seafaring causes, which are recorded in these maritime cemeteries, and which makes them so different to any others. There is something both strangely fascinating to the

imagination and touching to the heart in these records: so many memorials raised by the weeping spirits of the living, to husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers, whose bodies lie in the depths of the sea, and in every region of it. One is made to feel with a perception nowhere else so living, over what wastes of waters, into what far-off seas, our countrymen go. There is no part of earth or ocean whither they do not find some cause to lead them; there is no shore, desert or inhabited, where their bones do not lie: and if one could but summon around us at some one time those whose names are here, but whose bodies are absent, there would be such a combination of adventures, of sufferings and experiences, as never yet was penned in any volume. Every stone around you has a fact upon its face which rouses a strong spirit of inquiry in your bosom. One died in mid-sea as he was homeward bound; one perished in saving the life of another, who had fallen overboard. One fell in a great sea-fight, whose very name is a portion of England's glory; others in desperate attempts to seize on important stations in America, North or South, the Indies, East or West. Others were the victims of some plague-shore, that swallowed up its thousands. These died in some tropical clime; those were wrecked in sight of home, on England's own rocks. There is no fiction, however romantic, but here finds a more striking fact; and the names of every nation and place of mercantile resort meet your eye on every hand—Chili and Mexico, Quebec and Montreal, the Straits of Magellan and the Cape of Good Hope, Newfoundland and New Zealand, are brought together

in strange juxta-position in these maritime cemeteries. And it is not only the memory of those who died thus distant that is recorded here, but the bodies of many a foreigner, and many a mariner from remote parts of England, who have been wrecked on these coasts, here take their rest.

Another cause of admiration, not the less strong, which came over us in looking at these stately ruins, was that such a fabric should be raised in such a place. What could induce the holy fathers to pitch on such desolate and isolated places in preference to the fair vales and rich lands of England? It was a principle of action widely differing from that of the Romish church. There must have been something in the old Saxon and Celtic saints of a very primitive character. Holy Island and Iona! instead of the rich vales of Durham and the Lothians. It could not be the *loaves*, however it might be the *fishes*, which inspired the choice. These primitive fathers must have had a pitch of imagination highly poetical as well as religious. They must have loved the sound of the sea and the rush of the winds; they must have found inspiration in the wild aspect of crags, of naked towers, and dashing waves. They must have had pleasure in solitude and the solitary enjoyment of knowledge, or in the shepherding of souls that others cared little for, or these stately fabrics had never risen in these desolate regions. They must have had courage too; for what a sense of exposure does these islands give us, when we recollect that such savages as Norsemen and Vikingers roamed these howling seas. One no longer wonders at the repeated ravages com-

mitted here by the Danes; the only wonder is that St. Cuthbert, instead of fleeing away in his coffin, on that miraculous pilgrimage which terminated at Durham, did not flee away on his living legs.

As we quitted the island, the gloom of evening was upon it; the tide was rolling over the sands between it and the mainland with whitening billows; the sea-birds were scudding about in the gloaming with wild cries, and the roar of the ocean beyond the sand-banks was loud and awful. The beacon-lights on the Fern and Staples islands shone out; and we walked on in the gathering darkness, strongly impressed with the wildness of the scene, and glad that we had visited it at such a time.

FLODDEN FIELD.

A fearful field in verse to frame,
 I mean that if to mark ye list.
 O Flodden Mount! thy fearful name
 Doth sore affray my trembling fist.

Ballad of Flodden Field.

FROM Belford to Flodden! We have got our seven-league boots on, and it is but one stride. Nevertheless, before we move our right leg, sheathed in our miraculous boot, we must take a single note of a stride as marvellous. In Marmion's time, gunpowder was doing its work. One of those infernal ingredients out of which God works good; it was, at the very

moment that it made carnage more horrible, breaking down the pride of physical heroism, and the feudal system with it. It took out of the aristocratic warrior the vanity of personal prowess, or rather personal strength, and placed intellect, with its slave, mechanical power, far above it; and it not only took the sting of brute force out of the feudal chief, but it knocked down his castle about his ears. Out of this state of things arose a new organization of civil society; the spirit of the multitude took a new and courageous impulse. What gunpowder was then, steam is now; and the vast projects into which its agency is now introduced, will work changes beyond present calculation, but assuredly for the spread of more equal knowledge and equal distribution of social benefits; but in the change, there must be sufferers, and the innkeepers on the North road could tell you their tale on this subject. Is there any one who used to travel this road seven years ago, who does not perceive a mighty change on it? Who does not miss the throng of carriages on the road, and the bustle at the inns which then existed? In some of these large inns, which used to have all the signs of flourishing concerns about them, we seemed to be the solitary guests. There were long suites of apartments, beds with their gilded cornices, dining-rooms with their services of plate,—but over all, the silence of desertion; servants at long intervals, and landlords with long faces. On venturing to ask the cause, “O!” said our Boniface, “everybody now goes from the north to London by the steamers; it is all over with posting!”

We approached the Field of Flodden with great interest. It is a place invested alike by history and poetry, with a melancholy glory. As the field most fatal to Scotland of all those so fatally contested by that disastrous family the Stuarts; as the field where

The flowers of the forest were a' wede away :

where indeed fell twelve Scottish earls, thirteen lords, five eldest sons of peers, fifty chiefs, knights, and men of eminence, and ten thousand common men,*—it has a gloomy fame peculiar to itself. The Englishman regards it with a certain pride, as ground where the brave Earl of Surrey maintained the honour of English valour against the bravest nation and the most chivalrous monarch with which England ever contended; and the lapse of time, and the union of these two great nations into one peerless empire, have rendered the sympathies of the Englishman with that lamenting memory which dictated "the Flowers of the Forest," no longer those of a generous foe, but of a sworn brother. The blood and the interests of the two realms have been long enough blended into one stream, to annihilate all sentiment of triumph or resentment on one side or the other; and the inhabitants of either side of the border, must now tread that field with no other feelings than those of regret over the waste of life once made there, and of thankful-

* See a detailed catalogue of the bishops, abbots, noblemen, and principal gentlemen, in "Hall's Chronicle," also quoted into Weber's edition of the stately old ballad of Flodden Field, where every thing relating to the battle and those who fought in it is brought together from the chronicles, historians, and tradition.

ness that the cause and the occasion are done away for ever. No one can stand here without beholding the signal effects of the Union. The name of the field itself is one of gloom and desolation. Our imaginations naturally picture it as black and melancholy; to mine, no name in history or poetry had a sound so dreary. Our astonishment was therefore proportionate, to find the "dark Flodden" of the poets, so fair and so cultivated; a scene of plentiful corn-fields and comfortable farms. No one can, in fact, approach, for the first time, the "Debatable Lands," without surprise at their extreme cultivation. That was our feeling all through them. We directed our course first to Wooller, where the gallant Surrey encamped previous to the battle;

The total army did ensue,
And came that night to Wooller-Haugh.

Old Ballad of Flodden Field.

and on reaching the eminence on the opposite side of the valley, south-east of the town, we stood in delighted surprise at the extensive strath which stretched away to our right in the highest state of cultivation. And so we found it all along the borders. Where the "rank reivers and moss-troopers" used to gallop over moss and moorland, there now stretch the richest meadows, the fairest fields. The track which used to lie between the two countries,—a blasted and desolate region, ravaged with fire and sword, drenched with blood, and peopled only with horrible memories,—is now turned into a

garden. The one country has blended so beautifully into the other, that the only line of demarcation is one of superior culture and abundance. In this neighbourhood, up to the very ridges of the Cheviots, extend large corn-farms, where all the improvements and scientific triumphs of modern agriculture are displayed. How rapid has been the recent growth of this remarkable cultivation is evidenced by statistical facts, laid before one of "the Agricultural Committees" in parliament. There it is shewn, that between 1795 and 1811, Berwickshire, a county especially exposed to the effects of border raids formerly, had, according to the property-tax returns, advanced from a rental of 112,000*l.*, to 231,973*l.*; and that the following parishes in that, and the neighbouring county of Roxburgh, in the very neighbourhood of Flodden, had made this striking progress:—

	Rental in 1795.	In 1836.
Whitsome parish . . .	£. 3,080 . . .	£. 7,526
Melrose	4,000 . . .	20,000
St. Boswells'	1,700 . . .	3,080
Linton	2,113 . . .	5,514
Yetholm	2,104 . . .	5,600
Edrom	6,493 . . .	15,200
Eccles	11,000 . . .	20,000
	<u>£. 30,490</u>	<u>£. 76,920</u>

An increase in forty years of 166 per cent. . Everywhere, too, on the poorer lands on both sides the border, planting has kept an equal pace. We passed extensive woods, principally of pine,

planted by the Earl of Tankerville, Mr. Collingwood, Mr. St. Paul, the Marquis of Waterford, the Duke of Roxburgh, and many other noblemen and gentlemen. In one thing cultivation had gone too far for us. One would have liked to see the site of so memorable a battle respected in the general inclosure, and left as national property—as commonable land—where the stranger, the antiquarian, and historian might ramble at will, without trespass or damage; or, if this be thought too fanciful by our modern utilitarian, that, at least, the King's-Chair Hill itself should not be destroyed. As you advance from Millfield, you see high before you Flodden Ridge, where James first took up his position: this is now covered with a pine-wood, and is, as it should be, a conspicuous object from the country all round; but, on arriving at that lower eminence of Branksome, whither, Pinkerton tells us that, on the morning of the battle, James, setting fire to his tents, descended, you find, to your surprise and mortification, that this very hill is in course of demolition, its very summit being turned into a stone quarry; as if no other stone existed in this neighbourhood, or as if that, which stands as a national monument, was only worthy of mending roads and erecting pigstyes! Whose act and deed this is we know not, but every lover of Scottish antiquities should make his most strenuous protestation against it.

Just below this King's-Chair Hill a farm-house has been erected, since the inclosure of what are called the Branksome allotments; and here is the little well which Scott has made

the site of the Cross of Sibyl Grey,—

A cross of stone,
That on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command ;

and which he has marked as the death-spot and grave of Marmion. It is, in fact, the well which supplies the house, and stands in the yard, so that a good deal of the picturesque of the poet's description is gone from that, too.

Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple cross of Sibyl Grey,
And broke her fount of stone ;
And yet from out the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry ;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair ;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.

Both hazel bush, water-flag, rush, and shepherd boys, have all vanished before an Act of Parliament and the plough. Hence, however, you have a full and wide view of the scenery of the battle to Twizel-bridge and castle, where the English crossed the Till. From Flodden Ridge you may see, in the direction of Millfield, Ford Castle, the seat of the Herons, whose conquest was so fatal to James,—now the property of the Marquis of Waterford. The features of the battle-field have been tamed down by the hand of cultivation ; the open waste of “red

Flodden" has given way to hedges; its heather to corn; and the very King's Chair itself is broken by the hammer and the pick; but the wooded ridge and the little well will not easily be annihilated; and many a ruin or site in the neighbourhood, connected with the field of Flodden, or with stirring passages in border warfare, render this a most delightful resort for a summer-day's party; especially of such as have hearts and imaginations to raise again the ruined ranks, and see as Scott saw, the last scene of that contest, when—

On the darkening heath
 More desperate grew the strife of death.
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge their horse assailed;
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king.
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring.
 The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood.
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight;
 Linked in the sorried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well;
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host, and wounded king.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shattered bands,
 And from the charge they drew;
 As mountain waves from wasted lands
 Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know ;
 Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field as snow,
 When streams are swola and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land ;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong ;
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield.

The ballads and the traditions of Scotland are full of the lamentation and desolation long produced there by this fatal battle.

“The Scots,” says Sir Walter Scott, “were much disposed to dispute the fact that James IV. had fallen on Flodden Field. Some said he had retired from the kingdom, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Others pretended that, in the twilight, when the field was nigh ended, four tall horsemen came into the field, having each a bunch of straw on the point of their spears, as a token for them to know each other by. They said these men mounted the king on a dun hackney, and that he was seen to cross the Tweed with them at nightfall. Nobody pretended to say what they did with him, but it was believed

he was murdered in Howe Castle; and I recollect about forty years since, that there was a report that, in cleaning the draw-well of that ruinous fortress, the workmen found a skeleton wrapt in a bull's hide, and having a belt of iron round the waist. There was, however, no truth in this rumour. It was the absence of this belt of iron which the Scots founded upon, to prove that the body of James could not have fallen into the hands of the English, since they either had not that token to show, or did not produce it. But it is not unlikely that he would lay aside such a cumbrous article of penance on a day of battle; or the English, when they despoiled his person, may have thrown it aside as of no value. The body which the English affirm to have been that of James, was found on the field by Lord Dacre, and carried by him to Berwick, and presented to Surrey. Both of these lords knew James's person too well to be mistaken. The body was also acknowledged by his two favourite attendants, Sir William Scott and Sir James Forman, who wept at beholding it."

The singular history of these remains, Stow, in his "Survey of London." 4to, p. 539, thus furnishes from his own knowledge. What a strange end for so proud and chivalrous a king, and what treatment from the hands of a brother-in-law—Henry VIII.—who certainly refused the body Christian burial!

"After the battle, the bodie of the same king being found, was closed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and to the monasterie of Sheyne in Surrey, where it remained for a

time, in what order I am not certaine ; but since the dissolution of that house, in the reygne of Edward the Sixt, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolke, being lodged, and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same bodie so lapped in lead, close to the head and bodie, throwne into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since the which time, workmen there for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head ; and Lancelot Young, master glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to *London* to his house in *Wood-street*, where (for a time) he kept it for the sweetness ; but, in the end, caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones, taken out of their charnel.”



LINDISFARNE.



THE STRID.

VISIT TO BOLTON PRIORY.

THE man of genius is often looked upon as a being that shuts himself up, and knows little of what is going on in the real world around him. He is supposed to live in a fairyland of his own creation—often a very barren and profitless one—full of all manner of enchantments and magical delusions. In reference to him, men of arts and sciences, the men of spinning-jennies and steam-engines—nay, the naturalists, and many other writers—talk of themselves as *practical* men. They often smile at the

poet and the romance-writer, as men of the world affect to do, and say—"O! a very clever, a very clever fellow indeed; but as ignorant of actual life as a child." But the poets and romancers of late have proved themselves both to be profitable fellows and practical ones. To say nothing of vast sums coined from the brain of Scott and of Byron, look at the comfortable nest which Moore has feathered for himself. Very pretty sums he has fobbed now and then. See old George Crabbe going down to his parsonage with 3000*l.* in his saddle-bags at one time. Look at the poet's house at Keswick; it has a library in it which has cost a fortune; and the poet and historian sits there now, what with salaries, pensions, *Quarterly Review* articles, and residuary legateeships, as no inconsiderable man of substance. There is that "old man eloquent" too, his neighbour at Rydal Mount, who, if he have not amassed a mount of gold on which to build his palace, has got a poet's bower on one of the most delicious little knolls in Europe, warmed by as much affection and domestic peace as ever crowned one man's hearth; and having no mark or *stamp* of poverty about it. Yes, and spite of *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, and a host of lower critics who echoed their owl-notes, his poetry is become *fashionable!* Only think of that—"The Idiot Boy" and "Betty Foy," "The Old Wanderer" in his worsted stockings, and "Michael" and "The Wagoner," become fashionable, so that every critic who knows no more of poetry than he did ten years ago, now cries "glorious! divine! inimitable!" at every new edition of his poems. Yes, and so they shall cry—for such is the ultimate

triumph of general sense and taste over professional stupidity. His poetry is become golden in all senses; and if Government only act in the matter of copyright as a British government ought to act,* it will flow on in a golden stream to his children's children, to the third and fourth—ay, to the fortieth and four-hundredth generation.

These are your dreamers and thriftless poets of the present days! But they are not merely the profitable, they are the really practical men too. We ask, where would your Watts and Boltons be, if it were not for them? Why, it is they—it is the men of poetical genius—who build your steam-boats and steam-coaches. The man of genius is not now merely a scrawler on paper, a writer of poems or of tales; but his pen is become a magician's wand—the most potent one that was ever wielded: and while other men think that he is merely inditing some pleasant lay, or matter for a winter evening's fireside, they who see farther into a millstone know that he is actually building ships and boats, steam-engines and steam-carriages; launching new and splendid packets; laying down railroads, and carrying them through mountain and forest; erecting inns, furnishing them with hosts, and guests, and waiters; spreading tables with every delicacy of the season—as witness, ye grouse on many a heathery hill, ye herrings of Loch Fine, and salmon of countless lochs, and rivers running like silver from the mountains—spreading them for thousands who run to and fro in the earth; not

* Not, however, by passing Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's present bill, with its retrospective clause, to smooth the bristled manes of the booksellers.

merely increasing knowledge of one another, but the good luck of landlords, and the employment of whole troops of poor and deserving men. The man of genius does this, and more: he creates joint-stock companies, he invests large capitals, he makes captains and stewards of steamers, clerks, coachmen, and sailors—these, and many other creatures after their kind, are of his creation. Does any one doubt it?—Why, Sir Walter Scott has done more than this, of his single arm. See what he has done for Scotland. See every summer, and all summer long, what thousands pour into that beautiful country, exploring every valley, climbing every mountain, sailing on every frith and loch, and spreading themselves and their money all through the land. And what roads and steam-vessels, what cars and coaches, are prepared for them! what inns are erected!—and yet not half enow—so rapidly does the spirit of the poetical and picturesque spread—so wonderfully do the numbers of its votaries increase, seeking a little easement of their swollen purses, a little outlet for all their taste and enthusiasm. No less than nine hundred persons, on a daily average, pass through the single city of Glasgow, chiefly of this class of persons, set astir by this great spirit which has of late years sprung up, the work of our poets and romancers. In summer all the inns there are filled jam-full; trains of omnibuses, or omnibi, are flying down to the Broomielaw every hour, to discharge the contents of the inns into the steamers, and return with the living cargoes of the steamers to the inns. Every hour, the bell of some packet, bound to the Highlands, the Western Isles, Ireland, Wales, and

all such places, attractive as the very land of the Genii to poetical imaginations, is heard ringing out its call to the picturesque and pleasure hunters; and that call is obeyed by swarms of eager tourists, to the height of all human astonishment.

And when did all this grow up?—"O," say the mere mechanic heads, "why, when steam created such facilities." Yes, since the steam of poetic brains created them! Where would your steam-boats and your railroads have been leading us, do you think, if Bishop Percy had not collected the glorious ballads of nature and of heroism that were scattered over Scotland and England—the leaves of a new Sibyl, a million times more fateful and pregnant with wonders than the old; if Bishop Percy had not done this and set on fire the kindred heads of Southey, of Wordsworth, and of Scott; if the "Border Minstrelsy" had not been gathered by Scott; if ballads and eclogues of a new school, if poems full of a pensive beauty and a pure love, had not been framed by Southey; if Wordsworth had not—stricken, as he confesses, by the mighty power of nature through this very medium—gone wandering all over the mountains of Cumberland, filling his heart with the life of the hills, and the soul of the over-arching heavens, and the peace or passion of human existence hidden in glens and recesses where poets had ceased to look for them;—if the last of these great men had not come forth again in a fresh character, with metrical romances, and with historical romances in prose, pouring a new spirit through field and forest; bringing down from the mountains of the north a clan life, and race of fiery warriors, with their pride, their

superstitions, their bloody quarrels, their magnanimity of mutual devotion and fatal loyalty, such as we should otherwise never have known; and, besides this, peopling mountain and glen, palace and cottage, garrison and town, with a host of characters which live and move before us, as if they were not the offspring of a mortal brain, but of the earth and the heavens themselves? I say, where would these steam-boats and railroads now have been leading their passengers? Why, dully enough, to the market—to purchase cottons and printed calicoes in Glasgow, Paisley, and Manchester; ashes and indigo in Liverpool; teas, and a thousand other things, in London! They would be going, not the packhorse, but the railroad round of dull and wearisome commerce, wearing out its own soul by its over-drudgery; and, even of these, there would not have been a tithe of the present outgoers. But now, the soul which has been crushed under the weight of daily duty, has felt a spark of this great spirit, has felt an indefinable impulse, which is, in fact, the nascent love of nature and of out-of-door liberty; and, in the summer months, the weavers and spinners, the thumpers and bumpers, the grinders and shearers, the slaves of the desk, the warehouse, the bank, and the shop, leap up, and issue forth—as bear witness Sir George Head—by hundreds and by thousands, in all directions, for a pleasure that their fathers, poor old fellows! never dreamed of on the most auspicious night of their lives. O boats, whether on canal or river, driven by steam or drawn by horse! O ships, on loch, or frith, or ocean, propelled by engines of three-hundred-horse-power! cabs and cars, omnibi and

stages, inns and lodging-houses, wayside rests and fishing taverns, Tom-and-Jerries, Tillysues or Kidley-Winks ! bear ye witness to the tribes set on fire by this Walter Scott, these poets, and even these naturalists—Bewick, Walton, Gilbert White, and that class of quiet agitators—tribes who have gone forth, to scramble up hills and tumble down them, to sport parasols amongst frightened sheep, and scream on precipices that they may fall into the arms of careful lovers ; to eat beef-steaks, and drink ginger-beer and soda-water, with open windows, and under trees, in boats or in booths—bear witness, all of you, in all quarters of these islands ! Let us hear no more about the poets not being *practical* men : they are the men practical and promotive of public wealth and activity ; they are your true political economists, your diffusers of the circulating medium ; in fact, your ship-builders, house-builders ; smiths, black, white, or copper ; your tailors and clothiers ; your very hosts, cads, waiters, and grooms—for, to all these, they give not merely employment, but life and being itself.

And yet it is a curious fact, that the poets and the mechanists struck out into a new and bolder line together ; that this new growth and outburst of intellect and ideality—this *revival* in the world of mind—indicated its presence at once in the imaginative and the constructive crania. It is curious that steam, mechanism, and poetry, should have been brought simultaneously to bear in so extraordinary a degree on the public spirit and character. The love of poetry and nature, of picturesque scenery and summer wandering, no sooner were generated

by the means I have here stated, than lo! steamers appeared at the quays, and railroads projected their iron lines over hill and dale. Impulse was given at the same moment to the public heart, and facility to yield to it. Had the one appeared without the other, there must have been felt a painful restraint, an uncomprehended but urgent want. Had the poetic spirit come alone, it would have lacked wings to fly to the mountains and the ocean shores. Had the mechanic impetus arisen without this, it would have wanted employment for its full energies. Their advent was coincident; and their present effect is amazing, and their future one a matter of wild speculation and wonder.

But there is yet another feature of this subject that is worthy of notice; and that is, how cunningly our great masters have gone to work. Call them dreaming and improvident! It is the most absurd abuse of language ever committed. There is no class of men more notorious for saving and care-taking than that of your great geniuses. Accordingly, as we go through the country, propelled in the human tide by the double power of poetry and steam, what is one of the first facts that seizes on your attention? Why, the ingenuity and tact with which these thoughtless poets and air-dreaming romancers have laid hold, not only of the most glorious *subjects*, but the most glorious *scenes*. They know that, next to a popular theme, is the popular location of it—and what beautiful spot is there now, from Land's-End to John-O'Groat's—what spot known for its loveliness, or sacred for its history, or made mysteriously interesting by traditions—on which they have not seized? The

monks were said, of old, to have pounced upon all the paradisiacal valleys and rich nooks of the country; but the poets have pounced upon them now. The ancients were accused of having robbed us of all our fine thoughts and spirit-stirring topics; but the modern poets have taken away our very mountains and battle-fields, our fairy haunts and our waters, lying under the beautifying lights and shades of love, and heroism, and sorrow. They have preoccupied them before our very eyes. There is nothing which has impressed me so much with the prescience and deep sagacity of our great modern geniuses, as the care with which they have perched themselves on every pleasant nook and knoll all over the land. It reminds me, ludicrous as the illustration is, of the nursery tale of the young bears that came into their house; and one said, "Who has taken my fork?" and another, "Who has eaten of my bread?" and a third, "Who has sate in my chair?" and another, "*Who is this sleeping in my bed?*" Every spot of interest has this Scott, this Wordsworth, or this Campbell appropriated—and who does not admire their policy? The grandeur and intellectuality of a subject, may, of themselves, give it a great charm; but it is better to have two strings to your bow—a subject noble and beautiful in itself, linked to noble and beautiful scenery; not confined to the library or the fireside book, but thrown, as it were, in the way of the public, cast before the summer wanderers, where natural beauty and traditional romance exert a double influence. What a fine effect it has, both for poet and reader, when, as you stop to admire some lovely landscape, some sublimity of mountain or

sea-shore, you hear it said—"This is the scenery of Marmion—this is the Castle of Ellangowan—this is the spot where Helen M'Gregor gave her celebrated breakfast—here fought Baillie Nicol Jarvie with his red-hot ploughshare—this is Lammermuir—or this is Artornish Hall." What a charm and a glory suddenly invest the place! How deep sinks the strain of the bard or the romancer into your soul! The adroitness with which great names have been thus written—not on perishable paper, but on every rock and mountain of the land—is admirable. To compare great things with small—it is like the hand-writing on the wall, of Warren, or of Mechi; it is seen everywhere, and who shall possibly erase it from his mind? But, admirable as the plan is, who shall now adopt it? The day and the opportunity are past. Did the same ability exist to inscribe places at once to the glory of the poet and their own name, it is too late; the field is preoccupied. The clan regions and the Borders of Scotland—ground rife with matter—are all Scott's, by right of discovery, and by the mighty hand of the conqueror. If you go to the isles—Shetland, Hebridean, or Orcadian—he has been there too; and Campbell has there placed his name, in Runic cipher, with that of Reullura and the "dark-attired Culdee." Wordsworth is—

Sole king of rocky Cumberland.

Scott, again, extends his influence over Durham, Derbyshire, and Warwickshire; and southward, tradition becomes more faint—all, at least, which Shakspeare has not appropriated, and

what he left to his proper heirs. We cannot, indeed, say what genius may yet draw from material which still lies unseen or unregarded—for its power is boundless; but, in the mean time, let us wander over a few spots of consecrated ground, and admire what has been done by “the giants that have been in the land.”

SCENERY OF “THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTON.”

WE visited this scenery much in the order in which it is introduced to our notice in Wordsworth’s poem. First, the White Doe is seen at Bolton Priory; then you have a glimpse of the history of the Shepherd Lord, and his residence, Barden Tower; lastly, the poet takes you to Rylston, and enters, with earnest heart, into the fate of the Nortons. We took the same course. We walked from Skipton Castle to Bolton Priory, on the morning of the 6th of July. The country had nothing very remarkable in it, if we except the wild aspect of Rumbold’s Moor—a corruption of Romilley’s Moor—on our left as went; nothing which bore any relation to that exquisite scenery which we looked for in the neighbourhood of Bolton. As we drew near, indeed, we could not help saying repeatedly—“We fear we shall be disappointed in this place.” Presently, however, a valley filled with dense wood appeared below us, stretching away northwards. We came to a few cottages in their gardens, to a high stone wall; and passing through a small arched gate-

way, the valley and ruins of Bolton Priory lay before us ; one of the most delicious and paradisiacal scenes which the heart of England holds. The effect upon our spirits was one of profound and soothing delight. We sate down on a rustic bench placed just within the gateway, and contemplated it in silent enjoyment. We were on a green elevation, somewhat above the valley, and the scene lay before us in all its loveliness ; a vale in which all the charms of peaceful variety, which poetry delights to combine in some fairy paradise, were concentrated. It was a splendid morning ; and the freshness of the greensward, of the trees, the glittering dews, the cheerful voices of birds, the profusion of blossoms around on bush and bank, made the scene perfect. There were the gables and pinnacles of the Priory, appearing amongst a wilderness of trees in the open bosom of the valley ; there was the Wharf, sounding on his way with a most melancholy music, under the cliffs opposite ; there was the silver line of a waterfall, thrown from a cliff of considerable and nearly perpendicular height, a cliff of rich purple hue, facing the eastern end of the Priory ; there were the parsonage, and other houses shrouded in their trees ; beyond, lay the deep and densely-wooded vale ; on the northern slope above it, the ancient oaks of the park ; and still farther, the fells and rocky distances of Barden and Simon-Seat. Whittaker, in his "History of Craven," says well that, for picturesque effect, the site of this Bolton Priory has no equal amongst the northern houses, and perhaps in England.

As we descended and walked towards the Priory, the parson-

age presented a very inviting aspect. Its garden, crimson with roses; its old ivied porch, in a sort of tower, with an ancient escutcheon emblazoned on it—I believe of the Clifford arms; its pleasant shrubberies, and its little garden gateway up a few steps, overhung, on each hand, with drooping masses of yellow fumitory, made it one of the most perfect little rural nests we ever set eyes upon. As soon as we passed this, the Priory broke upon us with a fine effect. We need not attempt to describe it; it is a fit subject for the pencil only; and the pencils of many of our artists, particularly that of Turner, have made it familiar to the public eye. The magnificent ash trees, however, which grew about, deserve especial mention. One, in particular, secured with iron hoops and stays from the effects of storms on its mighty limbs, shewed that their beauty was felt and appreciated; and indeed, the ash about this place generally, has an extraordinary stateliness and grandeur of growth.

The nave of the Priory church is now used for a parochial chapel.

In the shattered fabric's heart
 Remaineth one protected part—
 A rural chapel, neatly drest,
 In covert like a little nest;
 And thither young and old repair
 On Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

White Doe, p. 8.

But the most singular feature of this beautiful structure, is a tower, or western entrance, built like a screen before the old western entrance. This was begun by Prior Moore, the last prior before the dissolution, but never finished. It possesses a

fine receding arch, and is embellished with shields, statues, and a window of exquisite tracery. Amongst others on this part of the work, is the statue of a pilgrim, with a staff in one hand, and a broad, flat, round hat in the other. The buttresses are surmounted with figures of hounds. Within this, partly darkened and partly hidden by it, appears the old front, with its lancet windows and slender columns—a work equally exquisite of its kind. The sculpture and carvings of the Priory altogether, its running trefoils and fleur-de-lis, have preserved their sharpness and distinctness most remarkably.

Opposite to this western entrance stands the Duke of Devonshire's house—a small castellated building—a mere nutshell to his other houses—Chatsworth, Hardwicke, Chiswick, or Devonshire House. In fact, it is formed out of the original gateway of the Priory—the principal room being the gateway itself, with walls run across it. It serves, however, for a sporting-box, when his Grace comes hither in autumn to the moors, and contains a marvellous number of beds for its compass. The walls of the principal apartment are adorned with pieces from classical subjects; with horns of stags and antelopes, and with some paintings, the most interesting of which are, one of the Boy of Egremont about to leap the Strid, with his dog in a leash, and a puppy at the dog's heels—a circumstance that I do not recollect as forming part of the tradition. A portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, and a curious picture of the seven sons of one of the Earls of Burlington. There is one of the celebrated Earl and Countess of Derby; some family portraits of the Cliffords and

Burlingtons; and several of the Charleses and Jameses, and their queens—of little value.

But our attractions lay out of doors. We hastened down to the Wharf, and crossed it, by a row of stepping-stones, into the woods on the opposite side. These stones are solid square blocks of considerable size, and require some courage in the passer; for, though the river is not deep here, it is very rapid, clear, and broad, and rushes on with an awful sound, especially after heavy rains, as had been the case then; so that the water flowed, in some places, over the stones. Immediately after us came across two young ladies, whom we found to be the clergyman's niece, Miss Kitty Crofts, and her young friend, Julia somebody. They had their rural dinner in a basket, and were going to spend the day in the woods. They accompanied us about a mile up through the woods, and very politely directed our attention to the striking points of the scenery, and gave us directions for our course to Barden Tower, which every now and then shewed itself up the valley.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and delightfulness of these woods, which run on each side of the sounding Wharf; and the public owes much to the worthy clergyman, Mr. Carr, for having rendered the forest banks of the Wharf accessible, opening up the turns and reaches of the river, and the views of the Priory downwards, and of Barden Tower upwards, with the most admirable taste and effect. All through the woods, for three miles on each side, run winding walks; and wherever seats are placed, there you may be sure is some new view of river, ruins,

forest, or fell. The woods themselves afford a delicious retreat in the noon-blaze of a summer's day: they present such perfect sylvan seclusion; such dark and shadowy nooks; such mossy slopes, where spring throws out by thousands her primroses, and summer her delicately-veined flowers and green leaflets of the oxalis; such wildernesses of heather and bilberry, of ferns and polypodies; such dim chaos of craggy masses or uplifted grey cliffs, hung with ivy and overshadowed with boughs. But then, the river below!—such a dark brooding stream at one place; such a wild hurrying torrent at another, sending up its softened roar all through the woods. I never saw a stream that so vividly brought before me the descriptions of rivers flowing through American forests, with their foamy rapids, and their dark woodland steeps, and wild boughs overhanging the stream.

About a mile from the Priory we came to the celebrated
STRID—

The pair hath reached that fearful chasm—
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called THE STRID—
A name it took of yore;
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come;
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time
Shall bound across THE STRID?

He sprung in glee, for what cared he
 That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?
 But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
 And strangled by a merciless force;
 For never more was young Romilly seen,
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

The Force of Prayer. Wordsworth's Poems.

The Strid is not so much a waterfall as a narrow passage, torn by the river through its bed of solid rock, through which it rushes with tremendous fury and a stunning din. Many people, who go expecting to see a sheer cascade, are at first disappointed; but no one can stand long by it without feeling a sense of its power and savage grandeur grow upon him. It is indeed a place "most tempting to bestride;" and, notwithstanding the repeated fatalities which have occurred there since that of the boy Egremont—one of a young lady, in the very presence of her lover, but a few years ago—I felt an intense desire to take the leap, and should have done so, had it not been for the earnest dissuasion of my companion. I am, however, very sensible, that, narrow as the opening appears, its real width is much greater than its apparent one; and very dangerous, both on that account, and from the slipperiness of the rocks. One slip of the foot, and the *leap* is into eternity.

As we stood here, we were delighted to see the various parties that came up, or that were to be seen glancing at intervals in the woods—gay young spirits, full of the enjoyment of fresh life, of social affection, and natural beauty;

another proof of the manner in which all places of natural or historical interest are now visited—the happy consequence of the spirit of our modern literature; and we were, perhaps, most pleased with the sight of a party of Friends, in their dove-coloured robes and drab bonnets. If you cannot see them at places of *artificial amusement*, there are no people whom you now more frequently meet at places of *natural amusement*—a satisfactory evidence that the spirit of modern literature has extended itself to them too; that the Wiffens, the Bartons, the Stickneys, and other writers of the Society, are not exceptions, but merely indications of that love of poetry, polite literature, and the fine arts, which a puritanic zeal in some of its founders unhappily banished from it for a time.

We now advanced to Barden Tower, the walk thither being still up the valley, along the banks of the Wharf, and through the most delightful scenery. The splendour of the day, and the beauty of the place filled us with delight and admiration. We crossed a fine bridge to Barden, and soon stood before the ruined tower of the Cliffords.

It is a singular circumstance, out of what peaceful, profound, old-fashioned nooks, have gone forth some of the stormiest, sternest, and most ambitious characters in history. Whittaker says—"The shattered remains of Barden Tower stand shrouded in ancient woods, and backed by the purple distances of the highest fells. An antiquarian eye rests with pleasure on a scene of thatched houses and barns, which in the last two centuries have undergone as little change as the simple

and pastoral manners of the inhabitants." The place, in fact, seems to belong to a past age of English history; to make no part of bustling, swarming, steam-engine, and railroad England; but of England in the days of solemn forests, far-off towns, and the most peaceful and rustic existence. The tower stands a mere shell; but the cottages about it are those which stood there in the days of its glory, and are peopled with a race as primitive and quiet as they were then. We inquired for a public-house to get a luncheon; there was no such thing; but we procured bread and butter, and milk, at one of the cottages; and, as we sate looking out of its door, the profound tranquillity of the scene was most impressive. It was a sultry and basking noon; around were lofty ancient woods; on the opposite slope a few cottages, half-buried in old orchards, and gardens with their rows of beehives; and an old man at work with his hoe, as slowly and as gravely as an object in a dream, or a hermit in his unpartaken seclusion. Yet, from this place, and such as this, issued

The stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France,

ay, and in Scotland and England too—conspicuous in all the wars, from the time of the Conqueror to that of Cromwell; the "Old Clifford," and the "Bloody Clifford," who slew the young Duke of Rutland, and afterwards the Duke of York, his father—of Shakspeare's "Henry VI." Thence, too, went out the great seafaring Lord Clifford, George, third Earl of Cumberland, of Elizabeth's time, who made eleven expeditions,

chiefly against the Spaniards and Dutch, and chiefly too, at his own expense, to the West Indies, Spanish America, and Sierra Leone. But the most remarkable characters connected with this place are—the Shepherd Lord Clifford; the heroic Countess of Derby, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Cumberland, and granddaughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the Dowager Queen of France, sister of Henry VIII., whose romantic story is known to all readers of English history; and especially Anne Clifford, Dowager Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, of famous memory: for the others made only occasional visits hither, from their more frequent residence of Skipton Castle, to enjoy field-sports at their lodge here; but Anne Clifford has placed her memorial on the very front of the house, as its restorer; and the Shepherd Lord constituted it his principal abode.

Anne Clifford has justly been termed one of the most extraordinary women which this country has produced. She was a woman of a high spirit, a determined will, and many good and magnificent qualities, and of a very commensurate consciousness of them. She did great works, and took good care to commemorate them. Two such builders of houses and of families, perhaps no nobleman of the present day can reckon amongst his female ancestry, as the Duke of Devonshire—Anne Clifford, and Bess of Hardwicke. The first thing which strikes your attention in front of Barden Tower, is this singular inscription:—

THIS BARDEN TOWER WAS REPAYRED
 BY THE LADIE ANNE CLIFFORD COUNTE
 SSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKEE DORSETT
 AND MONTGOMERY BARONESS CLIFFORD
 WESTMERLAND AND VERCIE LADY OF THE
 HONOR OF SKIPTON IN CRAVEN AND HIGH
 SHERIFESSE BY INHERITANCE OF THE
 COUNTIE OF WESTMERLAND IN THE YEASS
 1658 AND 1659 AFTER IT HAD LAYNE
 RUINOUS EVER SINCE ABOUT 1589 WHEN
 HER MOTHER THEN LAY IN ITT AND WAS
 GREAT WITH CHILD WITH HER TILL
 NOWE THAT IT WAS REPAYRED BY
 THE SAID LADY. IS. CHAPT. 58. V. 12.
 GOD'S NAME BE PRAISED!

The text referred to is—"Thou shalt build up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, and the restorer of paths to dwell in."

When she came to her ancestral estates, she found six castles in ruins, and the church of Skipton in a similar condition, from the ravages of the Civil War. She restored them all; and upon all set this emblazonment of the fact. One of the first things which she built, was a work of filial piety—a pillar in the highway, at the place where she and her unhappy mother last parted, and took their final farewell. She erected monuments to her tutor, Daniell, the poetic historian, and to Spenser—the latter in Westminster Abbey. She wrote her own life—of which the title-page is indeed a title-page, being a whole page of the most vain-glorious enumeration of the titles

and honours derived from her ancestors. Spite of her vain-glory, she was, nevertheless, a fine old creature. She had been an independent courtier in the court of Queen Elizabeth, possessing a spirit as lofty and daring as old Bess herself. She personally resisted a most iniquitous award of her family property by King James, and suffered grievously on that account. She rebuilt her dismantled castles, in defiance of Cromwell; and repelled with disdain the assumption of the minister of Charles II. "She patronized," says her historian, "the poets of her youth, and the distressed loyalists of her maturer age; she enabled her aged servants to end their days in ease and independence; and above all, she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. Removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains, in hospitality and charity. Equally remote from the undistinguishing profusion of ancient times and the parsimonious elegance of modern habits, her house was a school for the young and a retreat for the aged; an asylum for the persecuted; a college for the learned; and a pattern for all." To this it should be added, that, during that age when such firmness was most meritorious, she withstood all the arts, persuasions, and all but actual compulsion of her two husbands, to oblige her to change the course and injure the property of her descendants; and therefore it must be confessed that she was a brave woman, and one whose like does not often appear. It is, however, her celebrated letter to Sir Joseph Williamson,

the secretary of Charles II., who had written to name a candidate for her borough of Appleby, that has given her name a Spartan immortality :—

“ I have been bullied by an usurper ; I have been neglected by a court ; but I will not be dictated to by a subject—your man shan't stand.

ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE,
AND MONTGOMERY.”

The history of the Shepherd Lord is one of the most singular in the peerage. When his father, Lord John Clifford—the bloody or black-faced Clifford—fell at the battle of Towton, which overthrew the house of Lancaster, and placed Edward IV. on the throne, his mother was obliged to fly with him, for safety, into the wildest recesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland. She afterwards married Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, of the latter county, who assisted to keep him concealed from the knowledge of the York family—to whom the Clifford blood was, for notorious reasons, most especially odious ; but to effect this, he was obliged to be brought up as a shepherd, and so lived for twenty-four years. On the ascension of Henry VII. to the throne, the attainder against his father was reversed, and he succeeded to his ancestral honours and estates. At this period, it appears that he was as uneducated as his fellow-shepherds ; but he was a man of strong natural understanding, and had, it would seem, learned much true wisdom in his simple abode up amongst the hills.

Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
 Had he—a child of strength and state!
 Yet lacked not friends for solemn glee,
 And a cheerful company,
 That learned of him submissive ways,
 And comforted his private days.
 To his side the fallow-deer
 Came and rested without fear;
 And both the undying fish that swim
 Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him—
 The pair were servants of his eye,
 In their immortality;
 They moved about in open sight,
 To and fro for his delight.
 He knew the rocks which angels haunt
 On the mountains visitant;
 He hath kenned them taking wing;
 And the caves where fairies sing
 He hath entered; and been told
 By voices how men lived of old.
 Among the heavens his eye can see
 Face of thing that is to be;
 And, if men report him right,
 He could whisper words of might.

Wordsworth.

These verses allude to the studies for which he became remarkable; for he resorted to this Barden Tower, and put himself under the tuition of some of the monks of Bolton. With these he appears to have contracted a strong friendship, and to have passed a life of what must have been a very delightful prosecution of the popular studies of the time. They applied themselves to astronomy, and it seems equally certain, to *astrology*. In the archives of the Cliffords have been found manuscripts of this period, and supposed to belong to the Shepherd, which make it more than probable that

alchemy was another of the fascinating pursuits of Lord Henry and his monkish companions. Some of these verses conclude with the usual declaration that the writer could not disclose the grand secret.

Hie wer accursyde that soo wolde done.
 How schold yow have servans then,
 To tyll your lands, and dryffe your plughe?
 Yff ev'ry mane to ryches came,
 Then none for oth'r owght wolde dowghe.

There is matter for a fine romance in the life of this lord: the stirring nature of the times when he was born; the flight of his family; his concealment; his life on the mountains; his restoration; his secluded mode of existence and mysterious labours; and then his emerging, as he did, after he had so spent the whole of the reign of Henry VII. and the first years of Henry VIII., at the age of nearly sixty, as a principal commander of the victorious army of Flodden; shewing that the military genius of the Cliffords merely slumbered beneath the philosophic gown. There is something very picturesque in the description of his followers, in the old metrical history of Flodden Field.

From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
 From Linton to Long Addingham,
 And all that Craven coasts did till—
 They with the lusty Clifford came;
 All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
 With striplings strong from Wharfedale,
 And all that Hautoon Hills did climb,
 With Longstroth eke and Litton Dale,
 Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,
 Well-browned, with sounding bows upbend;
 All such as Horton Fells had fed—
 On Clifford's banner did attend.

Before leaving Barden Tower, we must just notice the singular old chapel which bounds one corner of the court-yard. You enter at a door from the court, and find yourself in a dwelling-house; another door is opened, and you find yourself in the loft of a very old chapel, which remains in the state in which it was centuries ago, except for the effects of time, and where service is still performed by the clergyman of Bolton.

We now directed our course to Rylston; but hearing that the common way was circuitous, and being curious to pass along the very route of the White Doe, we determined to cross the moor, contrary to the earnest dissuasion of the villagers, who declared it was perfectly trackless, and that a stranger could not find his way over it. And sure enough we found it the most solitary and impracticable waste we ever traversed. The distance was six miles; not a track nor a house to be seen, except a keeper's lodge, standing in the brown heathery wilderness about a mile from Barden, with a watch-tower annexed to it, whence he might look out far and wide for depredators on the moor-game. We had the precaution to take a young man with us as guide, and on we went, plunging up to the waist in the heather, and sinking in deep moss at every step; now in danger of being swallowed up by a bog, and now put to our contrivances by some black ravine. A weary way of it the poor Doe must have had every Sunday from Rylston to Bolton Priory; and well, we thought, might the people deem it something supernatural. Our guide himself found it no very easy matter to steer his course aright, or to pursue it when he

thought it was right. He directed his way by certain crags on the distant hill-tops, called the Lord's Stones; and, when we gained the highest elevation, whence we had immense prospect, we came to a track cut through the moorland for the Duke to ride along on his shooting excursions. He told us to follow that, and it would lead us to the Fell-gate just above Rylston. Here, therefore, we allowed him to return; but we speedily repented the permission, for the track soon vanished, and before us lay only wild craggy moors with intervening bogs, which extended wider and wider as we went. The moor-game, ever and anon, rose with loud cries and whirring wings; the few sheep ran off as we made our appearance; and we seemed only getting farther and farther into a desolate region—

Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal feet had ne'er or rarely been.

Knowing, however, that there was nothing for it but pushing on to the extremity of the waste, bring us whither it would, we hurried forward in spite of weariness and bewilderment, and presently found ourselves on a savage ridge of crags, from which a wide prospect of green and champaign country burst upon us, and the village of Rylston itself lying at the foot of the steep descent before us. We hastened down as well as we could, and proceeded towards the churchyard, knowing that near it had stood Rylston Hall, the abode of the Nortons. Here we soon found that all vestiges of the old house were gone, and that a modern gentleman's house was built upon the site. The

village lies on the green and cultivated plain, just that sort of country which has a most attractive aspect to a grazier, but which the poet gives but one glance at: it has nothing picturesque in its own appearance; a more common-place collection of houses can scarcely be met with, though three or four of them are, no doubt, the dwellings of wealthy people. We found the tradition of the White Doe quite current still amongst the peasantry, who soon pointed out to us, on the moorland eminence whence we had descended, Norton Tower, still exactly answering the description by the historian of Craven:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable. The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the site of a watch-tower." Here, no doubt, stout old Richard Norton used to assemble his retainers, to make their inroads into Barden Moor amongst the Cliffords' deer, in which he delighted, and for which he constructed, by help of natural crag, and bog, and ravine, that famous, and, to the Cliffords, most provoking pound, of which abundant traces yet appear. Here too, as the poet has more than hinted, he used to come and make merry.

High on a point of rugged ground,
 Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
 Above the loftiest ridge, a mound
 Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
 An edifice of warlike frame
 Stands single, Norton Tower its name.
 It fronts all quarters, and looks round
 O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
 Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
 Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bleak ascent,
 Though bleak, and bare, and seldom free,
 As Pendle-hill, or Pennygent,
 From wind, or frost, or vaporous wet,
 Had often heard the sound of glee,
 When there the youthful Nortons met
 To practise games and archery.
 How proud and happy they! The crowd
 Of lookers-on how pleased and proud!
 And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
 From showers, or when the prize was won,
 They to the watch-tower did repair—
 Commodious pleasure-house! And there
 Would mirth run round with generous fare;
 And the stern old Lord of Rylstone Hall,
 He was the proudest of them all.

White Doe. Canto V.

If the village of Rylston has little in the aspect of the present or remaining of the past, to draw the feet of poetic wanderers to it—if Rylston Hall itself, the hearth and home of the stout Nortons, be gone—if all its gardens, walks, waters, and topiary work, have vanished like a dream,—yet there still stands that stern old tower, on those dark and frowning fells, which will rear their black and storm-shattered heads till the shock which

Q

commingles earth and heaven. There they stretch along the grim edge of that region of moorland, glen and forest, river and ruin, over which have passed the consecrating influences of heroic spirits crushed by malignant destinies, of human hearts and hearths laid waste and desolate for ever; and over which, once more, the poet has thrown a new and indestructible enchantment.

In this beautiful poem, "The White Doe of Rylston," Wordsworth has shewn how far he was capable of handling a romantic and historic subject; and nothing is more obvious than that, if he had chosen to select such subjects, rather than undeviatingly attempting to develop his own views of the real nature and compass of the province of poetry, he might much earlier have stepped into that popularity which he has now attained, and avoided the long reign of ridicule and abuse under which he lived. To say nothing of Peter Bell the Wagoner, Betty Foy, and that class of subjects—a class, and so treated, that I am free to confess to be fair game for critics that love a little fun;—it is quite as true as it was ten years ago, that neither the simple pathos of his "Lyrical Ballads," nor the grave dignity and philosophy of his "Excursion," ever could or ever can be truly appreciated by the common run of readers. They can have no charms for those who delight in the literary dram-drinking of fashionable novels. You might just as well have expected a Persian to love Spartan broth; just as well expect a London epicure, with his gullet on fire with curry and cayenne, to relish the girdle-cake and milk of the shepherd's

hut. In this poem he has enlisted more of those stirring elements of historical action and national change, with all their sequences of family disruptions and disastrous overthrows, which, for the habitual story-monger, may become a tolerable *substitute* for his ordinary stimulus of tragic recital and piquant personalities; and which the reader, of genuine passion and healthful sensibilities, may yet combine with gentler causes and their emotions into a whole of living and exalting influences. He has beautifully woven into his scheme every history or tradition floating about the scene of action with which our nature sympathises. The fate of the Boy of Egremont, the fortunes of the Shepherd Lord, blend like soft and sunset hues into the great picture of "THE RISING IN THE NORTH," of which the outline is gloriously sketched in the ancient ballad of that name; the imposing, but ill-organized and ill-maintained attempt to put down in England the growing power of Protestantism, and to restore the old religion. Here is material enough to quicken the pulse of every true Briton; but we soon find the poet, amid the splendour or historic matter, fixing his eye upon a few characters, towards whom he irresistibly draws our hearts after him; resting finally on that high-spirited old gentleman, Maister Richard Norton, and his family,—his nine sons and single daughter. In working out the characters and fate of these, he finds ample employment for that philosophic taste, and that delight in tracing the movements of our inner nature; the power of our affections; the contention between our principles and our interests; the development of that highest pitch of

mortal grandeur, the stern subjection of every hope, feeling and ambition, to the sole and sovereign sense of duty shed into the heart of man by the law of Christianity. We, accordingly, behold with admiration the brave Richard Norton, who had spent his days amid his sons and vassals in the festivities of the hall, the excitements of the chase, and of Border war, now coming forward in his silver hairs to cast all the fortunes of his house on a single and hazardous die. We behold with equal admiration the unhesitating devotion of his eight sons, and their manly beauty, as they surround him, as he takes in his hand the banner wrought by the fair fingers of his only daughter—that banner which displayed

The Cross,
And the five wounds our Lord did bear.—*Old Ballad.*

The group, at this moment, would form a noble picture.

They mustered their host at Wetherby—
Full sixteen thousand, fair to see,
The choicest warriors of the North!
But none for beauty and for worth,
Like those eight sons, embosoming
Determined thoughts; who, in a ring,
Each with a lance erect and tall,
A falchion, and a buckler small,
Stood by their sire on Clifford Moor,
To guard the standard which he bore.
With feet that firmly pressed the ground
They stood, and girt their father round;
Such was his choice—no steed will he
Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly
He stood upon the grassy sod,
Trusting himself to the earth and God.

There, sight to embolden and inspire !
 Proud was the field of Sons and Sire ;
 Of him the most ; and sooth to say,
 No shape of man in all the array
 So graced the sunshine of that day.
 The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly personage ;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to higher height ;
 Magnific limbs of withered state ;
 A face to fear and venerate ;
 Eyes dark and strong ; and on his head
 Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread ;
 With a brown morion, half concealed,
 Light as a hunter's of the field.
 And thus, with girdle round his waist,
 Whereon the banner-staff might rest
 At need, he stood, advancing high
 The glittering, floating pageantry.

Nothing, we think, for a moment, can be more beautiful and admirable ; but the poet soon shews us a character and a devotion far higher, in Francis Norton, the eldest son, who singly opposes and attempts to dissuade his father and brothers from this enterprise ; and is repulsed as a coward and a renegade by the indignant father and the silently contemptuous sons. The wise spirit and unflinching fortitude of this English Abdiel impress us with a respect and veneration that are not easy to be heightened ; and yet they are heightened by finding Francis, instead of satisfying himself with having striven to dissuade—and that vainly—and quietly sitting down to wait the result, or feeling resentful of the rude repulse and wrongful imputations

received from them, now shewing that the devotion and nobility of his nature are of a far loftier stamp. He follows them unarmed, and, unmindful of their taunts or their suspicions, watches with patient endurance for that moment of reversed fortune which he is sure will come, and when he hopes to render assistance that may be accepted and available. That moment of reverse soon arrives; but the indignant father only heaps fresh and more trying scorn on his faithful son; and it is only when the vengeance of the offended law dooms the father and the sons in arms to perish in their blood, that the sleepless and affectionate attentions of Francis, to soothe, and serve, and comfort them, break down the barrier of thick prejudice from the old man's heart, and he sees and acknowledges the wisdom and magnanimity of his devoted son. Here one scarcely knows whether most to admire, the frank confession of the old warrior and the confidence he immediately places in Francis, or the filial piety with which, to gratify the mind of his dying father, Francis undertakes a task, hopeless, and fatal to himself. The following out of these great human impulses; the portraiture of this sublime character of Francis Norton, than which none in history or fiction is greater; and, besides this, the beautiful sketch of his sister, equally devoted, equally strong in principle, though not so comprehensive and commanding in intellect as her brother; she

*Whose duty was to stand and wait ;
In resignation to abide
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF, A TRIUMPH SURE.*

these, altogether, were elements of heart and spirit, of character and action, in which the soul of the philosophical poet, who has sought to link fast to our theory of metaphysics *the system of the affections*, was sure to revel; although on one occasion we saw him, strangely enough as the author of "Peter Bell" and of this poem, lay down a volume of a cotemporary, full of the same elements, and actually of a most kindred nature, saying that he could not read of "sin and sorrow, finding enough of them in the world about him." Notwithstanding this paradoxical assertion, he has here, in his own case, cast over the sorrows of the Nortons a profound sympathy, and a golden glory over the Scenery of the White Doe of Rylston; over Bolton Priory; the Vale of Wharf; over Barden Tower and Norton Tower, on the grim Rylston Fells—which, as it drew us thither, shall draw thither also, from generation to generation, other pilgrims as devoted to the charms of nature, of poetry, of history and tradition, as ourselves.



VISIT TO HAMPTON COURT.

A visit to Hampton Court Palace, is one of the bravest pleasures that a party of happy friends can promise themselves. Especially is it calculated to charm the thousands of pleasure-seekers from the dense and dusty vastness of London. It lies in a rich country, on the banks of the Thames,—there unmuddled by commerce, but flowing free and pure, amid the greenest meadows, scattered villas, and trees overhanging its clear waters, and adding to its glad aspect the richness of their beauty. From the swelling hills of Richmond, Esher, and St. George, the palace is seen standing aloft amid a

wide sea of woodland foliage, like a little town in its extent. Its ample and delightful gardens, bounded by the splendid masses of its lime-tree avenues; its ancient courts, with all their historic recollections; its accumulated paintings, the Cartoons of Raphael themselves being part of them—all are thrown open to the leisurely and perfect enjoyment of the public. There is no royal palace in England, excepting Windsor, which, after all, is to be compared to it; and this is, as it should be, given up to the use and refreshment of the people. It is the first step towards the national appropriation of public property. It is long since it was said, "The king has got his own again," and it is now fitting that the people should have their own again. Of all the palaces, the towers, the abbeys, the cathedrals, which have been raised with the wealth and ostensibly for the benefit of the people, none till lately have been freely open to the footsteps of the multitude. They have been jealously retained for the enjoyment of an exclusive few, or have been made engines to extort still further payment from those out of whose pockets they were raised. But the tolls at the doors of St. Paul's and the Tower have been relaxed; park after park in the metropolis has been thrown open; and now this charming old palace of Hampton Court has been made the daily resort of any, and of all, of the English people who choose to tread the pavements, and disport themselves in the gardens, and gaze on the works of art, which for ages were wont only to be accessible to the royal, the aristocratic, and the ecclesiastical dignitary and their retainers.

These are visible and unequivocal evidences of the growth of general intelligence, and of that popular influence and benefit which must spring out of it. Courts are no longer despotic, because the people is no longer ignorant. The crown has resigned its lands into the hands of the people, saying, give us what you deem fitting for the just maintenance of the regal dignity,—and the crown has had no cause to regret this surrender; while, on the other hand, it has given the people a right to use a bolder tone regarding those which were the royal lands and houses, woods and forests. The people can now say, with an air of just authority, we demand to be admitted to the use and fruition of that for which we have given a noble equivalent. It is with this consciousness that we now walk about the courts, the gardens, the galleries, and painted chambers of Hampton Court; and there can be perhaps no instance cited where public property is more completely enjoyed by all classes of the community. The royal race have had their will of it from the days in which the last great English Cardinal built it, and presented it, as a most magnificent gift, to Harry VIII. his master, till they abandoned it as an abode for others which more engaged their fancies. A considerable portion of it has been since, and still is, given as residences to branches of the aristocracy, and lo! at length the very people have entered into possession of the rest.

And now the great question is, how do they enjoy it? —How do they use their advantage? Do they feel the great delight of having got their own again? Do they act like

rational masters and proprietors on their own estates, committing no injury and seeing none committed? A few facts will sufficiently answer these questions. Steam has in a great measure brought this delightful old palace into the very suburbs of London, and thrown it open to the thousands of its citizens. The Southampton railway, passing within a short distance of it, has enabled almost all that please to be down at it in about an hour, and has given them a pleasant excursion at a cheap rate, through a delightful country, besides the luxury of fair gardens, on the banks of the Thames, and the contemplation of rich paintings when they get there. Have they availed themselves of these privileges? The palace has only been fairly thrown open this summer, and for some time the fact was but very little known—yet through spring and summer the resort thither has been constantly increasing; the average number of visitors on Sunday or Monday is now two thousand five hundred, and the amount of them for the month of August was thirty-two thousand!

And how have these swarms of Londoners of all classes behaved? With the exception of some scratches made on the panels of the grand staircase, for the discovery of the perpetrator of which an ominous placard is pasted on the door-post as you enter, offering five pounds reward, but of which slight injury no one can tell the date—the police, who are always on the spot, never having witnessed the doing of it since they were stationed there—I cannot learn that the slightest exhibition of what has been considered the English love of demolition, has

been made. Never have I seen, at all times that I have been there, a more orderly or more well-pleased throng of people. I happened accidentally to be there on Whit-Monday, when, besides the railway, upwards of a dozen spring-vans, gaily adorned with ribbons, and blue and red hangings, had brought there their loads of servants and artisans, all with their sweet-hearts, and in fine spirits for a day's country frolic; and not less than two thousand people were wandering through the house and gardens, yet nothing could be more decorous than their behaviour. Never, indeed, did I behold a scene which was more beautiful in my eyes, or which more sensibly affected me. Here were thousands of those whose fathers would have far preferred the brutal amusement of the bull-baiting or the cock-pit; who would have made holiday at the boxing-ring, or in guzzling beer in the lowest dens of debauch,—here were they, scattered in companies, and in family groups; fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, old people, and children of all ages, strolling through the airy gardens, admiring the flowers, or resting on the benches, or watching the swarming shoals of gold and silver fish in the basin of the central fountain, and feeding them with crumbs of bun amid shouts of childish delight. Here were these poor people, set free from the fret and fume, the dust and sweat, and mental and bodily wear and tear of their city trades and domestic cares, well dressed, amongst their more wealthy neighbours, clean, and jocund from the sense of freedom and social affection, treading walks laid down only for royal feet, listening to the lapse of waters intended only for the

ears of greatness and high-born beauty, though all constructed by the money of their forefathers; and here were they enjoying all these more than king or cardinal ever could do, beneath a sunny sky, that seemed to smile upon them as if itself rejoiced at the sight of so much happiness. There, too, through the open windows, you saw the passing crowds of heads of men and women wandering through the rooms intent on the works of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, Rembrandt, Rubens, Ricci, Giulio Romano, and many another master of the sublime and beautiful; pausing to behold forms of power, and grace, and loveliness, and to mark many a face of man or woman whose names are so bruited in our annals that even the most ignorant must have heard something of them. Here surely was significant indication of a change in the popular mind in the course of one generation, which must furnish an answer to those who ask what has education done for the masses, and most pregnant with matter of buoyant augury for the future. Those who do not see in such a spectacle that the march of intellect, and the walking abroad of the schoolmaster, are something more than things to furnish a joke or a witticism, are blind indeed to the signs of the times, and to the certainty that the speed of sound knowledge amongst the people will yet make this nation more deserving of the epithet of a nation of princes, than ever Rome deserved from the Parthian ambassador. I could not help asking myself, as my eye wandered amid the throng, how much more happiness was now enjoyed in any one day on that ground, than had been

enjoyed in a twelvemonth when it was only the resort of kings and nobles, and the scene of most costly masks and banquets. Nothing more than the sight of that happiness was needed, to prove the rationality of throwing open such places to diffuse amongst the million, at once the truest pleasure and the most refining influences.

To the visiters of cultivated taste and historic knowledge, Hampton Court abounds with subjects of reflective interest of the highest order. It is true, that, compared with some of our palaces it can lay no claims to antiquity; but from the days of Henry VIII. to those of George III., there are few of them that have witnessed more singular or momentous events.

Overbearing despot as Wolsey was, there is something magnificent in the sweep of his ambition, and irresistibly interesting in the greatness of his fall. He was the last of those haughty prelates in the good old Catholic times, rose up from the dust of insignificance into the most lordly and overgrown magnificence; outdoing monarchs in the number of their servants, and in the pomp of their state. Equalling the great Cardinals who have figured on the continent, Ximenes, Richlieu, Mazarine, and De Retz, in political ability and personal ambition,—he exceeded all in the wealth which he unhesitatingly seized, and the princely splendour in which he lived. He fell only just before, and almost with, the Catholic religion itself in this country, and has therefore left a more marked place in men's memories. There could be none come after him of a like kind. Those swelling and mighty archbishops, filling the

public ways with their enormous travelling processions, and ruling both as spiritual and temporal lords equally church and state, at once the primates and the prime ministers of the realm, could no more exist. Wolsey seemed to have gathered into himself all the powers and splendours of that extraordinary class of men, to have raised them to the highest pitch, to the uttermost blaze of exhibition, and to have quenched them in his fall. Never was such a rise, such a progress; such a sudden, sheer, and ruinous descent! It may be said that the Romish hierarchy fell with him, for nothing is more clear than that by first leading Henry to question the propriety of his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, in order to make way for a French alliance, which then appeared to him the surer way to the popedom, he opened the path of that royal license which led Henry into so much matrimonial villany and blood, and placed on the throne his enemy, and the enemy of popery, Anne Boleyn. He involved his irascible monarch in those terms with the Pope, which led him to kick down his power in this kingdom; and moreover, he was the first to lead the way to the suppression of the monasteries, by shewing to Henry their enormous wealth and their profligate state, that he might obtain from him an order for the extinction of the worst, and appropriation of their revenues to the building and endowing of his colleges.

When we enter, therefore, the gates of Hampton Court, and are struck with the magnificent extent of the erection, which at that time not only, according to Rapin, "was a stately palace,

and outshined all the king's houses," but was one of the most splendid structures in Europe, we cannot help figuring to ourselves the proud Cardinal surveying its progress, and musing over the wonders of that career which had brought him, if not from the humble estate of the son of a butcher, yet from an origin of no great condition, or it could not have remained dubious to this period—the wealthiest man in Europe, the most potent in political influence, and the ardent aspirant to the Papedom itself. It would be curious to run over the multitude of offices and dignities, civil and ecclesiastical, which this able adventurer had grasped in a daring and rapid succession. First, in 1504, chaplain to King Henry VII., with dispensation to hold three livings; then royal almoner; immediately afterwards, in 1508, Dean of Lincoln; in the next year, Prebendary of Stowe Magna; in the autumn of the same year, 1509, made almoner to Henry VIII., with a grant of all goods and chattels of *felones de se*, and all coroners' deodands, which, although expressly reserving the whole proceeds of the offices to charitable purposes, no doubt were found very profitable in such hands. Next came the appointment of reporter of the proceedings in the Star Chamber, with acknowledged abundance of bribes for his good services with the king, in whose favour he already stood high. In January, 1510, he received a formal grant of the parsonage and tenements of St. Bride's, with various gardens and other property, given him some time before; in February following he was appointed Canon of Windsor; in the same year he received the rich rectory of Turnington in the diocese

of Exeter; and was made a privy councillor. Early in 1511, he was appointed Registrar of the Order of the Garter; in February, 1512, Dean of York; soon after, Prebend of Bugthorpe; in October, Dean of St. Stephen's, Westminster, now the House of Commons. In November of that year he was specially appointed to superintend the king's household and the preparation of the army for the invasion of France; and in September of the following year he was made Bishop of Tournay in that kingdom. On the 1st of January, 1514, he became Bishop of Lincoln; soon after he was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, but declined the office; in June of that year the king granted him half the advowson, or next reversion, of Bermondsey Abbey, a valuable gift; and before the year was out, he was actually on the throne of the Archbishopric of York. The next year had not passed over before he received from Rome a cardinal's hat and the appointment of Legate, and from his king the seals of the office of Lord High Chancellor of England. While honours and emoluments thus showered upon him, Wolsey did not hesitate to receive gifts and pensions from foreign potentates. From the king of Spain, about this time, he accepted a pension of 3000 livres per annum, and another of 200 ducats from the Duke of Milan. Then came a bull from the Pope, granting authority of visiting the monasteries, and conferring on him the tenth of all the revenues of the clergy. In 1518, the king empowered him to confer letters patent of denizen under the great seal; and then to make out *congés d'elire*, royal assents, and restitutions of temporalities of ecclesiastical dignities, from

archbishops down to the lowest religious establishments; as well as to take the homages and fealty of all persons which might be due to the crown for such temporalities—sources of most extraordinary influence and emolument. Next was added the Bishopric of Bath and Wells, and the rich Abbey of St. Albans; then the administration of the sees of Worcester and Hereford was conferred on him by the Pope. In October of that year he received the grant of the office of Bailiff of the lordship of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, and Park-keeper of Brantingisley. In 1521 the Pope sent him a bull empowering him to make fifty knights, fifty counts palatine, forty apostolic notaries—whose privileges were equal to those made by the Pope himself, namely, to legitimate bastards—and confer degrees in arts, laws, medicine, and divinity, and also to grant all sorts of dispensations. This was followed by another bull, empowering him to check and put down the new Protestant heresies. This year he was sent as ambassador to the king of France and the Emperor Charles V., and he received a grant of 9000 crowns of pension from the emperor, besides 2500 in lieu of a former grant of revenue out of the bishopric of Badajoz. In 1522 he made himself master of the see of Durham—so rich that his predecessor had died that year worth 100,000*l.* In 1524 he received a new bull, confirming his power to visit and suppress disorderly monasteries; and in 1529, the grant of the see of Winchester. This was his last favour, and came only about a year before his death. When we add to all this, various grants of lands and manors which have not been particularized, and the

many costly gifts and bribes received from both crowned heads and numberless private persons to propitiate his favour in his days of palmy fortune, we sum up an account of honour, preferment, and emolument, which had been growing, with scarcely any intermission, through five-and-twenty years. Well might it be said, that the revenues in his command much exceeded the revenues of the king, or indeed of any crowned head in Europe. He exercised the powers, and was virtually Pope in England. The king seemed to delight in showering upon him the most unbounded affluence, and in seeing him expend the princely revenues derived from strictly national sources, on colleges and palaces, to perpetuate the glory of his own name. This was the most magnificent portion of the Cardinal's ambition. He was ever emulous to build up his fame with the advancement of learning. He was the steady friend of Erasmus, and the most learned men of the age. He was a promoter of what was called the "new learning," the study of Greek; he suggested the establishment of the College of Physicians; at his instigation Henry invited both Titian and Raphael into England; he established seven lectures at Oxford; commenced a college at Ipswich, and founded, and nearly completed, that of Christ Church, Oxford, before his fall. He appeared as enthusiastic and as superb in his love of building, as he did in his ambition of power. Wherever he was, he was busily employed in building, and his structures are everywhere remarkable for their superiority to the general style of the age. The greater part of them are of brick-work, but that is of the most admirable

and compact kind; and many of his fabrics still standing, look comparatively new, and likely to endure yet for ages. Besides Hampton Court, he restored and enlarged his archiepiscopal house in York Place; during his holding the see of Durham he built one-third of the bridge over the Tyne; he built considerably at Cheshunt, and at More in Hertfordshire, at the latter place inclosing with a wall several hundred acres of additional park; and at his house at Battersea. Esher Place, then the property of the see of Winchester, fell only into his hands a short time before his disgrace, nevertheless, he is said to have repaired it, and built a new gate-house, which is yet standing, though the house itself, originally built by Bishop Waynflete, has been pulled down some years.



WOLSEY'S TOWER AT ESHER.*

* It is a great misfortune when any of the historical remains of England fall into the hands of *parvenus*. Nothing can be more admirable, in general, than the spirit of our ancient gentry and nobility as regards the access of the public to the monuments of the past which may happen to be in their possession. Their houses, their archives, their very title-deeds, are thrown open for the satisfaction of the antiquarian. But if a man whose father was a publican, or

At Apscourt, near Moulsey in Surrey, there is the remains of a house said to have been built by him, and to derive its name from A. P. S., the sign-letters of Archiepiscopus: near

a pawnbroker, become seised of some relic of former times, all access to it is jealously closed, even to the last footpath, as if it were the desire of the Goth that all England should become as ignorant of the abodes and the deeds of our forefathers as himself.

I need not say how strikingly this fact has been recently exemplified as it regards this very ruin of Wolsey's Tower, and in connexion with myself and family. The circumstances have been made widely known by the newspapers. But it would be a culpable omission here, not to point out—what these circumstances have placed in a strong light—the urgent necessity for the formation of a METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE RIGHT OF FOOTPATHS, and the equally urgent necessity for the adoption of a well-informed stipendiary magistracy, free from the petty interests of footways and game. The case referred to has shewn the fearful manner in which footpaths are now closed, and the hopelessness of obtaining justice in such cases from the rural magistracy. The difficulty of closing footpaths by legal process which now exists from the recent Acts on the subject, and the necessity of a jury, has led to the following mode of closing them:—A bull-frog farmer, as Cobbett calls him, is placed on the footpath which the landlord desires to close, who threatens, with a gun on his shoulder, death and destruction to any one who goes that way. The landlord, on being appealed to, professes to be very sorry, and to have no hand in the matter; but takes no step to prevent outrage, or assure the right of way. You summon the bully farmer before the bench of magistrates, requiring them to bind the man to keep the peace. The chairman sagely shakes his head—observes that he also is “bothered” with these footpaths, and that “it is a ticklish thing, a very ticklish thing, to bind a man to keep the peace;” only—as has been very wittily observed by an able journalist, “because the man wishes to break it.” All the other magistrates, who are *bothered* too with footpaths, shake their heads:—you see Shakspeare's Shallow, Slender, and Dogberry all at once before you,—you get the most solemn shakes of the empty noddle—but you get nothing else. *The landlord has protested to you that he has no hand in the affair*—and the bully farmer comes into court, and swears that all he has done is *by order of his landlord!* From such parties what is to be hoped? Nothing but what you get—a steady contempt of justice—threats of violence—and stoppage of the only roads that lead to the most interesting views and antiquities. Let the public look into this state of things in time!

Walton also, the old mansion of Ashley Park is attributed to him; and even in his last days of trouble and disgrace, on his melancholy journey to York, on arriving at Cawood Castle, a palace of the archbishopric, about seven miles from that city, where it was necessary to take up his abode, and finding it much out of repair, he set about immediately to restore it. He did it in his usual admirable manner; added new buildings to it on a noble scale, and poor as he then comparatively was, kept upwards of three hundred workmen daily employed upon it.

Such was Wolsey when he built the Palace of Hampton Court. The actual ruler of this country, both in church and state, by the unlimited favour of his sovereign, and the courtesy of the Pope; flattered and sought by power and beauty at home, and by the crowned heads of all Europe; hated, yet feared by the courtiers; haughty, arbitrary, and vindictive; possessed of revenues to which the incomes of the greatest nobles were poor, he lived in a splendour and state such as became only a reigning prince, and expressed his swelling vanity in the well known words—*EGO ET REX MEUS*. It was only at Hampton Court that his vast train of servants and attendants, with the nobility and ambassadors who flocked about him, could be fully entertained. These, as we learn from his gentleman-usher, Cavendish, were little short of a thousand persons; for there were upon his "cheine roll" eight hundred persons belonging to his household, independent of suitors, who were all entertained in the hall. In this hall he had daily spread three tables. At the head of the first presided a priest, as steward; at that of the second a

knight, as treasurer ; and at the third his comptroller, who was an esquire. Besides these, there were always a doctor, a confessor, two almoners, three marshals, three ushers of the hall, and grooms. The furnishing of these tables required a proportionate kitchen ; and here were two clerks, a clerk-comptroller, and surveyor of the dressers ; a clerk of the spicery ; two cooks, with labourers and children for assistants ; turnspits a dozen ; four scullery-men ; two yeomen of the pastry, and two paste-layers. In his own kitchen was his master-cook, daily dressed in velvet or satin, and wearing a gold chain. Under him were two other cooks and their six labourers ; in the larder a yeoman and groom ; in the scullery a yeoman and two grooms ; in the ewry two yeomen and two grooms ; in the buttery the same ; in the cellar three yeomen and three pages ; in the chandlery and the wafery, each two yeomen ; in the wardrobe the master of the wardrobe and twenty assistants ; in the laundry, yeoman, groom, thirteen pages, two yeoman-purveyors and groom-purveyor ; in the bakehouse, two yeomen and two grooms ; in the wood-yard one yeoman and groom ; in the barn a yeoman ; at the gate two yeomen and two grooms ; a yeoman of his barge ; the master of his horse ; a clerk and groom of the stables ; the farrier ; the yeoman of the stirrup ; a maltlour and sixteen grooms, each keeping four horses.

There were the dean and sub-dean of his chapel ; the repeater of the choir ; the gospeler, the epistler, or the singing priest ; the master of the singers, with his men and children. In the vestry were a yeoman and two grooms. In the procession

were commonly seen forty priests, all in rich copes and other vestments of white satin, or scarlet, or crimson. The altar was covered with massy plate, and blazed with jewels and precious stones. But if such were his general establishment, not less was the array of those who attended on his person. In his privy chamber he had his chief chamberlain, vice-chamberlain, and two gentlemen-ushers. Six gentlemen-waiters and twelve yeomen; and at their head nine or ten lords to attend on him, each with their two or three servants, and some more, to wait on them, the Earl of Derby having five. Three gentlemen-cupbearers, gentlemen-carvers, and servers to the amount of forty in the great and the privy chamber; six gentlemen-ushers and eight grooms. Attending on his table were twelve doctors and chaplains, clerk of the closet, two clerks of the signet, four counsellors learned in the law, and two secretaries.

He had his riding-clerk; clerk of the crown; clerk of the hamper and chaffer; clerk of the cheque for the chaplains; clerk for the yeomen of the chamber; and "fourteen footmen garnished with rich running-coates, whensoever he had any journey;" besides these, a herald-at-arms, serjeant-at-arms, a physician, an apothecary, four minstrels, a keeper of the tents, an armourer; an instructor of his wards in chancery; "an instructor of his wardrobe of robes;" a keeper of his chamber; a surveyor of York, and clerk of the green cloth.

"All these were daily attending, downlying and uprising. And, at need, he had eight continual boords for the chamberlaynes and gentlemen-officers, having a mease of young lordes

and another of gentlemen; besides these, there never was a gentleman, or officer, or other worthy person, but he kept some two, some three persons to wait on them."

This was his state at home. When he prepared to attend term at Westminster Hall, he summoned his retinue in his privy chamber, where he was ready appareled in his cardinal's robes; his upper vesture entirely of red, scarlet, or fine crimson taffeta, or crimson satin ingrained; his pillion scarlet, with a sable tippet about his neck. He had in his hand an orange, which, having the inside taken out, was refilled with a sponge and aromatic vinegar, lest in the crowd he might imbibe any pestilence. Before him were carried the great seal of England, and the cardinal's hat, by some "lord or gentleman, right solemnly." On entering his presence chamber his two great crosses were borne before him, and the gentlemen-ushers cried, "On masters, on, and make room for my lord." On descending to the hall of his palace, he was preceded by additional officers, a serjeant-at-arms with a great silver mace, and two gentlemen bearing great plates of silver. Arriving at his gate, he mounted his mule, trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and thus he proceeded to Westminster—

Poleaxe and pillar borne before his face.—Motte.

his cross-bearers and pillar-bearers all upon great horses, and in fine scarlet, with a train of gentry, footmen with battleaxes, etc.

Regularly on Sundays, when Henry held his court at Greenwich, which was often, the great lord cardinal made thither his

progress to visit him. He had then his magnificent state barge, with troops of yeomen standing upon the sails, and crowds of gentlemen within and without. He disembarked to avoid the fall at London Bridge, and there his mule and cavalcade awaited him, to conduct him from the Three-Cranes to Billingsgate, where he again went on board; and the same solemn state was observed on his return.

When he celebrated mass before the royal family, the most distinguished noblemen held the basin for him to wash his hands: nay, when he performed mass at St. Paul's before Henry and Charles V. on his visit to this country, two barons gave him water before mass; two earls after the gospel; and at the last lavatory this office was performed by two dukes. The very Spaniards themselves who accompanied the emperor, are said to have been offended by his unparalleled assumption of dignity.

The whole establishment and style of life of Wolsey, however, more resemble the gorgeous romance of an Arabian tale than any thing which ever existed in the sober realm of England. His friend and servant Cavendish relates scenes of gaiety and revelry enacted within these very walls, which it is sorrowful not to be able to give at length here. "The cardinal's house," he observes, "was resorted to like a king's house, by noblemen and gentlemen, and such pleasures were here devised for the king's delight as could be invented or imagined. Banquets set with masquers and mummers, in such costly manner, that it was glorious to behold. There wanted no damsels meet to dance with the masquers, or to garnish the place for the time with

variety of other pastimes. Then there were divers kinds of music, and many choice men and women singers appointed to sing, who had excellent voices. I have seen the king come suddenly thither in a masque, with a dozen masquers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and silver wire, and six torch-bearers, besides their drummers, and others attending on them with vizards, and clothed all in satin; and before his entering in the hall, you shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate without any noise, where were laid divers chambers and guns charged with shot, and at his landing they were discharged, which made such a rattling noise in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies to muse what it should mean, coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a banquet. In short you shall understand, that the tables were set in the Chamber of Presence around, and my lord cardinal sitting under his cloth of state, and there having all his service alone; and then there were set a lady and a nobleman, a gentleman and a gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made all joining, as it were but one table. All which was done by my Lord Sands, then lord-chamberlain to the king, and by Sir Henry Guildford, then comptroller of the king's house.

“Then immediately after this great shot of guns, the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain to see what it did mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They then looked out of the window into the Thames, and returning again, told him, that they thought they were noblemen and strangers

arrived at the bridge, and coming as ambassadors from some foreign prince; with that the said Cardinal, 'I desire you, because you can speak French, to take the pains to go into the hall, there to receive them into the chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, being merry at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and take part of our fare.'"

So they are introduced, salute severally the Cardinal, declare the cause of their coming to be the rumour of such a constellation of beauty there that night; they beg to have a game of *mum-chance* with the ladies, which is accorded; and the Cardinal sends a message to them to the purport, that he believes there is amongst them a noble person who deserves the seat of honour at the feast more than himself, and begs that he will take it. They reply there is such a person, who if his Grace can point him out, is willing to take his place most willingly. Wolsey pitches on his man, which turns out to be the wrong one; at which Bluff Harry pulls down his masque, and is very merry at the mistake. He goes and puts on a fresh and splendid dress, as do all his followers; a new banquet is laid, and they feast and dance till daylight.

This, it will be seen, is the masque given by Shakspeare in Henry VIII., but as occurring at York House, and with some difference of circumstance. A brief extract, from an entertainment given to the French ambassadors, will serve to shew more completely the sort of scenes passing here in the palmy days of Wolsey. The King commanding the Cardinal to entertain these

gentlemen, orders were sent out to all of the carriers, purveyors, and other persons to prepare. The cooks wrought both day and night in many curious devices, when was no lack of gold, silver, or any costly thing. The yeomen and grooms of his wardrobes were busied in hanging the chambers with costly hangings, and furnishing the same with beds of silk, and other furniture of the same in every degree. . . . Then wrought joiners, carpenters, painters, and all other artificers needful, that there was nothing wanting to adorn this noble feast. There was carriage and re-carriage of plate, stuff, and other rich implements, so that there was nothing lacking that could be desired or imagined for that purpose. There were also provided two hundred and eighty beds, and all manner of furniture to them.

The Frenchmen were ready before their time, so they were taken to Hanworth, a park of the king's about three miles from Hampton, to hunt till night ; when they were conducted to the palace, and all taken to their several chambers, where they found good fires, and stores of wine to entertain them till supper-time. They supped in the Great Waiting Chamber and Chamber of Presence, which were hung with rich arras, and furnished with tall yeomen and goodly gentlemen, to serve. The tables were set round the chambers, banquetwise, covered. In the Waiting Chamber was a cupboard garnished with white plate ; and four great plates were set with great lights, to give the more brilliancy, and a great fire of wood and coals. In the midst of the Chamber of Presence was placed the high table beneath the cloth of state, with six desks of plate garnished all over with

fine gold. The cupboard was barred about that no man could come very near it, for there were divers pieces of great store of plate to use; besides the plates that hung on the walls to give light, which were of silver gilt, with wax lights.

The trumpets blew, and the guests were conducted to the table; where, says Cavendish, "the service came up in such abundance, both costly and full of devices, with such a pleasant noise of music, that the Frenchmen, as it seemed, were wrapped up in a heavenly paradise."

The Cardinal was not there; but, at the second course, he "came in, booted and spurred, suddenly amongst them; at whose coming there was great joy, every man rising from his place." But my Lord Cardinal made them all be seated, and being in his riding apparel, called for his chair, and sate him down in the midst of the high table, and was there as merry and pleasant as ever I saw him in all my life.

"Presently after came up the second course, which was above a hundred several devices, which were so goodly and costly that I think the Frenchmen never saw the like. But the rarest curiosity of all the rest, they all wondered at (which indeed was worthy of wonder) was a castle and images in the same, like St. Paul's church for the model of it. There were beasts, birds, fowls,—personages most excellently made; some fighting with swords, some with guns, others with cross-bows; some dancing with ladies, some on horseback in complete armour, justling with long and sharp spears, with many more strange devices. Among others, I noted there was a chess-board made of spice-

place, with men of the same, and good proportion. And because the Frenchmen are very expert at that sport, my Lord Cardinal gave that to a French gentleman, commanding that there should be made a good case, to convey the same into his country. Then called my lord for a great bowl of gold, filled with hippocras, and putting off his cap, said, 'I drink a health to the king my sovereign lord, and next unto the king, your master;' and when he had drank a hearty draught, he desired the grand master to pledge him a cup, which cup was worth five hundred marks, and so all the lords in order pledged these great princes. Then went the cup merrily about, so that many Frenchmen were led to their beds. Then went my lord into his privy chamber, making a short supper, or rather a short repast, and then returned again into the presence chamber amongst the Frenchmen, behaving himself in so loving a sort and so familiarly towards them, that they could not sufficiently commend him. And while they were in communication and pastime, all their livery were served to their chambers; every chamber had a basin and ewer of silver, and a great livery-pot, with plenty of wine and sufficient of every thing."

Such were the merry and gorgeous doings at Hampton Court, then in all the glory of its newness, in the days of Wolsey's prosperity. I am afraid the story of Henry VIII. coming to see this splendid palace on its first being built, and saying in a jealous surprise, "My Lord Cardinal, is this a dwelling for a subject?" and the courtly Cardinal replying, "My gracious liege, it is not intended for a subject; it is meant

only for the greatest and most bounteous king in Christendom," is too good to be true; for although Wolsey did give up this favourite palace to his royal master, it was long afterwards, and only on the palpable outbreak of his displeasure, as a most persuasive peace-offering; an offering which, though especially acceptable, failed nevertheless to ensure lasting peace. The sun of the great Cardinal was already in its decline. His fair Protestant enemy was in possession of the king's ear and mind, and he had soon to make his sorrowful exclamation :

Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to rise again!

The story of the ambition and greatness of Wolsey is a splendid and rare story; but what would it have been without

his fall? Had he gone down to the grave in the fulness of his age, and the undiminished strength of his power, it would have been looked upon as a wondrous career of prosperity, and would have excited but little curiosity in posterity; but his fall came, to fix it on the heart of all time. Never were mortal fortunes so complete in their light and shade, in their height and depth, as his. While we are gazing on the authority and the gay pageantries of the long life of the great man, as on the brightness of a summer day that seems as if it would shine on for ever; suddenly the clouds blacken overhead, the lightning flames abroad, the tempest falls, with deluging torrents and a rending thunderbolt, and when it is past—we gaze in silent astonishment on a scene of blackened desolation!

The fall of Wolsey is one of the most complete and perfect things in the history of man. The hold which he had so long on that fierce and lion-like king—that passionate and capricious king—is amazing; but at once it gives way, and down he goes for ever. But, great as he was in his prosperity, so is he great in his ruin. There are those who accuse him of servility and meanness, but they do not well comprehend human nature. Wolsey knew himself, his master, and the world; and Shakespeare, whose own heart was the representative of the universal heart of man, has shewn that he judged justly of Wolsey's spirit in his delineation of him at this crisis. Wolsey knew himself. He knew his own proud ambition, and he knew that his story must for ever stand a brilliant point in the annals of his country; but to give to it an effect that would cover

a multitude of sins, and make him, who had hitherto been a daring adventurer and a despot of no mean degree, an object of lasting commiseration—it was necessary to fall with dignity and die with penitence. He knew his master,—and his favour once gone; his resentment once at the pitch, by the thwarting of his passions; his cupidity once kindled—there was nothing to expect but destruction, certain, and at hand.

Nay, then, farewell!

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness
 And from that full meridian of my glory
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

In the contemplation of Wolsey in his fallen condition, we are so much affected by his humility, his candour, and his sorrow, that we forget his former haughtiness and his crimes. He never accuses his sovereign of injustice; he breaks out in no passion against him—he acknowledges that he was the creature of his favour, and that all he had—rank and fortune—were his to take away, as he had given them. His tears for so great a reverse—for such a stripping down of power and honour—are natural; and his tears and sorrow for his faithful servants open up the noblest place in his heart, and go far to make you love and honour him. We cannot help comparing the cases of Thomas à Becket and his own; and asking what would Wolsey have done, had he stood in the situation of that daring and indomitable churchman. Probably he might have put on the same air of menace and defiance. But here matters

were in a different position : Henry VIII. was not Henry II., nor was the papal power now of the same terrible force in England. Bluff Harry was one that could and would have his will, outrageous or bloody as it might be ; and the spirit of the Reformation was already shaking the tiara to the ground in this country. Under these circumstances, a wise and sagacious man would see that there was nothing for it but to submit,—with sorrow, which must be felt to the core, but with the decency and grave humility of a fallen statesman ; and, in these respects, the conduct of Wolsey, throughout the melancholy period of his disgrace, must sensibly affect every generous mind. There is nothing in all history more touching and interesting than his progress northward, at the king's command, to retire to his diocese. If any act of his, after his fall, can bear the construction of servile or unworthy of him, it was that when the king's messenger overtook him on his way to Esher, with a ring and a word of comfort from the king, and he alighted from his mule, and, kneeling in the road, kissed the ring and embraced the messenger, sending back his most heartfelt thanks to his highness,—and his jester, as a present that he knew would be especially welcome. But this was in the very moment of his surprise and agony at the king's displeasure, and when he was full of the bruising sense of his unlooked-for fall. Afterwards, as he progressed from Esher to York, his conduct was such as truly seemed to indicate that the words which Shakspeare puts into his mouth—

I feel my heart new opened,

were those of his genuine feeling. How picturesque and solemn that journey! He went, progressing slowly on his way from stage to stage, riding on his mule in a grave sadness, followed by his troop of faithful servants. Wherever he came, people flocked out to see him, and to ask his blessing; and everywhere he administered to their wants. It was then only that he seemed to be the real Christian bishop. Wherever he abode for any length of time—as at Peterborough, Southwell, and Scroby—he became highly popular with both the gentry and the people, and was long after remembered in those places. His train had something still even of his ancient pomp, for it consisted of one hundred and sixty persons, with twelve carts loaded with goods, and others for the carriage of articles of daily use. He kept the holidays in the most solemn manner, on Palm Sunday going in procession with the monks, and bearing his palm with as much humility as the lowest of the company. On Maunday Thursday he washed and kissed the feet of fifty poor people; gave each twelve pence; three ells of good canvass, for shirts; a pair of shoes; and a cask of red herrings. On Easter-day he went in procession in his cardinal vestments, and sung mass himself solemnly; giving his benediction and “cleane remission to all the hearers.” He used all his ability wherever he came to reconcile the differences of the gentry, and to comfort and nourish the poor. Arriving on a wide waste near Ferrybridge, he found upwards of five hundred children assembled round a great stone cross, seeking his blessing and confirmation at his hands. He alighted immedi-

ately, and confirmed them all before he would leave the place,* so that he did not arrive at Cawood, his destination, until a late hour.

However much of policy there may have been in this conduct of the fallen prelate and prime minister, as we cannot doubt there was considerable, yet it would be more than uncharitable, it would be false to human nature, not to give him credit for feeling deeply the vanity of his past career, and for discovering thus in the last hour, in what the true glory and blessing of humanity really lie. In such a belief, how beautiful and noble are the sentiments which Shakspeare makes him utter, in taking leave of his faithful secretary Cromwell :—

Let's dry our tears; and thus far bear me, Cromwell;
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A safe and sure one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself least; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty:
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues; be just and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

* See Vignette on Title-page.

It would have been out of nature, on entering Hampton Court, not to pause and contemplate for a while the singular story and fate of the great man who raised it. These ancient towers and courts are full of the memory of that strange fortune, and will be for many a generation yet; and now that the great mass of the people is at once admitted to education and to this place, the history of Wolsey—at one time said to be a butcher's son, at another stretching his lordly hand over this realm, making foreign princes tremble at it, and reaching it out even to the papal tiara, and then again a poor and sinking suppliant, exclaiming—

O father abbot,

An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

will be more widely known and wondered at. But many have been the sad and singular passages which have occurred to royal and ambitious heads in these chambers since then. We must, however, pass more fleetly over them than over those of the great original builder.

Henry VIII. used to keep his court here frequently in great state, and here he used to celebrate Christmas in all its ancient festivity. Here he lost his third wife, Jane Seymour, a few days after the birth of his son Edward VI., and felt or affected much grief on that account, perhaps because he had not had the pleasure of cutting off her head. Here he married his sixth wife, Lady Catherine Parr, widow of Neville, Lord Latimer, and

sister of the Marquis of Northampton. This lady, who had the hardihood to marry this royal Bluebeard, after he had divorced two wives and chopped off the heads of two others, narrowly escaped the fate she so rashly hazarded. The very warrant for her committal to the Tower, whence she was only to be brought forth to be burnt at the stake for heresy, was signed, and on the point of execution, when she accidentally became aware of it, and managed to soothe the ferocious tyrant by the most artful submission to his conceit of his theological learning, and by rubbing his ulcerated leg.

Here, as we have said, Edward VI. was born; and three days after, he was baptized in the king's chapel in the palace in great state—Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Norfolk, being godfathers. Hampton Court was appropriated by the guardians of Edward as his residence, and he was residing here when the council rose against the authority of the Protector Somerset, and was removed by him hence to Windsor Castle, lest the council should obtain possession of his person. Here bloody Mary, and her husband Philip of Spain, passed their honeymoon in great retirement; and here,—when they were desirous of effacing from the mind of their sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the recollection of her imprisonment at Woodstock, and the vain attempts of their arch-rascal priest Stephen Gardiner, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester, to coerce her into popery, or to convict her of heresy, and probably bring her to the flaming stake,—they invited her to spend some time with them, and set on foot banquets, masqueings, and all sorts of

revelries. Here they kept Christmas with her as royally as their father Harry VIII. had kept it in his day; Elizabeth being seated at the royal table with their majesties, next the cloth of state, and, at the removal of the dishes, served with a perfumed napkin and plate of confections by the Lord Paget. Here, too, during her stay, they gave a grand tournament, wherein two hundred spears were broken by the contending knights. Here Elizabeth also, when she was become the potent queen instead of the jealously-watched sister, continued occasionally to assemble her brilliant court, and to hold merry Christmas, as Mary, Edward, and her father had done before. Here also the especial festivals of the Christmases of 1572 and 1593 were kept by her.

Here James I., notwithstanding his being accustomed to the mountain scenery of Scotland, was often to be found, loving as well its level richness of scenery as he could have done the more magnificent landscapes of Stirling or Holyrood. He had a particular liking to this palace. It was here that, in the early part of his reign, 1604, he summoned his famous conference of bishops and Puritan leaders, to confer on the settlement of religion—or rather for this British Solomon to have an opportunity of shewing his learning and powers of disputation. The conference, as all the world knows, ended as might be expected before such a man. “He talked much Latin,” says Sir John Harrington, who was present, “and disputed much with Dr. Reynolds; telling the petitioners that they wanted to strip Christ again; and bade them get away with their snivelling.”

When they asked for the renewal of liberty to hold those of their meetings called prophesyings, he burst out into a virulent rage,—saying—“Ay, is it that ye would be at? If you aim at a Scotch Presbytery, let me tell you, it agrees as well with monarchy as God and the Devil. Then shall Jack and Tom and Will and Dick meet, and censure me and my council. Therefore I reiterate my former speech: *Le roi s'avisera*. Stay, I pray you, for one seven years before you demand, and then, if you find me grow pury and fat, I may perchance hearken to you, for that government will keep me in health, and find me work enough.” The end of it was, that he cried out—“*No Bishop, no King!*” To which the bishop replied, that “surely his majesty spoke by the immediate inspiration of God.” And thereon James declared to the Puritans, that if they did not speedily conform themselves, “he would harrie them out of the kingdom, or worse.” Such is the certain consequence of disputing with royal heads; and on the heels of this, instead of the Puritans retaining even their old freedom, a fierce proclamation was issued, commanding immediate and general conformity.

In 1606, the king and queen gave here a splendid entertainment to Francis, Prince of Vaudemois, son of the Duke of Lorraine, and to a large company of noblemen and gentlemen, keeping up the feasting and festivities for a fortnight. Here also died the queen of James, Anne of Denmark, in 1618.

The unfortunate Charles I. resided at Hampton in his happiest and most melancholy days. Like Mary and Philip, he and his queen Henrietta came hither to spend the honey-

moon; the plague having obliged them to leave London,—and here they remained till it was passed. Nineteen years afterwards Charles and Henrietta again retreated hither under more menacing circumstances. A worse plague had broken out—the pestilence of civil dissension. Charles, by his high notions of prerogative, had brought his subjects to the verge of rebellion. His arbitrary assumptions of ecclesiastical supremacy; his attempts to force on Scotland episcopacy; his seizure of ship-money; his violation of the privileges of parliament by personally attempting to arrest five of its members in their places in the house; these, and similar demonstrations of despotic will, had roused the kingdom, and especially the capital against him. He was obliged to flee hither from the presence of the infuriated people, who surrounded Whitehall; and not the common people only, but the city militia, with Major-General Shipton at their head, conducting the accused members to the house with a triumph of armed boats, and other vessels carrying cannon, while the crowds, investing Whitehall both by land and water, cried amain—“What has become of the king and his cavaliers? and whither are they fled?”

No language can more forcibly answer the fierce popular query than that of the historian Hume. “The king, apprehensive of danger from the enraged multitude, had retired to Hampton Court: deserted by all the world, and overwhelmed with grief, shame, and remorse for the fatal measures into which he had been hurried. His distressed situation he could no longer ascribe to the rigours of destiny, or the malignity of

enemies: his own precipitancy and indiscretion must bear the blame of whatever disasters should henceforth befall him. The most faithful of his adherents, between sorrow and indignation were confounded with reflections on what had happened, and what was likely to follow. Seeing every prospect blasted, faction triumphant, the discontented populace inflamed to a degree of fury, they utterly despaired of success in a cause to whose ruin friends and enemies seemed equally to transpire."

Such was the wretched condition of royalty in Hampton Court at that moment. The queen, despairing of safety, fled to France, and Charles was quickly enveloped in the very heart of that tempest which was now blackening to its discharge. Years of civil wrath left this once gay palace a place of solitude and desolation; and when Charles again became its inhabitant, it was in still more lamentable condition. He was the thrall of his triumphant subjects; sold by the army of Scotland to the army of England; the mere phantom of a monarch, awaiting in the midst of the sorrowful remnant of a once brilliant court, whose noblest ornaments had fallen on many a battle-plain in his cause, or were arrayed against him, or had fled for safety to other countries, the determination of his enemies. His queen was not with him—he had seen her for the last time—and, escaping from this sad mockery of a court, to seek one more chance for life—he bade his last adieu to Hampton, and soon arrived—at the scaffold.

The next scene in the great political drama presented here was to find Oliver Cromwell, the destroyer of the monarchy and

the betrayer of the republic, in possession of it. Cromwell, one of the ablest men and the most precious hypocrites who ever covered ambitious designs beneath the double cloak of liberty and religion, was now lord of Hampton Court, Windsor, and Whitehall. It was in such places that the man, who professed that he had been called by the Lord to pull down monarchy, with all its vanities, follies, and crimes, and to set up liberty in its purity, and religion in its simplicity and power — now held his court in state, as regal as any monarch. It was in this palace that he married his daughter Elizabeth to Lord Falconberg; giving another to Lord Rich, the grandson and heir of the Earl of Warwick, thus allying his line with the nobility of the country; and it was here that he lost his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, who on her dying bed called on him to retrace his path filled with blood and perfidy, with a heart earnestly in quest of repentance. Her words stuck fast in his conscience, and left him full of horror and dismay. Melancholy as was the condition of Charles, as his last steps wandered through the saloon of this palace, it was nothing to that of Cromwell. Without, the hands of assassins threatened him — within, conscience, in the voice of his own favourite child, perpetually pursued him. All peace of mind had perished. He was haunted by the fiends of guilty ambition; by the sense of political insecurity; by the feeling that he had no real friend: and that, while the weight of those national affairs which he had piled on his own shoulders was ready to crush him, his foes and disappointed rivals in legions were watching to add their weight to that, and to trample with

exultation on his grave. He felt himself not merely the destroyer of a monarch, but the traitor of liberty ; and if ever there was a spectacle to angels and to men, it was Cromwell in his last days, wandering from palace to palace—wasting away, in the fever of the mind and the breaking down of the body—and haunted with those terrors of death, that he had never felt amid the smoke and thunders of a score of battles.

It was at this period that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, coming to Hampton Court to beg him to put a stop to religious persecution, met him riding in the park,



CROMWELL AND FOX MEETING.

and in his own expressive language as he drew near him, said he “felt a waft of death to go forth from him ;” and coming up to him, beheld him with astonishment, looking already like a dead man. George had been accustomed to have interviews with Cromwell, who used to express great pleasure in his

society, and would say, "Come again, George, come often, for I feel that if thou and I were oftener together we should be nearer to each other." He now desired George to come to the palace the next day; but George looked on him already as a dead man; and on going to the palace-gate found him too ill to be seen by any one, and in a few days he died.

If the two last scenes here were strange, the next was much stranger. Cromwell's power was gone like a dream—the republic had vanished, monarchy was restored; and here was Charles, the exile, the son of the melancholy monarch, revelling in the midst of the gayest and most profligate court that ever insulted the spirit and the decorum of a too compliant nation. Here was the man that learned no wisdom from adversity, nor feeling from the sufferings of his father's friends, nor decency from respect to the sober habits of those who had recalled him voluntarily to the throne of his ancestors. Here he came, with all the heartless foppery and rampant licentiousness of the French court pouring like a pestilence in at his heels. Here were his picked friends, Buckingham, Rochester, Grammont, Jermyn; his bigoted but sensual brother James; with their creatures, Chiffinch and Brounker,—their shameless mistresses wearing the titles and coronets of some of the noblest houses of England. The palace was turned into a brothel, and the astonished nation rewarded for its recal of the Stuarts, by seeing its ancient sobriety laughed to scorn, and its morals corrupted by royal authority.

It was in this very palace that Charles introduced to his

young queen, a stranger in this country, his notorious mistress Lady Castlemaine, and compelled his insulted and revolting wife to except her as a lady of the bed-chamber. But we will not follow further this disgusting history: Charles fell, the victim of his excesses, and James was driven out of the realm by his indignant subjects. William and Mary came in, and added greatly to this palace, making it their favourite abode. The subsequent monarchs, down to George II., occasionally resided here, and their state beds and other vestiges of them yet remain. Their reigns, however, do not furnish passages occurring here, of so striking a character as those we have referred to; and we will now pass from the history of the palace, to its present appearance, and condition.

There are two entrances to Hampton Court Palace—one by the gates opposite to the gates of Bushy Park, leading to the front of William III., and the other by the gates facing Hampton Green, leading to Wolsey's courts. We will take the former first, in order to survey the gardens and extensive grounds as left by William, and then pass to Wolsey's portion, and the picture galleries, by Wolsey's gate.

It is well known that Bushy Park was intended by Wolsey to form part of his park of Hampton Court, but the public road passing between Bushy Park and Hampton Court, the public were so much opposed to its being taken away and made more circuitous, that even Wolsey in the plenitude of his power and royal favour did not find it practicable or prudent to insist on removing it; and thus Bushy and Hampton Court Parks have

continued separate to this day. Bushy is laid out with a fine sheet of water, having in its centre a bronze statue of Diana, and thence called the Diana Water, and with splendid rows of horse-chestnut trees, on each side of the public road, which runs through it to Teddington and Twickenham. In it also is the house in which William IV. passed thirty-six years of his life, and where his widow, the queen dowager, yet resides. It is a very pleasant drive through this park; especially when the chestnuts are in full blossom, or in autumn, when the nuts are falling amongst the discoloured leaves, and the deer are eagerly running to feed on them. The beauty of these trees is great; their fine massy piles of foliage, their wide and low-sweeping boughs, and the length of the avenues,—being no less than nine of them running parallel for upwards of a mile. The centre avenue, which is used as the public road, is of a noble width, and the gates at each end every day stand open, so that you are surprised that the deer do not all run out. On the contrary, they are so trained that such an occurrence as the attempt of any one to pass out is very rare, and such a vagrant is always shot, to put a stop to its evil example. The herd will come up close to the road side as a stage-coach is driving past, and graze within a few yards of it without the slightest notice of it.

But leaving Bushy Park behind us, and entering the gates of Hampton Court opposite, we are agreeably struck with the aspect of the palace gardens. They are on a perfect flat, and though laid out in the Dutch style, you are inclined to

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think that no style could have suited the situation better. The great terrace-walk, which leads past William III.'s front of the palace, stretches on in a straight line before you to the banks of the Thames, along which it is continued, veering away to the left between the river and the park, as far as opposite to the village of Thames Ditton, the whole length of the walk being half a mile.* On your right, behind a high wall, lies that part of the grounds called the Wilderness, which is full of walks overshadowed with trees of the loftiest and noblest growth, and in which, near the gates, is the celebrated Maze—a labyrinth, formed by pleached hedges of hornbeam. This sort of plaything was a great favourite with our ancestors;† and if we are to judge by the number of people who throng to “thread the maze,” and by the laughter and merry voices which you always find here, is no less agreeable to our cotemporaries. There is a seat, elevated on an ascent of several steps close by, for the person who shews the Maze to mount, and so direct the progress of those within, where those who prefer to see others walk the labyrinth, rather than do it themselves, may have that satisfaction at their ease; and will, no doubt, come

* The whole length of the walks in the gardens is calculated to be three miles, and the palace itself to occupy eight acres.

† It is very probable that the shepherds were the earliest introducers of the Maze into England, perhaps assisted by some classical monk, who had read of the Dædalean labyrinth, for, on many of our downs, forests, and chases, they were found cut in the turf. Such a one is yet to be seen at St. Anne's Well, near Nottingham, still called “The Shepherd's Race,” and another on St. Catherine's Hill, near Winchester. They were afterwards, as knots or mazes, introduced into gardens.

away convinced, as we are, that more pleasure is conferred by this simple piece of mechanism, on the multitude, than by all the paintings and antiquities in the palace.

But, leaving the Wilderness on our right, we soon pass the old tennis-court, said to be the finest in Europe, and still used for that amusement, and find ourselves in front of the palace. This is of a Grecian character; and here you find the pleasure-grounds swelling out into the half of a circle, divided by three broad walks, diverging as three radii from the centre, where you stand, at the gate of the palace. The sections between these walks are large lawns of the most neatly trimmed turf, surrounded by flower-borders and rows of evergreen trees,—a variegated holly, and a yew alternating. The effect of the different coloured verdure of these trees is excellent, and the rich masses of flowers around them, in the borders and in detached beds, contrast admirably. These flowers are the most splendid that each season can shew; and I noticed a richness of beauty produced by our own simple cowslips and oxlips, in the spring, which was far greater than I could have believed them capable of, and which I would recommend to the imitation of those who are fond of a garden. It was effected by planting the oxlips and the red and the yellow cowslips in beds of a considerable size, so mixed and alternated as to give a mosaic surface of the richest colouring.

A breadth of lawn also forms the outer boundary of these sections, and on it, beneath the evergreen trees, are placed seats for the convenience of tired strollers, and loungers who

don't wish to be tired. The walks are rolled to the most agreeable smoothness; and in the centre of the garden is an ample fountain, in the circular basin of which is a famous shoal of gold and silver fish, who receive the crumbs and admiration of all visiters. It was probably this fountain which, before the recasting of the gardens, was adorned with figures of syrens, and other statues by Fanelli. The garden is bounded by the park, which extends along the banks of the Thames as far as Kingston, and the lines of the three diverging walks are continued along the park by three noble avenues of lime trees; the avenue to the left terminated by the view of Kingston church, and the area of the centre one occupied by a canal of nearly three quarters' of a mile in length. These avenues are now in the pride of their growth, and with their long vistas, their noble piles of verdant foliage and wide-stretching amplitude of lower branches, are magnificent objects, and add greatly to the stately and delightful aspect of the whole scene. The water which supplies the palace and gardens, though they are situated on the very margin of the Thames, is conveyed partly by pipes from the heights of Combe Warren, three miles from Hampton, passing through the Thames, and partly by a branch of the river Colne, cut, by Wolsey, ten miles for this purpose. The water is said to be particularly fine.

At the south-eastern corner of this front a door leads you into what is called Queen Mary's Garden; that is, a garden laid out by William and Mary, by whom this part of the palace was built. This is exceedingly pleasant. It is overlooked from the

south windows of the palace, and by green terraces at each side. The centre forms a sort of valley between these terraces, planted, like the outer garden, with fine variegated hollies and yews alternating, with flower borders, fountains seen playing sweetly near the lower end; and on the south-west terrace, a fine old pleached walk of elm, called Queen Mary's Walk, the trees seeming to have grown into one solid green arch. Orange trees are ranged in front of the palace, where are, in the lower story, greenhouses to receive them in winter. Some of these trees are said to be as old as the reign of William. In an inner garden is the greenhouse, containing the celebrated vine, described as the largest in the world. It is one hundred and ten feet long, has often from two to three thousand bunches of grapes upon it, said to weigh about fourteen hundred weight. These are regularly sent to the queen's table.

The entrance to the portion of the palace built by Wolsey is by a sort of outer court of great extent, the gates of which have their pillars surmounted by a large lion and unicorn as supporters of the crown royal, and each of the side gates by a military trophy. Along the left side of the area are barracks and such offices; the greater part of the right side is open towards the river, and there stand nine as lofty and noble elms, in a row, as perhaps any part of England can match. Two gateways are before you; the one to the left leading to the kitchen-court, the centre one to the first quadrangle. This chief gateway has been restored, in excellent keeping with the old building, and has a noble aspect as you approach it, being

flanked with octagon towers, pierced with a fine pointed arch, over which are cut, in rich relief, the royal arms, and above them projects a large and handsome bay-window, framed of stone.

You now enter by a Gothic archway the first of the courts of Wolsey remaining. These two are said to have been the meanest then in the palace. There were originally five; the three finest of which were pulled down to make way for William III.'s great square mass of brick-work. The writers who saw it in its glory, describe it in entirety as the most splendid palace in Europe. Grotius says, "other palaces are residences of kings, but this is of the gods." Hentzner, who saw it in Elizabeth's time, speaks of it with astonishment, and says, "the rooms being very numerous, are adorned with tapestry of gold, silver, and velvet, in some of which were woven history pieces; in others Turkish and Armenian dresses; all extremely natural. In one chamber are several excessively rich tapestries, which are hung up when the queen gives audience to foreign ambassadors. All the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver. Here is likewise a certain cabinet called Paradise, where, besides that every thing glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels, as to dazzle one's eyes, there is a musical instrument made all of glass except the strings."

It was indeed a Dutch taste which levelled all these stately buildings to the ground, to erect the great square mass which replaced them. A glorious view, if old drawings are to be believed, must all that vast and picturesque variety of towers,

battlements, tall mullioned windows, cupolas and pinnacles, have made, as they stood under the clear heaven glittering in the sun. Those two courts which remain are said to have consisted only of offices ; and indeed, we see that the first court we enter is, as represented in old drawings, much lower than the next, which did not itself nearly equal the stateliness of the rest. Yet the old dark-red brick walls, with still darker lines of bricks in diamond shapes running along them—the mixture of Gothic archways and square mullioned windows—the battlemented roofs, turrets, and cupolas, and tall twisted and cross-banded chimneys, all are deeply interesting, as belonging to the unquestionable period of Wolsey, belonging altogether to that Tudor or transition style, when castles were fast turning into peaceful mansions, and the beauties of ecclesiastical architecture were called in, to aid in giving ornament where before strength had only been required.

In this first quadrangle, the tall gable of the banqueting-hall, with figures of dogs and griffins pursuing each other down its roof ; a griffin erect, supporting a vane on the summit ; a large window of the perpendicular order ; the octagon towers projecting from the wall of that side of the quadrangle ; the gateway with its Gothic arch, tall bay-window, and armorial escutcheon, and the compartmented roof of the archway itself, are all excellent in their kind. The ceiling in this archway has a large rose in the centre, and in the different compartments, the portcullis, fleur-de-lis, and other symbols of the Tudor arms, with the letters H. K., no doubt intended for

Henry and Ann (Boleyn). On the gateway tower of this and the next quadrangle, are eight out of the twelve heads of Roman emperors sent by Leo X. to Wolsey. The four in the second quadrangle are almost totally decayed, the two in the first court continuing much more perfect. They appear to have been made of some very perishable composition.

The second court is still more striking than the first, having the side of the banqueting-hall on the left, and in the tower under which you enter, an ancient astronomical clock, erected in 1540, and said to be the first of the kind made in England; or rather, we should say, here is the clock-face, the clock itself having been some two years ago, it is said, taken away to be repaired, and not yet brought back. The dial, however, is curious, having, like continental clocks, the twenty-four, instead of the twelve hours marked out upon it, besides sundry adornments of zodiacal signs, and solar and lunar phenomena. But the most remarkable thing in this court is a ponderous Grecian colonnade built by Sir Christopher Wren. The barbarism of such a piece of work in a Gothic building instantly strikes every eye, and even those who are not learned enough to detect the cause, are sensible of the painful effect. That Sir Christopher understood Grecian architecture St. Paul's is an illustrious evidence, otherwise such outrageous blindness to the beauty of our own ecclesiastical architecture would have sent him down to posterity as a man utterly devoid of taste. No two men ever demonstrated so strongly the effect of education as Wren and Inigo Jones. They were taught to regard classical architecture as including

in itself all that is beautiful in nature and in art; and those lovely and inimitable Christian temples in which the human mind has revealed its utmost reach of poetry and sublimity, those fabrics which stand here and there throughout England like glorious dreams of imagination, or like the work of angels and the conceptions of archangels, rather than those of humanity—stones reared into majesty and chiselled into life and aerial lightness—were to them as masses of barbarism, and the grotesque enormities of men in the dark ages. How inconceivable is the blinding and besotting influence even of that classical erudition which should throw over the mind the very sunshine of intellectual grace and perception of the beautiful. But more of this anon. Wren built this monstrous mass in Hampton Court; and Inigo Jones, when employed to design a bishop's throne for the rich choir of Winchester, instead of matching it with the elegance of the whole Gothic carving and architecture of that noble pile, stuck up a Grecian absurdity, which the return of true taste has wisely thrust away again.

Passing through the Queen's Staircase, we come into the court built by William III. This is another violation of all architectural unity, being the Palladian linked in unlawful wedlock with the Gothic; but we need not stop to lament that now. It is in itself a goodly and substantial fabric,—the space between its upper and lower story is decorated with a series of fresco paintings representing the labours of Hercules, but which exposure to the weather has rendered nearly blank, one alone having been refreshed as if to shew what they would

be with similar attention. This court has a fountain in it, probably occupying the position of the one mentioned by Hentzner in the original building.*

It would have been a pleasure to wander through the chapel, the banqueting-hall, Wolsey's withdrawing-room, filled with ancient and most curious tapestries; the kitchen court, with its old detached circular kitchen, of the true antique sort, like some huge dark lantern set upon the ground; and other parts of the building, not thrown open to the public, but to be seen by application to the housekeeper:—but my space warns me that I must hasten through the state apartments, in which a vast treasure of paintings is kept for the public enjoyment; and even there only be able to point to some of the most remarkable subjects. The hall, the chapel, the withdrawing-room, are all splendid specimens of Gothic grandeur, and possess many historic associations. In the hall, Surrey wrote on a pane of glass some of his verses to Geraldine; and there, too, it is said, the play of Henry VIII., exhibiting the fall of Wolsey in the very creation of his former glory, was once acted, Shakspeare himself being one of the performers! But are not all these things to be found in the full histories of this noble old house? Therefore we will ascend the grand staircase, with a thousand eager visiters, on our way to the state-rooms.

The mere catalogue of the contents of these rooms, as sold here for sixpence, contains thirty closely printed pages; judge,

* On our last visit here we were glad to see an artist engaged in restoring the whole.

then, how little more is in my power than to point an admiring finger at some work of pre-eminent beauty as I pass. The whole place is full of paintings, of which many are worthy of all the fame of their great originators; and, if a host of others are of less artistic value, they have all, more or less, an historical one, which makes one glad to find even the worst of them here, and anxiously desirous that we could restore the name, and recal the story of others, that tell plainly that they were of no mean character. We have here specimens of art from the earliest days of its European revival to some of the present century; and the opportunity of studying varieties of style and merit here contrasted, is not the least of the benefits offered to the public.

We now ascend the Grand Staircase, in order to make the circuit of the rooms. This is a noble approach to the state-rooms, and is painted by Verrio, in that gorgeous style which, though the interest diminishes in examination of details, yet as a whole is very gay and splendid. The ceiling and upper portions of the wall are filled with mythological and allegorical groups. The figures in general are too ponderous for their ethereal character and position; yet here and there your eye is caught by some shape of sweetest grace, or countenance of sunny beauty. The lower panels are ornamented with paintings of military trophies, and above them, on your left-hand as you ascend, are the twelve Cæsars; while before you Julian the Apostate is writing in a modern book, and with a modern inkstand before him, and Mercury appearing to encourage him in his labours.

The next is the Guard Chamber, a room of princely dimensions, the walls of which are nearly covered with arms—swords, muskets, daggers, halberts, with drums, bandaliers, and other equipments, sufficient for a thousand men—disposed in a variety of forms, by the same person who arranged the arms in the little armoury in the Tower of London. The remainder of the space is occupied by a large painting of the Battle of Constantine by Julio Romano; the Colosseum, by Canaletti; eight battle pieces, by Rugendas, to which a peculiar character is given by the strong light thrown upon particular figures; six portraits of English admirals, by Bockman; and Queen Elizabeth's Porter by Zuccherò.

We next find ourselves in the First Presence Chamber; the canopy of William III.'s throne being the first thing which meets the eye at entering. Here, as was fitting, you find too the principal figures are those belonging to William's court. Himself landing at Torbay, forms the subject of a very large picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in which he is represented on horseback, in armour, with plenty of allegorical figures about him: his queen, by Wissing, and eight of the principal beauties of his court by Kneller, occupy a large portion of the walls. These ladies are, the Duchess of St. Albans, a granddaughter of Nell Gwynn; the Countess of Essex; Countess of Peterborough; Countess of Ranelagh; Miss Pitt; Duchess of Grafton; Countess of Dorset; and Lady Middleton. They are full-length figures, represented, perhaps, too tall for their present position, and wanting variety of attitude; yet there are

those amongst them who would have been admired even in Charles II.'s court, and whose reputations are much better than if they had been there. Amongst them, Miss Pitt is a lovely young creature of seventeen, with an expression of the greatest sweetness and sincerity of character; the Duchess of Grafton has a handsome and very intelligent countenance; and Lady Middleton and the Countess of Ranelagh claim the title of fine women.

Amongst the other paintings in the apartment which deserve particular attention, are a Saint's Head by Lanfranco, full of strength and expression; a portrait by Titian, a rough keeper-like personage, but with a countenance more like that of a living man than a painting; a Jesuit-like portrait by Giorgione; and by it a portrait of a man shewing a trick, by L. da Vinci; St. Matthew called from the receipt of Custom, by Mabuse, is curious, as exhibiting the style and laborious peculiarities of that old painter. Besides these, are Sir John Lawson, by Lely; a portrait by Pordenone; old woman blowing charcoal, by Holbein; a portrait by Dobson; Pharaoh overthrown, by Jordaens; St. William, by Giorgioni; a man reading, by A. Catalani; a landscape, by Schiavone; Calumny, an allegory, by Zuccherro; portraits, by P. Bordone, Bassano, Tintoretto; and other paintings, by P. Veronese, Gennari, etc.

Amongst the numerous paintings in the Second Presence Chamber, we may single out as curious, a large picture of the Doge of Venice in the Senate-house, by Fialetti, which formerly belonged to Sir Henry Wotton, and represents him sitting with

his hat on at the Doge's right-hand ; the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli, the rival of Benvenuto Cellini, by Correggio ; Mrs. Leman, Vandyke's mistress, by Vandyke, a lovely woman ; a Holy Family by F. Vanni ; Virgin and Child, by Bronzino ; an Italian lady, by Parmegiano, in a most elaborately painted dress ; and the Seasons, by Brughel and Rothenamer, in which all sorts of beasts, birds, and fishes, are brought together in an apparent state of great wonder and excitement. For their excellence we must notice the portrait of a sculptor, by Bassano, which, for strength of natural expression and colouring, would do honour to Titian ; a bandit-like warrior by Giorgione ; the female painter Artemisia Gentileschi, by herself ; a most admirable portrait of Alessandro de Medici, by Titian ; Charles I. on horseback, one of the three well-known equestrian paintings of Charles by Vandyke, the others being at Windsor and Warwick Castles ; Guercino by himself ; the marriage of St. Catherine, by P. Veronese ; St. Francis and the Virgin, by Carlo Maratti ; Peter Oliver the painter, by Hanneman, a countenance of great life ; a Dutch gentleman, by Vander Helst ; and Jacob, with Rachel and Leah. This last is very beautiful ; it is full of the simplicity of the patriarchal age, of the sunny glow of the climate, and the individual characters of the three chief personages. The countenance of Jacob has great beauty, and the freedom and spirit of his attitude are masterly. There are many other paintings by eminent masters ; and over each door Roman ruins, by Rousseau, by whom there are others in other rooms.

In the Audience Chamber, the eye is first arrested by five

very large Scripture pieces by Ricci. Christ in the Rich Man's house; Christ healing the Sick; the Woman taken in Adultery; the Woman of Faith; and the Woman of Samaria. Horace Walpole has pronounced these paintings to be trash; but spite of a good deal of coldness of tone and hardness of colouring, and a want of depth of shade, they possess merit of the highest kind. The heads of the old Pharisees are vigorously and truthfully designed; the grouping is frequently felicitous; and the spirit of the transaction, and the passions and feelings of the spectators, are clearly developed. In the Healing of the Sick, the figures of the benevolent Saviour, and of the Pharisee behind him, are very striking—and in the left-hand corner, the limbs of the sick boy, who is held in the arms of his stooping mother, are most touching in their expression of wasting and feebleness.

We have besides these, admirable portraits of Ignatius Loyola by Titian, of Titian's uncle by Titian, and a Spanish lady by Sebastian del Piombo; a full-length of Elizabeth of Bohemia, by Honthorst; and paintings,—Venus and Cupid by Rubens, after Titian; Venus, a heavy Dutch figure, but the flesh exquisitely painted; two landscapes by Swanefeldt, in which a story is told,—Venus attended by Cupid carrying away a child from a sleeping group, in one piece, and in the other delivering the child to an armed band; a most curious but revolting Resurrection and Judgment, by Heemskirk, in which skeletons and figures, having only half recovered their flesh, are strangely mixed with erect living people; fiends dragging their victims to

the infernal regions ; and Mammon crowned, drawn in his car by imps and monsters. The heads of St. Peter and Judas, by Lanfranco ; a Holy Family, by Correggio ; a Madonna and Child over each door, by Parmegiano ; and one of Mabuse's curious pieces, a Madonna and Child, with St. Andrew and St. Michael, deserve particular attention, the former for their high merit, the last for its singularity.

In the King's Drawing-room, as you enter, your eye is immediately arrested by an immense painting of George III. on horseback at a review, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and officers, by Sir William Beechey. There are two very large pictures also, by Tintoretto—the Muses and the Presentation of Queen Esther ; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, by Gentileschi ; the Offering of the Magi, by Luca Giordano, singular for the bright pink tint with which the flesh, and in particular the faces of the personages in it are flushed. The Cornaro Family by Old Stone, representing four generations, in which the preservation of the family likeness amid the variations of age, youth, childhood, and individuality, is admirably maintained. A Holy Family by Parmegiano ; Christ's Agony in the Garden, and the Angels appearing to the Shepherds, by N. Poussin ; and the curious family of Pordenone by himself, are perhaps the most striking of the lesser paintings.

We now arrive at William III.'s Bed-room, in which the state bed of Queen Charlotte stands, and, with its hangings of flowered needlework, embroidered on a rich white satin ground, executed for the queen by orphan daughters of clergymen, is

extremely beautiful. An old clock is pointed out to you as made by Daniel Quare, to go twelve months without winding up. The ceiling was painted by Verrio, representing Night and Morning : but the great attractions of this room are the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. by Lely and Verelst. The greater part of these celebrated portraits were brought hither from the Gallery of Beauties at Windsor ; but we have not all here, and some of those which are here, are not by the same artists. The Duchess of Somerset here is not the one by Lely, but by Verelst : here are neither the interesting Lady Chesterfield, who was said to have poison given to her by her husband in the wine at the sacrament,* nor Miss Bagot, afterwards Countess of Falmouth. The Duchess of Portsmouth is not the one by Lely from Windsor, but the one by Gascar, which was previously at Hampton Court. Most readers are familiar with the Beauties of Charles II.'s court, from the engravings in Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs of them ; but it must be recollected that several of those portraits are after originals, not from Windsor, but from other galleries, as the Duchess of Tyrconnel and the Duchess of Portsmouth from Althorpe, and the Duchess of Devonshire from Hardwicke. Amongst those which are here, there is great

* So entirely was this story believed in the family, that Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax, the wife of Lord Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's son by his third wife, Lady Elizabeth Dormer, never dined at the table of her father-in-law, Lord Chesterfield, without having her servant out of livery standing behind her chair, who produced from his pocket a bottle of water, a bottle of wine, and a golden cup, out of which alone she was served, plainly intimating to the Earl that she would trust no drink or drinking-vessel from the hand of any one of his establishment.

confusion. It is very singular that ladies who lived so near our own time, and who were so celebrated in their day, should have become as dubious in their identity as some of them were scandalous in their reputation. The Countess of Ossory here by Lely is the same person given by Mrs. Jameson, on the authority of Walpole and Granger, as the Duchess of Somerset: so that we must here have two portraits of the same Duchess of Somerset under different names, or the Duchess of Somerset here by Verelst must be another Duchess, one of three living at or near the same time. The portrait of Nell Gwynn here, though said to be by Lely, is not the one from which the plate in Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs is engraved, said also at that time to be at Windsor. This portrait is unlike every portrait of Nell Gwynn which we have seen, and bears a far more striking resemblance to Mary of Modena, queen of James II.; as any one may see by looking at the two portraits of that queen, one a half-length in the Portrait Gallery, and the other a full-length over the door as you pass out of the Queen's Bed-room.

The lady here styled Lady Whitmore is contended by Mrs. Jameson, again on the authority of Walpole and Granger, and by comparison with a duplicate at Narford in the possession of Mr. Fountaine, to be no other than the Countess of Southesk. In the engraving in the Memoirs the lady has a look of innocence which is very little accordant with her real character; but in the portrait here we may plainly see that the infamous character which the Countess of Southesk acquired could not be so startling and incredible a structure on the promise of that

face, which is lovely without assurance of any good principle. The lady again, here still called Lady Byron, as she always was called at Windsor, is by Mrs. Jameson styled Lady Bellasys. Surely here is enough of confusion and incertitude.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Duchess of Cleveland, the engravings in the Memoirs do not convey the full beauty of the originals; yet such is the power of fame and imagination, that most people are disappointed on first looking on these beauties. Splendid women indeed they are: but if Kneller's portraits want variety of attitude, those of Lely want variety of colouring and complexion. Sir Peter's flesh is in women and children too much alike. It has a delicacy and enamel-like transparency, which is conferred on all. Not one of this series of ladies differs in complexion from the rest. They are all equally fair, equally clear; have all hands and arms of the same faultless uniformity, and nearly all dark hair and jet-black eyebrows. There must be a great want of truthfulness in the painter, unrivalled though he be in elegance and grace, or nature was at that period in a very monotonous humour. Having read also the glowing praises in the Memoirs of the beauty of Lady Byron and the Countess de Grammont, one is surprised to find the one anything but handsome, and the other very affected in her air, and somewhat insipid. The Duchess of Cleveland looks her real character; a woman of uncommon beauty, and of a spirit daring, impetuous and imperious. Lady Denham, Lady Rochester, the Duchess of Richmond, and Mrs. Middleton (here styled Lady Middleton), are extremely beautiful: but there are

no two countenances more interesting than those of Mrs. Nott and Mrs. Lawson. The portrait of the Duchess of Portsmouth by Gascar is vulgar in expression, and destitute of that beauty which Louise de Querouaille must have possessed, and which Lely has conferred on her. Was Lely insensible to the beauty of the female form, exquisitely sensible as he was of the divinity of the female face?—for almost all his full-lengths of ladies have their figure disguised by heaps of loose drapery, so that we have in reality, after all, seldom anything in his paintings of ladies but busts.

The portraits altogether in this room, as they stand in their present nomenclature, are—Anne, Duchess of York; Lady Byron; Princess Mary, as Diana; Queen Catherine; Mrs. Knott; Duchess of Portsmouth; Duchess of Richmond (*La belle Stuart*); Nell Gwynn; Countess of Rochester; Duchess of Somerset; Mrs. Lawson; Countess of Northumberland; Lady Denham; Countess of Sunderland; Countess de Grammont; Duchess of Cleveland; Countess of Ossory; Lady Whitmore.

Having quitted this constellation of beauty, we must now pass hastily on through the three small apartments,—the King's Dressing-room, the King's Writing-closet, and Queen Mary's Closet, which, however, are filled with paintings, many of them of great merit and curiosity; particularly a *Magdalen's head* by Sasso Ferrato; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and family, by Honthorst (curious); Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Guido; Prince Rupert, when a boy (curious); Singing by candle-light, by Honthorst; Duke of Gloucester, a boy, by Lely, in his

favourite style of a young sandaled hunter, with his hunting-pole on his shoulder; an old man's head, by Bassano; and a laughing boy, by F. Hals.

We then enter what is called Her Majesty's Gallery,—a vast room completely filled with historical pieces and portraits, which of themselves would require a volume—and a most interesting volume it would be—to describe them in detail, with all their associations. We can but take the merest glance at the multitude of objects presented to us. What is as conspicuous and curious as anything in the gallery is a series of large paintings said to be by Holbein, representing the exploits of Henry VIII. in France. They are curious, as being so out of the ordinary track of Holbein; they are not less so from their disregard of all perspective; and they are most of all curious as being full of actual portraits of the persons introduced, as well as of the actual general representation of the scenes, these at the time of their execution being familiar to the minds of abundance of the very actors as well as spectators. These are Henry VIII. embarking from Dover; the meeting of Henry and Francis I. on the Field of Cloth of Gold; the meeting of Henry and the Emperor Maximilian; and besides these there are of a similar character, the battle of Pavia, and the battle of Spurs.

This gallery is rich in the works of Holbein,—including several of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, one of Francis I. of France, two of Erasmus, Holbein by himself, and also his father and mother. We have Elizabeth as a child, and as a young girl, by him; to which are added, Elizabeth in middle

age, by Zucchero ; and in old age, said to be the very last portrait taken of her, by Mark Garrard. In none of these do we recognise any of that beauty which her flattering courtiers assured her in speech and song that she possessed ; nor, what is more surprising, do we perceive any striking evidences of that masterly mind which she certainly possessed. The portrait in old age is one of the most melancholy things imaginable ; it represents, in fact, one of the most haggish and bedizened old beldames that can be conceived, and is an astonishing proof of that self-delusion in a strong mind, the effect of the most fulsome court flattery, which could induce her thus to exhibit herself to all posterity in the physical ruin of senility, and the paltry adornment of the most absurd vanity. It is only by looking on this ghastly spectacle, and recollecting the outrageous compliments of Sir Walter Raleigh to this old lady, that we can convince ourselves of the depth to which the adulation of courtiers and the credulity of crowned heads can go.

Here are numbers of portraits of high historic interest of those times, too, by other artists, as Mabuse, Janet, Janssen, L. de Heere, Cornelizs, and Sir A. More. By the latter artist the portrait of a lady, hanging next to one of Mary I. when a child, by Holbein, is most natural, and exquisitely painted. Amongst the portraits of old statesmen we see the Earl of Nottingham, Earl of Leicester, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Nicolas Bacon, Sir Peter Carew, and Sir Henry Guildford. There is a very characteristic portrait of Henry VIII. as a child : and another picture of a stout child in a dove-coloured silk frock,

and with a white feather in its cap, which was formerly labelled as Henry VIII., and can be the childhood of nobody else. The child is there certainly "the father of the man." One of the most admirable pictures in the whole gallery, however, is that of the Jester of Henry VIII., perhaps the very man presented to him by Wolsey in his disgrace. The Jester's face is seen looking through a casement window, and every feature of his face, nay, the very crook of his fore-finger, as it is laid on the lead of the window, laughs, and is alive with merriment. One is surprised, after the unusually hard style of Holbein, to find here such freedom, such softness, and round richness of expression. *

Amongst the multitudinous subjects that catch the eye as you proceed, perhaps the following have the greatest attractions: Lord Darnley, whom one looks at to wonder what Mary Stuart could have seen in his empty plain face to charm her; the Admirable Crichton, worthy of the subject; a portrait of R. Walker the painter, by himself—a most spirited and intellectual head, worthy of a painter or a poet; Cleopatra bitten by the Asp, by Caracci; a Hermit by Slingeland; Youth and Age, by Denner; Venus and Adonis, by Gennari; St. Catherine reading, by Correggio; Moses striking the Rock, by Salvator Rosa; the Marquis del Guasto and Page, by Titian; Nymphs and Satyrs, by N. Poussin; a Saint's head, by G. Dow; Lucretia, by Titian;

* If the Jester is provocative of mirth, so were the remarks of a person who, on one occasion, volunteered his ciceroneship. Pointing to 'Diana and Actæon,' "That," said he, "is Diana *enacting*;" and in this gallery—"Here," he said, "is Henry VIII.," and pointing to the Jester—"there he is in a *gesture*."

a Jewish Rabbi, by Rembrandt; a Dutch lady, by Rembrandt; and a boy paring fruit, by Murillo. Between the windows, and in a light where they are seldom seen, are twelve sunny and ethereal figures of the Grecian deities, by Ricci.

We have still to pass through no less than eight rooms crowded with paintings, many of them by the best masters, before we arrive at the Gallery of the Cartoons, which it is impossible within the limits of this article to notice. The Queen's Bed-chamber, where yet stands the rich state bed of Queen Anne, has its ceiling painted by Sir James Thornhill, representing Aurora rising out of the sea, and its walls adorned by the pencils of Honthorst, Parmegiano, Claude, Guido, Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Titian, and others. The Queen's Drawing-room, with a painted ceiling by Verrio, Queen Anne occupying the centre in the character of Justice, is entirely appropriated to the works of Benjamin West,—full-lengths of the family of his great patron, George III., besides several historical subjects, the finest of which are,—the Oath of Hannibal; Peter denying Christ; the Departure of Regulus; and the Death of General Wolfe.

The Queen's Audience Chamber, besides the state bed of William III., has a multitude of paintings, principally by Kneller, Mytens, Spagnoletto, Schiavone, Holbein, West, Ricci, P. Veronese, Julio Romano, etc. The Public Dining-room contains models of Buckingham Palace, and of palaces intended to have been raised in Richmond Gardens and Hyde Park; the large old water-colour paintings; the Triumphs of Julius Cæsar, and

several good paintings, amongst which Duns Scotus, by Spagnoletto, rivets the attention by its stern severity. We pass through the Queen's Private Chapel; the Private Dining-room; the King's Private Dressing-room, and George II.'s Private Chamber, and enter the Gallery of the Cartoons of Raffaele.

These celebrated and masterly works, it is well known, are seven in number:—namely, the Death of Ananias; Elymas the Sorcerer, struck blind by St. Paul; Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple; the Miraculous Draught of Fishes; Paul and Barnabas at Lystra; Paul Preaching at Athens; Christ's Charge to Peter.

So much has been written about these noble drawings, and so well are their character and subjects known, through abundant comment and by engravings, that I shall confine myself to a few matter-of-fact remarks regarding them. No comment and no engravings can convey an adequate idea of their beauty and sublimity. They must be seen, and not only seen, but studied, and that repeatedly and long, before their whole force and perfection can be felt. The first view of them generally disappoints. In such enthusiastic terms have all been accustomed to hear them spoken of, or written of, that they come prepared to expect an instant burst of splendour of colours and startling magnificence of objects, that do not exist in part, and in part are not at once recognised. The colours, by exposure to damps, to the injuries of ignorant neglect, and the silent action of years, are in a great degree dimmed and faded; so that, coming to them from the rich colouring of oil paintings,

with heated imaginations, and beholding them in the sober light of this gallery, they have even a dingy aspect; and we have frequently witnessed the first disappointed wonder of visitants of taste. But it requires you to fix your eye upon them but for a short period, before they begin to fill you with awe and surprise. You become speedily sensible of their ample size, and the admirable proportions of figure in each splendid group; of the distinctive character of each separate scene, and of each individual in it; of the strong and life-like expression in every form, both of physical power or weakness; and of every passion, sentiment, and feeling, in each different countenance. You feel that the perfection of art has placed before you some of the most marvellous persons and events in the human history in all the truth of nature. These grand assemblages of sainted men momentarily grow on your eye and your mind; they become solemn and sublime visions;—and you soon forget that you are merely gazing upon sheets of paper that were prepared for the weavers of Arras; and seem to be admitted, by the retrospective power of a sacred enthusiasm, to behold the presence of Christ and the deeds and faith of his greatest disciples on the hallowed ground of their occurrence.

The reader knows that these Cartoons were executed by Raffaello during the last two years of his life, when he was thirty-six and thirty-seven years of age, at the command of Pope Leo X., as patterns for tapestry to adorn the papal chapel. They are supposed to have been originally twelve in number, seven of which are here; and four others, Pyne, in his "His-

tory of the Royal Residences," states to be also in this country. The *Vision of Ezekiel* and a *Holy Family*, at Broughton, formerly the seat of the Duke of Montagu; a *Holy Family*, at the seat of the late Duke of Beaufort; and the centre, or principal part of a Cartoon—*The Massacre of the Innocents*, in possession of Mr. Prince Hoare. They are called Cartoons, from being merely on paper. On being delivered to the weavers at Arras, they proceeded to cut them into six or seven slips each, in order to work more readily from them. The assassination of the Pope, as it prevented the tapestries being placed in the chapel for which they were intended, also left them unpaid for, and the Cartoons were detained by the weavers at Arras for the debt. Here they lay for about a century, it is said, in a cellar. They were then purchased for James I. of England, or, as is said by others, for Charles I., at the suggestion of Rubens. Scarcely were they arrived in this country, when our civil commotions threw them into danger. They were sold during the Commonwealth for 300*l.*; but by some means became overlooked, and lay for another century, till discovered at Hampton Court in William III.'s reign. They were afterwards conveyed to Windsor; they have been lent to the Royal Academicians; and after all these changes and perils were restored to Hampton Court by George III., who had them placed in their present frames at a cost of 500*l.* They have been copied by Sir James Thornhill of their full size, and by Charles Jervas and Goupy in small. And various engravings have been made from them, as by Gribelin, Dorigny, Holloway, Fitler, and Burnet.

A short time ago a violent cry was raised in the London journals for the removal of these splendid works of art to the metropolis. It was curious to see some of the most zealous of these journalists menacing them with destruction, both from fire and water. They were represented as perishing from damp in a rotting and neglected old palace; and the palace as in danger of being burnt down. Every one, after this, must be surprised to find the palace a firm and compact brick building, not very liable, either from material or situation, to fire, and remarkably dry, in excellent preservation, and kept in the neatest order. The reasons urged would have been equally good for stripping the palace of the Beauties, and of any other valuable painting. But the zealous advocates for their removal forgot that London has no place fit to receive them, either in point of size or in means of protecting them from the effects of a London atmosphere. Here they are in a pure air, and there is no reason to believe that they have suffered materially since they have been finally deposited in this gallery; and the facility of a railroad has made them nearly as accessible to all persons in the metropolis, as if they were in some part of the great Babel itself; while 32,000 visitors, in one month, prove they offer an additional inducement to a country trip. Were a new gallery built for their reception, it should be much larger than the present one,—in fact, nearly as wide as this is long. In this, we are too near all those hung on the side of the gallery, as by looking on either of those at the ends from the centre of the gallery you instantly perceive. It is only there that you see

them in the full strength of their relief, and comprehend the beauty of the whole group.

Here we must quit the presence of these noblest of the conceptions of the divine Raffaele,—rejoicing, however, that they are now free to our contemplation as the very landscape around them, and that we can, at our pleasure, walk into this fine old palace, linger before these sacred creations at our will, and return to them again and again.

Quitting them, we shall now hastily quit the palace of Hampton Court; for though there is a small room adjoining, containing Cassanova's drawing of Raffaele's celebrated picture of the Transfiguration, and several other interesting paintings; and yet another long Portrait Gallery, filled from end to end with the forms and faces of celebrated persons by celebrated artists, we can but gaze and pass on. And yet who would not delight to have that one room to himself, to haunt day after day, and to ponder over the features and costumes of Locke, Newton, Sheridan, Boyle, Charles XII. of Sweden, Caroline, the Queen of George II., made interesting to all the world by the author of *Waverley*, in the interview of Jeannie Deans? Who would not pass a moment before even the little Geoffrey Hudson, and think of all that diminutive knight's wrath, his duel, and his adventure in the pie? Lord Falkland's fine and characteristic face is a sight worth a long hour's walk on a winter's morning; and the Earl of Surrey, flaming in his scarlet dress, scarlet from head to foot,—who would not stop and pay homage to the memory of his bravery, his poetry, and his

Geraldine? But there are Rosamond Clifford and Jane Shore. Lely had not brought the Graces into England in their day, and therefore, instead of those wondrous beauties which we expect them, we find them—ghosts.

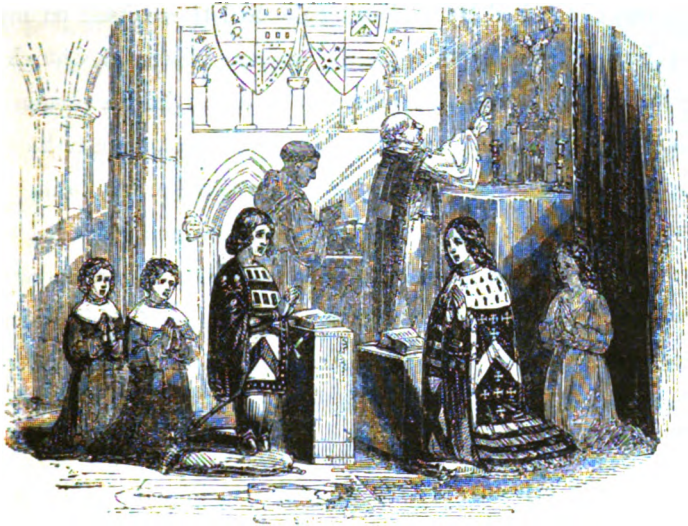
Here, too, is another portrait of Queen Elizabeth, a full-length by Zucchero, where “stout Queen Bess” is not in one of her masculine moods of laconic command—when she looked “every inch a queen”—but in a most melancholy and romantic one indeed. She is clad in a sort of Armenian dress—a loose figured robe, without shape, without sleeves, and trimmed with fur; a sort of high cap, and eastern slippers. She is represented in a wood, with a stag near her; and on a tree are cut, one below the other, after the fashion of the old romances, the following sentences:—*INJUSTI JUSTA QUERELA. — MEA SIC MIHI. — DOLOR EST MEDICINA DOLORI.* And at the foot of the tree, on a scroll, these verses, supposed to be of the royal manufacture:

The restless swallow fits my restlesse mind,
 In still revivinge, still renewinge wrongs;
 Her just complaints of cruelty unkinde
 Are all the musique that my life prolonges.
 With pensive thoughts my weeping stag I crown,
 Whose melancholy teares my cares expresse;
 His teares in sylence, and my sighes unknowne
 Are all the physicke that my harmes redresse.
 My onley hopes was in this goodly tree,
 Which I did plant in love, bring up in care
 But all in vaine, for now to late I see
 The shales be mine, the kernels others are
 My musique may be plaintes, my musique teares,
 If this be all the fruite my love-tree beares.

We step through the door on which Jane Shore's spectral visage is hung; and lo! we are on the Queen's Staircase, and descend once more to the courts of Wolsey. Long as we have lingered in this old palace, we have had but a glimpse of it. Its antiquities, its pleasantness, and its hosts of paintings, cannot be comprehended in a Visit; they require a volume; and a most delicious volume that would be, which should take us leisurely through the whole, giving us the spirit and the history, in a hearty and congenial tone, of its towers and gardens, and all the renowned persons who have figured in its courts, or whose limned shapes now figure on its walls.



WOLSEY'S WELL.



VISIT TO COMPTON-WINYATES,

WARWICKSHIRE

COMPTON-WINYATES is a curious old house belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, and gives the title of Lord Compton to his eldest son. It lies in the range of hills of which Edge-Hill forms a part, and is about four miles from Edge-Hill, and two from the village of Brailes. Perhaps there is no house in the kingdom which is located in a more hidden and out-of-the-world situation. It stands in a deep hollow of this range of hills, surrounded by woods and ponds. It is often called Compton-in-the-Hole, from its singular site; and a man of whom I asked the way to it, said, "You never *seed* a house in sich a hole."

In endeavouring to find it, I passed from Edge-Hill, down

the vale of the Red Horse, leaving the Red Horse itself on my left hand; * passing through the obscure village of Church-Tysoe, and there made inquiries. So little even did the villagers, who were perhaps not more than a mile from it, seem to know it, that one had to go and inquire of another the way to it. I was at last informed that there was a narrow lane which led to it; but that it was so circuitous, I had better take a footpath leading over a hill which was in view, and to keep a mill which stood on its summit to my right. This is the mill of Over-Tysoe, which is laid down in the map of Kinton hundred, in the Coventry edition of Sir William Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, from a survey in 1725; so that the mill, or a mill has stood there for one hundred and fourteen years at least. I went on towards it, but soon found the footpath fade away to nothing, and I therefore ascended to this ancient mill to inquire there. When within a short distance of this mill I observed a stile to my left, and on reaching it beheld, to my great satisfaction, this old house of Compton-Winyates lying down in the solitary and most secluded valley below me.

I know not how to describe the feeling which came over me at the sight of it. There was something so still—so dreamlike—so unlike any ancient hall which I had ever seen, that I stood and gazed on it in a sort of wondering reverie. It seemed as if I had suddenly come upon an enchanted region, or had got

* This is the rude figure of a horse cut in the turf of the hill side, shewing the red marl of the hill, most probably in commemoration of some ancient battle, as the White Horse in the vale of the same name in Berkshire.

a peep at the Castle of Avalon, where King Arthur and Ogeir the Paladin are said still to abide with the fairy Morgana, awaiting the time when they shall return to the realms of France and England to restore them to their ancient chivalrous honour. The words of Bishop Percy's ballad of the Hermit of Warkworth came vividly into my mind :

Behind yon hill so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

Far indeed from the abodes of men did it seem, though I had so recently passed through the village of Tysoe,—but it was far from the stir of the present men of cities and steam-engines. It was not the fashion of these times. There stood, in its perfect calm, that dark-red old mansion, with all its gables, towers, and twisted chimneys; with its one solitary smoke ascending above its roof, and around it neither other habitation nor any visible object or sound of life. Its hills and woods seemed to shut it in to a perpetual loneliness; and the gleam of still waters came dimly here and there through the openings amongst overhanging boughs.

I hastened down into the valley, and plunged into the woody shades. I passed the head of those nearly-hidden ponds, and as I approached the house, its utter solitude became more and more sensibly felt. It was now the moated grange of Tennyson's poetry. You might quite expect to see Mariana watching at one of the windows. The moat was not as most old moats

now are, dry and become a green hollow, but full of water, as if still necessary for defence. As you drew near, a little church revealed itself under the trees on your right hand, while a garden on your left, leading down to the house, retained the style in which it had been first laid out some centuries ago. There was the little footpath by which the family came to church, running along amid evergreens cut into a variety of shapes, not only peacocks and such things, but cut also into such figures as corresponded with the figures of the beds in which they grew, — cubes, rhomboids, triangles of different degrees of acuteness.

To reach the great entrance of the house, it was necessary to hold round some offices to the left, and then I came into the front of the old court. Here a scene of ruin presented itself. The buildings on one side of the court-yard were nearly pulled down; on the other they consisted of a range of stables, coach-houses, etc. in a state of great dilapidation. This front, which is the south, is very venerable. It contains an old projecting gateway leading to the inner court, and various gables, towers, and twisted chimneys. Over the gateway are the royal arms, supported by a griffin and a dog, and surmounted by the crown royal. The spandrel of the porch surrounding the arms in form of a tablet, and the whole of the moulding of the spandrel, are ornamented with quaint animals, as lizards, mice, dogs, etc. In the corners, between the elliptic arch and the spandrel, are emblazoned a portcullis on one side, and castle on the other, with the rose between them and the point of the arch; and, on

each side of the spandrel, in the brick-wall, is again emblazoned in stone, the rose surmounted by the crown. These are indications of that loyalty of the Comptons and of that royal favour of which we shall speak anon.

Passing through this gateway, you find yourself in the square court round which the house is built. The great hall is opposite to you on the right. You are struck with its grand bay-window, with its turreted head, and ornamented frieze. The old hall is lofty, and retains the style and features of the feudal age. In its oaken roof may yet be seen traces of the aperture whence the smoke made its escape from the fire in the centre of the floor. It has its old music-gallery, and the screen beneath it is curiously carved with fine tracery of leaves, amongst which the thistle is conspicuous. In the centre of the screen is a cross-panel, with a rude escutcheon of the ancient arms of the Comptons. The chief bearings are meant to represent a lion passant guardant between three helmets, the present arms of the Northampton family. There is also a battle scene upon this panel, with the most rude and grotesque figures of knights on horseback, fighting, others falling, others lying slain — all sketched with a grace that would match some of the Egyptian tombs, and a perspective that would delight a Chinese. Some of the slain men are tumbling up hill, and others are miraculously lying in the air, as if there were no such thing as specific gravity in the world. One wonders that even the carver could keep any gravity in himself. It is a performance in the very rudest

style of art, and, were not the thistle visible, would be supposed to be very ancient. One might attribute it to some genius of design, who flourished in this secluded region at the time of the erection of the screen, did not our old woodcuts of James I.'s time shew us that the most eminent engravers of the realm then designed exactly in the same style. At all events it is a genuine curiosity; and no doubt is intended to represent some battle with which the family was concerned, if we could but understand it.

The hall, as the whole house indeed is, is stripped of its original furniture and decorations. The dais is gone. The banners which waved in the smoky roof, wave there no longer; and the arms and armour, trophies of hard-fought fields, which were wont to cover the walls, have vanished. One solitary black-jack of capacious dimensions, and a large pair of stag's antlers, alone remained.

I was glad to see in the large bay-window a book lying for the reception of the names of visitors; for even this most retired mansion, by its peculiar style, and traditions belonging to it, has begun to draw the attention of the curious. The book was only introduced during the last summer, yet I found inscribed the names of

Lord Glenelg.	
George Lucy,	} of Charlecoote.
Mrs. Lucy,	
Rev. John Lucy,	
Dr. Buckland, of Oxford.	
Lord Nugent.	

As I proceeded through the house, I became sensible of its

present condition. It is thoroughly stripped of furniture. It has not been inhabited for these ninety years, except the lodge in the gateway, and a portion of the east front, which is the residence of the bailiff. There is not a bench or table, not a picture or piece of tapestry left. The rooms are all empty, excepting one or two, moderately furnished for the use of the Marquis on any temporary visit in the shooting season. Except in these few rooms, the walls are all naked, and what is worse, they appear at the latest period of the occupation of the house to have been papered in the then style. This paper has, in most cases, been stripped off; in some rooms entirely, in others by patches and fragments. In some few instances, perhaps a whole room has escaped the hands that have thus delighted to destroy; but wherever that is the case, the paper is of the most ordinary and course kind, and in vast and rude patterns, as if it were from the very first manufactory, and therefore of the very rudest fashion. Altogether, as may be supposed, the place has a most forlorn air; yet it is by no means a ruin. The roof has been kept in repair, and the ceilings in general are in good condition, and many of them very beautiful; and have evidently been cleaned at a recent period, so as to shew their design and excellence. The ceilings are indeed amongst the most striking features of the place. They are in so superior a style that their quality evidently saved them, when the walls were modernized, from a similar fate, and now present a singular contrast.

We noticed the royal arms and the roses emblazoned on the gateway; and the thistle on the screen in the hall. These

ceilings everywhere display the same emblems, and point to the two great eras of royal favour. The ceilings are of stucco-work. In many of them appear massy escutcheons of the royal arms; in others the portcullis and castle; in others large roses and thistles; and, again, the rose and the thistle united, not merely in one bouquet, but half a thistle and half a rose joined into one strange heraldic flower. The room called Henry VIII.'s room, has various emblazonments of the royal arms in stained glass in the windows.

All these armorial insignia, thistles, roses, and unions of thistle and rose, record the loyalty of the house in the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I., in which the Comptons received distinguished marks of the royal grace.

There are other hints of the history of this house visible in it. There was no one at it who could give any account of it. The young woman who shewed it, said she had not been long there, and knew nothing of it—but added the consoling intelligence that the old woman who had been there thirty years, and knew all about it, was dead. The steward was not at home; and the house, stripped as it was, was obliged to speak for itself. In some respects it were to be wished that it had done it more intelligibly.

In the tower overlooking the outer court there was a trap-door, and the ladder yet remaining below. On inquiring where that ladder led to, my guide told me that the soldiers used to hide themselves down there. What soldiers? That was not in her book. We shall see that anon.

Another indication of what had been going on here during the great political changes of England, was given by the fact that there are two chapels in the house. One is on the ground floor, still retaining on its walls the tables of the Decalogue and Psalms, shewing that it had been used as a Protestant chapel in the later days. But in the roof we came to another chapel, which is called the Popish chapel. This had evidently been constructed as a place of secret worship when Popery was become illegal, and could only be practised in the utmost privacy. It was therefore constructed in the roof by oaken frame-work fitted in between the timber of the roof, and wainscot partitions, leaving behind them a space into which the worshippers, if surprised by their now Protestant masters, could disappear through different doors leading to two private staircases. Nothing could be more expressive of what had been going on here in troublous times, nor could more stimulate one's curiosity as to who were the actors in these affairs; but nothing more was to be learned on the spot. All living knowledge of these persons and transactions had passed away, and almost all living persons too.

In the lower chapel there were, as I observed, signs of Protestant devotion, but there were also signs of Popish worship too of a more ancient date, or at least of that reformed worship of Henry VIII.'s time, which was Popery scarcely a single degree removed. There was an open screen, which formed a sort of division between the outer part of the chapel where the servants and dependents sate, from the inner, which was occupied by the

lord's family solely. Along the top of this screen ran, on each side of the centre division which formed the doorway, a long narrow panel by way of frieze, and upon these panels, on both sides of them, were carved scenes, no doubt intended to be religious, and evidently by the same hand as that which adorned the screen beneath the music-gallery in the hall.

On one panel appears a row of saints or kings, of a solemn stateliness and dignity, most primitively expressed, each holding a huge sword on his shoulder. On the fellow panel appears the Old Gentleman, and a very corpulent old gentleman too, with a stout pair of horns, standing, or sitting in a very standing posture, and either fighting with a great saint or monk, or in the act of being exorcised by him, to decide which, however, would perhaps require us to call up from the dead the genius who designed the piece. Probably, after all, it is intended to depict the contest of St. Michael and the old dragon. Whatever it be, around the saint or archangel appear monster heads, haunting fiends, no doubt attempting to intimidate him, and behind him come riding up troops of people in very primitive, wide, short frocks, or surcoats, mounted on very odd horses, bearing a striking resemblance to large dogs with asses' ears, and behind each person is mounted an imp, looking very alert, and triumphant. Some of these imps have monstrous long ears pricked up, others long ears hanging down to their middle, and others wearing fools' caps.

These two panels are within the inner chapel, and thereby meant for the edification of the lord and his family. On the

back, that is, facing the people, appear two other subjects, still more difficult to decipher. One is probably meant for Christ on his way to the Crucifixion, for he is seen bearing his cross, and angels are crowning him. The other is perhaps the Ascension. There is seen a figure supported by two lower figures upon a cushion, or, perhaps, a cloud, and crowned by what are very likely meant for angels. In the group appears a stag with stupendous horns, at whose business there one cannot help wondering; except that a stag is similarly introduced in some of the old Christmas carols.

These singular carvings, as well as those on the screen of the music-gallery, have, in the course of modern improvements, been all painted white. Perhaps, however, they are not the more indistinct for that, and are curious for their very rudeness of execution. One sees in them what our Catholic ancestors, both gentle and simple, used to puzzle and wonder over, during the rude ages when mysteries and miracle-plays were in vogue, and the scenery and figures for them were got up by artists like him whose handiworks yet flourish here.

Such are the appearances which present themselves to a stranger first going over this singular and solitary old house. Let us now call in the aid of history to throw as much light upon it as we can.

The Comptons were a distinguished family in Warwickshire from a period soon after the Conquest. From the reign of King John to the time of Henry VIII. they continued living here, holding various offices of honour and responsibility under the

crown. One of them accompanied Edward II. in his expedition into Wales. But Sir William Compton of the reign of Henry VIII. was the first to raise the family to a greater degree of honour. He was first page to Henry when he was but a boy; then successively groom and chief gentleman of the bedchamber, and chancellor of Ireland. So greatly did he rise in the good graces of the king, that, says Dugdale, Henry "made him a special grant to himself and his heirs of an honourable augmentation of his arms out of the said king's own royal ensigns and devices, viz. a lion passant guardant Or, and for his crest a demi-dragon erased Gules, within a coronet of gold, upon a Torse Argent and Vert." He was knighted, and led the rear-guard of the king's army at Terouenne, which was principally composed of the retinue of Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester, and Wolsey, then the king's almoner. He joined, in the 16th of Henry VIII., the Marquis of Dorset, to assist the Earl of Surrey in his expedition towards Scotland against the Duke of Albany, and in the following year was appointed *Bursarius Regis*.

It was this Sir William who built the present house. He was royal keeper of the park at Fulbrook, the same which afterwards came into the hands of Sir Thomas Lucy, and where Shakspeare invaded his deer. The castle of Fulbrook, Sir William Compton, by royal permission, pulled down, and with the brick principally constructed this house. There is a tradition that he had the chimneys, which were very curious, removed whole, and conveyed to Compton upon scaffolds framed

for the purpose. They are certainly a set of fine old chimneys of various devices.

“In the chapel within this house,” says Sir William Dugdale, “was a costly window of rare workmanship, the Passion of our Saviour being therein very lively represented; and in the lower part thereof his own portraiture, as also that of his lady, both kneeling, in their surcoats of arms.” Sir William enclosed a park here, and died of the sweating sickness in the 20th of Henry VIII., the king also being very ill of it at the time. In remembrance of the king’s goodness to him, he bequeathed him “a little chest of ivory, whereof the lock was gilt, with a chess bord under the same, and a pair of tables upon it; and all such jewels and treasures as were enclosed therein.” He founded also two chantries at Compton for daily prayers “for the soul of the King, the Queen, and Lady Ann Hastings; as also for the souls of himself, his wife, his ancestors, and all Christian souls.” Notwithstanding which, Wolsey, to whom it does not appear that he had left anything, would not grant a probate of his will till he had fingered one thousand marks. His grandson Henry became Lord Compton in the reign of Elizabeth, and in the 16th of James I. his son William was created Earl of Northampton. The family had now risen to high rank. The Earl was also lieutenant of the county, knight of the garter, and president of the king’s council in the marches of Wales; and it was his fortune to bring by his marriage as much wealth into his house as he had brought honour into it. He wedded Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Sir John Spenser, alderman

of London; and there is that about this notable dame which it will be worth while to look a little more particularly at.

Miss Spenser was the richest heiress of the time. Her father's wealth, supposed to be approaching to a million of money, was enormous even for a lord mayor of London at that day. So great was it, that a scheme had once been set on foot by the pirates of Dunkirk to carry him off, in order to extort a famous ransom. When Lord Compton came to a sudden and full discovery of the wealth which Sir John had left, it so overcame him that he became unsettled in his intellects for a considerable period. His lady, who seems to have been a woman of great spirit, and by no means foolishly unconscious of the magnificence of her dowry, and the consequence it justly conferred upon her, took the most likely means to recal his scattered senses. She addressed to him a letter, suggesting to him the mode of disposing of his affairs, which she concluded thus on her own behalf.

“My sweet life, Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2600*l.* quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.* quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow: none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would

have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, or otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen; one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses, for me and my women, and I will have such carriages as be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, that it is undecent for me to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good

ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.*, and so, you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels; and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby-house and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord-chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you. . . .

“So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me 2000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance.”*

Surely nothing could act as a more perfect sedative to the excited mind of the astonished nobleman than this admirable letter. Nothing could be more calculated to reduce him to soberness of thought. It shewed him that if his wife's fortune was magnificent, she had a right magnificent mind and notion of

* Harleian MSS.

spending it. There is something irresistably pleasant in her "I must and will." Her 2600*l.* to be paid quarterly, and 600*l.* quarterly for charities; and 6000*l.* for jewels, and 4000*l.* for a pearl chain; and 2000*l.* and 200*l.* to furnish her purse with at starting; and all her very excellent gowns; and gentlewomen, and gentlemen, and caroches and couches, and saddle horses, and all her houses richly furnished; and all her debts paid, and all her servants' wages into the bargain; "and so you to defray all charges for me:" and then when he became an earl, 2000*l.* more and double attendance! No wonder that his lordship recovered his senses; for there was a most comfortable prospect of expenditure chalked out for him. And the warning not to lend any money to my lord-chamberlain—how good it is. O! she was a right stately, gorgeous, and goodly dame, worthy to be the daughter of the lord mayor of London, and first Countess of Northampton of that line! Who does not see her coming in her velvet-lined coach, with her gentleman-usher riding by her coach-door; and her waiting-gentlewomen in their coach lined with cloth and gold lace, or scarlet and silver lace; and all her cavalcade of attendants on horseback, and her led horses that "nobody shall lend but me, and nobody borrow but you;" and all her chambermaids and laundresses gone before with the stores of household linen, and her "very excellent good gowns" in their separate packages and carriages;—"orderly, not pestering my things with my women's things, nor theirs with the wash-maids." What a stir would be created in these quiet villages as the great Countess passed through—what an idea must the

villagers have had of a lord mayor of London's daughter. And what a clatter, and a racket, and a bustle, must there have been about this now silent old mansion when the great lady and her company swept into the court. Who does not see her ascend the easy oaken stairs, with a stately grace, to see whether her women have made the chambers all "ready, sweet, and clean."

She was clearly a grand and prudent dame, fit to have a princely fortune; many houses; to travel from one to another in becoming state; and to see at once the poor made glad out of her noble reservation for them, and that his lordship built up his decayed houses, paid his debts, and purchased more land. I could not walk about the now deserted chambers without thinking with what a noble presence she once presided, and how indignant she would feel, could she behold them now; deserted and forlorn.

The name of this splendid lady is retained in that of the present worthy and enlightened Marquis, who is Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton; and who married Margaret Clephane, the friend of Sir Walter Scott.

The son of this first Earl of Northampton and of this great heiress was Spencer Compton, commonly called the loyal Earl of Northampton, for his attachment to the cause of Charles I., and his active support of his interest in that country in opposition to Lord Broke, who exerted himself strenuously for the Parliament. The loyalty of the Earl was the more conspicuous, from the general disaffection to the king which prevailed throughout that part of the country, and to such a degree that the smiths

used to hide themselves that they might not be compelled to shoe the horses of the royalists. The Earl was killed in the battle of Hopton Heath, and five years afterwards his house at Compton-Winyates was garrisoned by the Parliament army.

We have thus sufficient facts to explain most of the appearances which struck us in going through the house. The roses and thistles, the crowns and royal arms, point to the favours of Henry VIII. and James I. Henry is said to have slept in the room, when he visited Sir William Compton here, which is still called Henry VIII.'s room, and has his arms emblazoned in the window. James elevated the family to an earldom, and the thistle still proclaims the grateful story. The second earl died in battle for James's son, and his house became the garrison of his enemies. During the five years between the earl's death and that event, how many skirmishes and alarms about this old house might suggest the trap-door and the ladder; or the Parliament troops might lodge in that extensive roof, or keep their stores there. This is certain, that they demolished the "costly window of rare workmanship" in the chapel, with the "very lively representation of the Passion of our Saviour," and the portraits of Sir William and his lady kneeling, in their surcoats of arms. They also destroyed the church just by. "As for the fabric thereof," says Sir William, "it is now totally reduced to rubbish, having been demolished in an. 1646, when Compton-House was garrisoned by the Parliament forces: the monuments therein, of Sir William Compton and his lady, with that of Henry Lord Compton, their grandson, which were very beautiful and stately, being

then utterly razed and knocked in pieces; so that instead of them, which I was not so happy as to take notice of while they stood, I shall here, to the memory of that worthy person (Sir William Compton) and honour of the family, insert the portraits of himself, his lady, and children, as they still remain, (having been set up in his time) in the Chapell of Baliol College in Oxford."

The church was rebuilt at the Restoration, and contains some monuments of the family since.

One only circumstance, which is mysterious, is the existence of the Popish chapel in the roof. The family was always so loyal and so Protestant, that the existence of such a place in the house is no little curious. Henry Compton, the youngest of the six sons left by the loyal Earl, became bishop of London, and so distinguished himself as the opponent of all schemes for the restoration of Popery that James II. suspended him; and only restored him on the approach of the Prince of Orange. This prelate was active in effecting the Revolution, and settling the government of King William.

The present Marquis, struck with these facts, is inclined to doubt whether this ever was a Popish chapel at all; yet he confesses that a curiously-carved door, which he removed from a crypt or confessional in it, lately to Ashby Castle, looks suspicious. In fact, the situation—in the roof, the construction, with its private closets and staircases, so exactly on the principle of the secret chapels of the recusants, and the established tradition, all seem to reveal a secret which was no doubt well kept, when it

was of the greatest consequence—that some one of this highly loyal and Protestant family, the lord, or perhaps his lady, was of the ancient faith, and here practised its rites in the profoundest secrecy. And, indeed, rare must have been the instances in which the subtlest skill and contrivance could prevent the fact of recusancy transpiring, when the richest rewards were offered by government to espionage. In Rushworth we find a list of no less than seven-and-thirty knights and baronets, besides the Earl of Rutland, Viscount Dunbar, William Lord Evre, Lord St. John, and Lord Scroop, as well as a long catalogue of esquires, which was presented by the servile parliament of James I. as of persons whom it was desirable to remove from the offices of lords lieutenant, magistrates, etc., as Popish recusants, and of many of these the simple offence was that their wives, and in some instances, even their children, did not go to church! In the third year of Charles I., we find the Commons again congratulating the Crown that it had driven all “the Papists and Jesuits, enemies of church and state, to lurk in dark corners like the sons of darkness;” and this was followed by a proclamation, ordering a levy upon their estates of two-thirds of their value, and for all priests and Jesuits not already banished, to be confined in the castle of Wisbeach.

The eastern part of the house, which we have not yet mentioned, appears to have been the side on which lay the pleasance. The boundaries of its walls are yet visible, and the basin of a fountain, now dry. From the pleasance the hills rise steeply, scattered with trees; and in a glen to the left are

other old ponds, now choked up with mud and weeds, and wild with flags and the black spear-heads of the tall club-rush.

Of the seclusion and desertion of this old "moated grange" some idea may be formed from this fact:—I asked the woman which was the way from the house to Brailes, the next village on my route. She replied, she "really could not well direct me—for *there once had been a road*, but it was *now grown up*; but I must go directly out at the front gate, through the belt of wood opposite, and hold across the common, as well as I could, till I saw the tower of Brailes."

In following these encouraging directions to the best of my ability, I speedily found myself on a wild hilly moorland to the south-west of the house, rough with furze, old ant-hills of a yard in height and width, and bogs full of sedge, that would have delighted the eye of Bewick. But I could discern no trace of a path, either to Brailes or any other Christian village. I looked round in silence, and above me on a hill to the left I beheld an old grey pyramid of stone, which had once boasted a vane on its summit, but now exhibited only its iron rod, ruefully leaning as if to look down after its old companions—the weathercock and initials of the four quarters of the heavens. I ascended to this object, in hope that it was meant to mark the site of a prospect into some inhabited country. I walked round it to discern some inscription, explaining the cause of its erection, or some entrance into it; but there was neither entrance nor inscription. It was as mysterious a grey and ancient pyramid as any one could desire. Though not more

perhaps than a furlong from the house, I turned and saw that the house was already hidden in its deep combe, and shrouded by its wooded hills, and I was sensibly impressed with the utter loneliness and silence of the scene. The caw of a rook, or the plaintive bleat of a sheep on the moor, were the only sounds that reached me; and the only moving objects were the sails of the old mill on the distant hill, and of slowly-progressing plough-teams far off in the heavy fields. I never, in the moors of Scotland or of Cornwall, felt such a brooding sense of a forlorn solitude. I need not have wondered, had I looked, as I have done since, and found in the old maps of the county, this object laid down as Compton-Pike, and the place itself as the World's End!

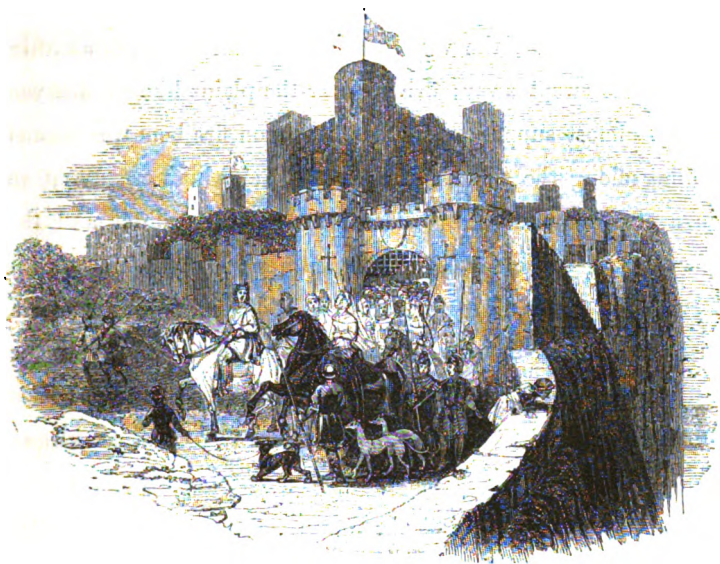
There was nothing for it but to push on in the most probable direction of my route, and fortunately I soon spied—a man! an old man, heavily mounting a stile on the hill-side which led into the fields. I ran up as fast as I could, leaped the stile and called to him. But by this time he had advanced a good way into the next field. I still ran and shouted, but the wind blew towards me—the man was very old, and, doubtless, deaf. He went stalking on, with a tall staff in one hand, and a bag on his back—a figure worth anything to a painter, but a most provoking one to me. Luckily at this moment I descried another man at a distance, actually advancing towards me. I waited his approach, and he soon pointed the direction of my course. Two such men in such a place were really little short of a miracle; and this was as tall, picturesque, and weather-

beaten an old fellow as the other. He was a shepherd, who had been all his life thereabout, but could give no more information respecting the old house than what I had heard before—that it had been stripped of its furniture ninety years ago, and some sent to Ashby Castle, and the rest sold. And what was this done for? “O! elections, sir! elections! *they* did it that have brought the hammer into many a good old house!”

Pondering on the old man's words, I walked over the fields to Brailes, glad that the roof had been kept on the old house, and hopeful, if the wild solitude of its situation did not prevent it, that the rapidly increasing wealth and well-known taste of its present noble owner, may yet cause the refitting of Compton-Winyates, and its restoration to all its ancient state.



COMPTON-WINYATES.



A DAY-DREAM AT TINTAGEL.

DURING the whole time I had been wandering in Cornwall, the weather had been most glorious. Now and then, indeed, the southerly wind brought up from the sea one of those thick fogs that wrap up every thing in a moment, and make some of the dreary scenes of that wild country tenfold more dreary; every object being enlarged, and yet only dimly descried through it, while the close stifling heat of it is intense,—you seem to walk about in a vapour-bath at a high temperature, and your clothes

are as thoroughly saturated with wet as if you had been dipped in the ocean. Now and then this had been the case, but only for a short time; the wind veered to another point, and the whole was swept away; driving over the plains like smoke, you might almost suppose there was a city on fire beneath it; and rolling along the sides of the bare hills and high craggy coasts in a style that might rejoice the eye of the painter and the poet. It had been fine, but this morning seemed to rise, as if it would outshine all its forerunners. The sun ascended into a sky of cloudless and soul-inspiring azure; a western breeze came with that fluttering freshness which tells you it comes from the ocean; the dew lay in glittering drops on the sides of the green hills on each hand, and the lark was high in heaven overhead, sending forth all the fulness of the heart's rejoicing, which mine endeavoured to express in vain.

I was fast approaching the western coast, and one of those deep wild valleys which, in so many places, run down from the mainland to the sea-shore—gashes cut, as it were by some giant hand in the days of the earth's infancy, to give a speedy access to the ocean, which you might have otherwise sought in vain amongst craggy hills and continuous precipices—now suddenly opened before me, and gave me, at once, sight of the magnificent Atlantic, flashing and rolling in the morning sun, and the lofty promontory and dark mouldering ruins I was in search of. I descended the ravine by its narrow rocky road. The poly-pody and hart's-tongue hung in long luxuriant greenness on the mossy acclivity at my right, the small wild rose blooming

amongst them ; on the left ran, dashing and murmuring, a clear little torrent, soon intercepted by a picturesque old mill stuck in a nook of the hollow below me, whose large overshot-wheel sent the water splashing and spattering down into a rocky basin beneath. I stepped across this little stream, and wound along a path like a sheep-track up the steep side of the lofty hill on which stood the old palace. What a magnificent scene was here ! The ruins of that ancient palace were visible over an extent that gave ample evidence of an abode befitting an old British king ; and their site was one worthy of the great hero of romance, the morning-star of chivalry, and the theme of a thousand minstrel harps, ringing in hall and bower, diffusing love and martial daring in the sound. They occupied the hill on which I stood, and a high-towering and rock-ridged promontory, whose dark tremendous precipices frown awfully over the sea. Arches and flights of steps cut in the native rock remain ; and walls, based on the crags, as they protrude themselves from the ground, some at one elevation and some at another, and inclosing wide areas, which once were royal rooms, but are now carpeted with the softest turf ; where the goat, or the mountain sheep, grazes, or seeks shelter from the noon sun and the ocean wind, and where the children from the mill come up and pursue their solitary sports, build mimic castles with the fallen stones of the dwelling of ancient kings, and inclose paddocks and gardens with rows of them. Some of these stones I put into my knapsack, for I would not disturb a particle which time had yet left in the place where the builder laid it many an

age ago. Other battlemented walls, which constituted the out-works and fortifications, run winding here and there up the steeps, and along the strips of green turf, apparently natural terraces, on the heights of the promontory; and, between the two hills, shew themselves the massy foundations of the bridge which connected that part of the royal castle on the promontory with that on the mainland. This promontory is now called the island, because the mighty Atlantic has nearly succeeded by its perpetual attacks, century after century, with all the force of tides and tempests, in severing it entirely from the mainland. In stormy weather it rushes through the opening with a terrible roar and concussion; and it has, in fact, made such an inroad between the island and the castle hill, as to have formed a large cove, surrounded by stupendous precipices, into which it pours, even at neap-tides, with a glorious rage, and most magnificent sound. It has carried away, in its aggression, half of the castle itself, and has left the other half aloft on the edge of a sheer descent of several hundred feet, awaiting its gradual destruction from the everlasting onset of the waves. The great circular tower—the one where we may suppose the Round Table to have stood, has thus fallen half into the gulf, and has half yet standing, to shew awhile longer, by its lofty walls and ample dimensions, what a noble banqueting-room for one hundred and thirty heroes, and a due proportion of ladies fair, it must have been.

I was standing on the edge of this dizzy height, listening to the solemn roar of the sea, as it rolled its host of waves into the

cove, white as a sea of milk, amongst the square masses of rock scattered over its bottom, and to the cries of the choughs or red-legged crows, that soared and darted about over this wild scene of agitated waters, and amongst the lofty cliffs, with an evident and intense delight, that one well might envy, and uttering, with never-ceasing din, their quaint, croaking cry of, "choo, choo," whence they derive their name. I was listening thus, and letting my eyes wander right and left, where I still beheld only craggy downs, dun precipices, up which the waters were leaping, white as snow, and streaming down again slowly, as if they clung to the rocks in love, in streaks as of molten silver; and the great ocean itself, with its everlasting life of motion and of sound—its breezy heart-strengthening freshness—its far-off sails—and its shoreward cries of many a wild-voiced bird. I was standing thus occupied, when a troop of lads came merrily up the hill. When they saw me, there was a moment's silence. "Well my lads," said I, "don't let me hinder your sport. I know what you are after; you mean to visit the nests of the terns and choughs, if you don't break your necks first." They looked at each other and laughed. "What hill do you call this?"—"Hill, Sir? O! its Tintagel, Sir."—"Tintagel! Well, and what old castle is this, then?"—"Castle, Sir? its King Arthur's castle!"—"King Arthur's castle! and who was King Arthur?" The lads seemed sharp lads enough; they had sparkling eyes, faces full of intelligence; they were lads full of activity and spirit, and yet they looked at one another with a funny kind of wonder. It was a question

they had evidently never had put to them. The fame of King Arthur was a thing supposed to be so perfectly commonplace that nobody ever thought of asking about it; and therefore the boys were unprovided with an answer. They were learned in a far different lore; in the ways and means of coming at the retreats of terns, smews, choughs, and their airy and cliff-haunting fellows. "King Arthur!" at length said one of them, "why we don't know nothing about him, only as he was a king."—"A king! ay, but when could that be? it can't have been of late; they have all been Georges and Williams lately."—"O! Lord bless you, Sir! this castle was built before we were born!" and with that most luminous solution of the difficulty, they scampered off, over crag, ruin, and green slope, down to the ravine, and up the opposite winding track to the top of the island, and soon were out of sight in eager pursuit of their object.

Built before you were born! Ay, sure enough my light-hearted lads, by many a long century, if minstrels and chroniclers say true—thirteen at least—more ages than you have seen years over your heads. And look! every thing around seems to say, that the old minstrels and chroniclers were right. There is an air of antiquity on the very hills themselves; they are high, and bare to the breezes of heaven and the ocean; the rocks protrude from their green sides, grey with the stains of centuries—the ravages which the sea has committed on the land have not been effected in any trivial time—and the venerable walls of Tintagel have every character of an ancient and primi-

tive masonry. They are built of the micaceous slate on which they stand; a grey and sparkling substance, that, if found in blocks, might give a beautiful aspect to a building, but existing in such thin laminæ—many not above a few inches thick—one cannot but equally wonder at the patience with which those old builders piled them up, and at their not resorting to those endless blocks of harder stone that lie scattered over the hills of the neighbourhood. I know not whether Warton ever saw the place, but he gives you a very good idea of it in his ‘Grave of King Arthur:’—

O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
 High the screaming sea-mew soared;
 On Tintagel's topmost tower
 Darksome fell the sleety shower;
 Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 On each tall rampart's thundering side
 The surges of the tumbling tide.

Yes! you may well imagine it to have been a “rough castle” of a very ancient day; and yet you may as readily imagine it too in its first estate—in its majestic situation, with its walls of fresh silvery stone, with all its ample towers and halls, courts and ramparts, offices and gardens—to have stood a stately object of barbaric splendour. I threw myself with these thoughts on the warm green turf, leaning against a great block of stone on the edge of the gulf, and gazed on the strange scene. As the sound of the billows came up from below, and the cliffs stood around in their dark solemn grandeur, I gradually lost sight of the actual place, and was gone into the

very land and times of old romance. The Palace of Tintagel was no longer a ruin; it stood before me in that barbaric splendour I had only before supposed. There it was, in all its amplitude, with all its bastions and battlements, its towers and massy archways, dark, yet glittering in the sun with a metallic lustre. The porter stood by its gate; the warder paced its highest turret, beholding, with watchful glance, sea and land: guards walked to and fro on its great drawbridge, their battle-axes flashing in the morning beams as they turned; pennons were streaming on every tower, and war-steeds were neighing in their stalls. There was a sound and a stir of life. Where I had seen before the bare green turf, I now saw knights jousting for pastime in the tilt-yard: where the sea had rolled, I beheld a fair garden, the very model of that of the King's daughter of Hungarie.

— A garden that was full gay:
 And in the garden, as I ween,
 Was an arbour fair and green;
 And in the arbour was a tree,
 No fairer in the world might be.
 The tree it was of cypress,
 The first tree that Jesus chose.
 The southernwood and sycamore,
 The red rose and the lily-flower;
 The box, the beech, and the laurel-tree,
 The date, also the damysé:
 The filberds hanging to the ground,
 The fig-tree, and the maple round;
 And other trees there many a one,
 The pyany, poplar, and the plane,
 With broad branches all about,
 Within the arbour and without.
 On every branch sate birds three,
 Singing with great melody.

And in this arbour sate a noble dame, with a bevy of high-born
damsels, whom she

taught to sew and mark
All manner of silken work,
Taught them curtesy and thewe,*
Gold and silk for to sew ;

and all nurture and goodly usages of hall and bower. Many a young knight and damsel paced the pleasant garden-walks in high discourse or merriment, and other knights "in alleys cool" were playing at "the bowls."

But the bugle blew ; the great portcullis went up with a jar ; there was a sound of horns, a clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard pavement, a cry of hounds, and forth issued from the castle court the most glorious pageant that the eye could look upon. It was no other than King Arthur, Queen Genevra, and a hundred knights and dames, equipped and mounted for the chase. O ! for some old minstrel to tell us all their names, and place their beauty and bravery all before us ! There they went—those famous warriors of the table round, on their strong steeds ; the fairest dames on earth, on their ambling jennets of Spain, with their mantles of green, and purple, and azure, fluttering in the breeze, and flashing in the sun. There they went—that noble, stalwart, and magnanimous Arthur at their head, wearing his helmet-crown as he was wont in battle : that monarch of mighty fame, but mild and open countenance, who at fifteen had brought all Britain from uproar to peace—expelled the Saxons—con-

* Good manners.

quered Scotland, and afterwards Ireland, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Gothland, and Swethland, and took captive their kings; killed the brave Froll, and the grim giant Dynabus; slew five Paynim monarchs, the Grecian Emperor, and put to flight Lucius the Emperor of Rome, whither he afterwards went himself, and was crowned by all the cardinals. There he rode with King Ban-Booght and King Bos, and the brave and loving friends Sir Gawain and Sir Ywain :

Sir Launcelot, Sir Stephen bold,
They rode with them that day,
And foremost of the company
There rode the steward Kaye.

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratt keen;
Sir Tristram, too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and green.

They had hounds and spears for stag and boar; hawks for the heron, and greyhounds in leashes for the hare. They went on over hill and dale, beneath the bows of the greenwood. Bright was the sun, fair the breeze, sweet the sound of the bugle and the chiding of the hounds, gladsome the sight of that gallant company, in full career after the flying hart, in the far-off forest.

At length I saw them arrive in an open glade, where stood a rich pavilion; and the ladies alighted, with certain of the younger knights and pages, and there they found meats and wines ready prepared for them; and then some stretched themselves beneath the greenwood boughs, and listened to the lays of minstrels, and some disposed themselves to dance in the open

glade, while Arthur and his stout compeers went on into the deep forests and rough holts to chase the boar.

Anon, I saw stags and grizzly-tusked boars, laid across steeds, and borne towards the castle by serving-men; and I turned thither again my own regards. I saw an old man come out of the gate, and seat himself on a stone seat under the southern wall of the castle. He was clad in the tawny robe of the minstrel; his harp was slung in a band of gold embroidery before him; his white beard spread on his breast, and his frame was feeble with excessive age. It was the king of the minstrels—the friend and companion of Uther Pendragon. I sate down on a piece of rock opposite, and asked the venerable man of the days of Uther—of the high adventures of his own generation, and of those swarthy eastern people, whose galleys lay in almost every creek and bay, and whose followers explored the hills and the rivers for tin and brass. But anon, the royal troop came hurrying back. There was dismounting and arraying in chamber and bower—washing and sitting down to meat. There sate that illustrious company, at that illustrious board, where every place was the place of honour, and all precedence and jealousy were banished. There sate the noble Arthur—those warriors whose fame had gone through the whole world—that splendid Genevra, whose beauty was so queenly and dazzling that they who looked on her could scarcely remember her faults—and many a lady whose embroidered bodice and jewelled tiara the minstrels have described in such glowing terms, and who, they declared, were “bright as blossom on breeze;”

And white they were as the lily in May,
Or the snow that snoweth on winter's day.

The torches cast their flickering light on the storied arras around—the harps went merrily—the servers, in their scarlet tunics, bound with a broad belt embroidered with zigzag lace, with chaplets on their heads, set before the guests venison, and flesh of the boar, and wild fowl, and

Wine of Greke and muscadell,
With claré, piment, and Rochell.

Royal was the cheer, whether the court lay at Carlisle, Caerleon, Camelot, or Tintagel; for Arthur was bounteous in hall as mighty in battle.

But to tell all the palpable and living visions that came before me would be endless. Now I seemed to be amongst that little knot of knights on that memorable day when they sate in the hall before the door of the king as he took his siesta, and the queen came and sate down with them, and heard the adventures of Sir Calgrevance at the enchanted fountain in the forest, with its basin and silver chain, which she made him repeat to Arthur; and whence arose Sir Gawain's own exploit there, and all his future troubles. Now I seemed to see the good Lunet that so often befriended him, come

On her Jennette of Spayne that ben so white,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright,

to solicit aid for her lady mistress; and now I beheld the lady Tryamour, as she rode into the palace court to vindicate the fame

of Sir Launfall—a vision of beauty and splendour that amazed them all—with her mantle that she let fall, that the better might be seen her bewitching figure; her grey palfrey, her gorgeous saddle, the very jewel upon whose pommel was worth the best earldom in Lombardy—her falcon on her hand, and her two white greyhounds running at her side.

A glorious land was that old land of romance. Its geography was none of the clearest, yet it was a land of most facile communication—knights and damsels were often lost for a time in its forests and wildernesses, but none for ever. They were sure to turn up some day. What a happy land was that in which Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome, France, England, and Fairyland to boot, were all within the range of its travellers, and all so accessible; were visited by such unimaginable means—hyppogriffs, winged horses, charmed coaches, and, perhaps better than all, the boat Guingelot of Sir Wade;—a land in which the daughters of Emperors were always so beautiful, and where, however tried and persecuted virtue might be, miracles had not ceased, and were not withheld by a bountiful Providence from eventually crowning it with felicity. All there was poetical and picturesque. The generous youth aspired to distinction by honourable means and he never found any lack of tyrants, giants, or dragons, to contend with; nor of beautiful dames, to bestow themselves and their ample domains upon him. Vast and fair were its forests—we love all forests now, because they remind us of them; venerable its hermits; and never were such noble men, or fair and gorgeously-arrayed dames—nor such

minstrels to celebrate them. Blessed is he that can even now escape, if but for an hour, into it. It can be but an hour—it will fade speedily away—it passed away from me as I sate on the cliff of Tintagel; there was nothing left but the bare hill, the crumbling ruins, and the sea.

I said that the vision faded away, and nothing was left but the bare hill, the crumbling ruins, and the sea—I should have said, nothing but Poetry and Nature. Nature was young, and triumphant as ever: the sun was in the sky, the breeze wandering over the earth and the ocean—the sea sent up its murmur, not of rage, but of power—and the voices of children, on the opposite hill, sent to my heart a cordial and cheerful delight:—and Poetry! it was in all, and through all—it was that which had given me these visions of old romance. “And what good,” some bald-spirited utilitarian will say, “do such dreams do you?” They do much. It is from such dreams that we come refreshed as by a draught of good old wine, to grapple with the realities of life. It is the spirit of poetry that has been thus able to transform a ruin into an Elysium; and give back from the dust of ages, beauty and valour, glory and power: what sneering spirit of doubt, of ignorance, or affected wisdom, can do as much? It was easy to shew that this spirit has done more for us as a nation, than all the mere matter-of-fact men could do without it, however wise, or brave, or indefatigable.

It is to poetry that we owe our knowledge of King Arthur—not to the fabulous history of Brutus—not to Geoffrey of Monmouth—it was from the lays of the minstrels that they

derived him. And if we are told that, after all, Arthur is a mere fable of the minstrels, we say, No. If such a man ever existed, the minstrels—by combining every thing great, generous, and dignified, every thing calculated to catch the better spirit and kindle a noble ambition—in such a character have given us an immortal and inestimable present. But they were not accustomed to hang their lays upon nothing—to fashion their heroes out of shadows. Their enthusiasm, that burns up whenever they touch upon him, even passingly, tells us that such a man had lived and won the warmest admiration of his countrymen. They might adorn him, but they could not create: and they have adorned him, not in his spirit, but in his deeds. They have spread his conquests over lands that he never saw, or, perhaps, heard of; but in so doing, they have only more perfectly, as by a spirit of poetic prophecy, prefigured in him the British fortunes. What a career has this country run from those days to these? We look now over this ocean, and know that, went we to the ends of the earth, east or west, there we should find mighty nations resting under the shadow of our power, and prepared, by the infusion of our spirit, arts, and religion, to unfold to future ages scenes of prosperity and happiness at present but dimly realized. A succession of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and heroes, have arisen in this island, which may not be excelled by any other nation. And what has borne them on to this pitch of greatness? The great spirit of poetry which was diffused through their hearts, from generation to generation, descending in a continuous stream from those simple but mighty minstrels that

made the halls of kings and barons resound with the praises of such men as Arthur.

Minstrels that walked far and wide,
Here and there, on every side,
In many a diverse land.

They were simple, it is true; but nature and poetry were strong in them. They give us touches of the beauty of nature, of human affection and human sorrow, that are unrivalled by any more modern and more skilful bard. They are like flashes of lightning out of a cloud, that strike home in a moment. What can be more full of beauty, and pity, and love, than that story of Emarc, who was set afloat on the sea with her infant in a little boat—pure in heart, but wronged in character and affection—and then, as she survived, and lived in a strange court, and—

The child began for to thrive,
And waxed the fairest child alive,
White as flower on hill;
And she sewed silk-work in bower,
And taught unto her son nurture—
But ever she mourned still!

So much was Chaucer delighted with this, that he rewrote it, as his "Man of Law's Tale." What can be more touching than that speech of Annie of Lochroyan—a ballad of a later, but still of a rude age—when she supposes herself abandoned by her lover, whom she had made a voyage to see in a splendid bark?

Take down, take down this mast of gold,
Set up a mast of tree;
It does na become a forsaken lady
To ride sae royally.

The old minstrels were fond of the marvellous, it is true, but that was only the stirring of the poetic spirit within them—a spirit that is always seeking after the beautiful, the new and the wonderful—after something beyond the bareness of every-day life. They had, like other men, their extravagances; but their hearts were strong in the right—in right true feelings—in the sense of honour, and justice, and humanity. Their heroes did not seek to recommend themselves by dressing, and lounging, and affecting the fine gentlemen—it was only by a self-renouncing course of noble and patriotic action that they could win acceptance. They were always simple, earnest, in love only with nature and truth;—they never attempted to make the worse appear the better reason. Their minds were noble, and their feelings healthful. It may be seen in the “Squire of Low Degree,” what sort of men the ladies of those days admired. This, it must be allowed, was a far more rational and better tone of morals and manners than prevails amongst large classes of the present day; and it was by this means that the love of honourable deeds was kept alive from age to age—that it stimulated to high exploits kings and barons. It is to these men and their lays that we owe the great poem of Ariosto, much of that of Tasso, many of the best tales of Boccaccio; from these drew strength and inspiration, Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser; and greater still, Shakspeare and Milton, the crowned kings of the land of poetry. Several of Shakspeare’s finest dramas are restorations and amplifications of the lays of those old minstrels; and what does Milton say in recounting the

studies of his youth?—the preparations for that great fame he afterwards achieved! Having imbued himself with classical knowledge—"Next," he adds, "I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood, so that even those books proved to me so many enticements to the love and steadfast observation of virtue." And his knowledge of these furnished him with many beautiful allusions, as—

—— what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Asramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;
 When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia.

And again,—

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemagne.

Such were the fruits of the poetic feeling kindled in this country by our old minstrels. The spirit they awakened has grown and spread on every side; and if any one says we might have had the same sages, heroes, and men of science, without poetry, I say—No. Without our poetry, we had been a nation of Dutchmen—slaves to the duties of the day—drudges of

accumulation—blind-worms of the earth, fattening in darkness, seeing nothing of the sun in the heavens—ascending not to the mountain-tops of thought and feeling, whence only the earth itself can be seen in its breadth and true loveliness.

For what is poetry? It is not merely the melody of verse, or the spirit of passion and emotion embodied in verse. It is a revelation from heaven of its own beauty and glory—an atmosphere of heaven, breathed down and diffused through our grosser one, by which we become sensible of the strength of joy in the heart, of the moral greatness of our better nature; of the treasures of past intellect, and the full grandeur and rainbow splendour of human hopes. It is this spirit that is continually lifting us out of the clay of the earth—out of the grossness of our animal condition; to a perception of wider views, intenser being; more generous, glowing and ethereal aspirations. It is like that suffusion of purple and violet light cast down from the evening sun over the mountains, which, however beautiful in themselves, derive a tenfold and heavenly beauty from it. It is not so much a part of ourselves, as the spirit of an eternal and divine world, which moulds and incorporates us into itself, and changes us from what we are to what we are to be.

Let no man fall into the grievous mistake that poetry only lives in verse—nor that it is confined to language at all. It is a far and widely-diffused spirit, and lives in all human hearts, more or less, and often in greater affluence than we imagine. It cannot always throw itself into language. Mr. Wordsworth truly says—

Oh! many are the poets that are sown
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

And another great poet of our time says, that even he could not express all the poetry that lived within him.

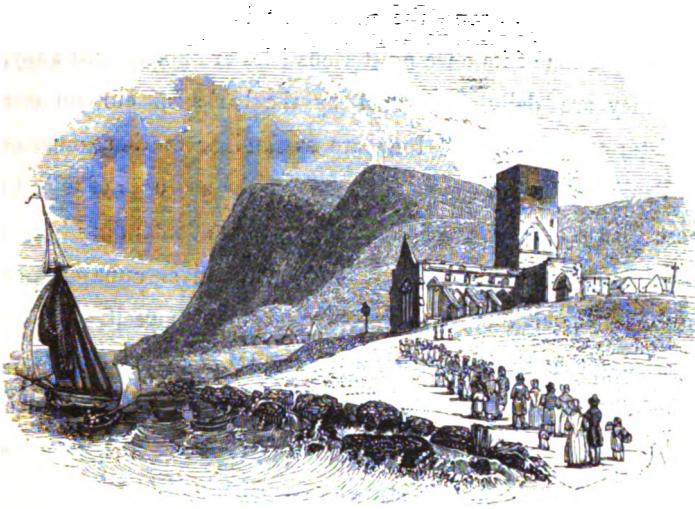
I would speak,
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

But we hear a great deal of the philosophy of life—the poetry of life is equally real, and far more generally diffused. It is that spirit which mingles itself with all our hopes, affections, sorrows, and even death, and beautifies them all. It mingles itself with the ambition of aspirants in every honourable track—with the emotions of the lover, with the ardour of the hero, till it covers the battle-field pit from his eyes, and shews him only a halo of glory—with the patriotism of the righteous statesman—with all our social attachments and intercourse, and spreads the roses of heaven on the beaten path of our daily life. No human speculation, no human pursuit, no human feeling, which is not utterly selfish and base, but draws fire and force from this spirit—and is borne by its elating influence towards its legitimate end. It is impossible to point out any nation that has become great, or even successful for a time, without it. Of the ancient nations we need not speak—in all, of which we know any thing but the barest facts, poetry, and the intense desire of glory, which cannot exist totally distinct from poetical

feeling, were found. From some of them, what have we not received! The very Saracens, when, under Mahomet, they suddenly overflowed Asia, Africa, and part of Europe, were set on fire by the poetic charms of his new paradise;—the Teutons, who extinguished the last sparks of the Roman empire, and laid the foundations of the present European kingdoms, were not led hither merely for food—it was Valhalla, and the poetic legends of their Scalds, that armed and animated them. We cannot take away poetry from life, without reducing it to the level of animal stupidity. In our days, stupendous events have passed on the face of the civilized world, and equally extraordinary has been the development of poetic power. A host of great names will be left to posterity, and with them a host of new impulses, that will fill futurity with increase of light and happiness; and as Christianity becomes better understood, as our natures become better understood, as the spirit of love begins to predominate over the spirit of selfishness,—the true poetry of life, and its power, shall be more and more acknowledged. Men will feel, that in aspiring after true honour—in desiring to become benefactors of men—to spread knowledge and intellectual beauty, they are but giving exercise to the divine spirit of poetry which is sent down from heaven to warm and embellish every human heart, though often unseen and unacknowledged; and they will work in the spirit of love and in its enjoyment.

I rose from my rocky seat. The nakedness of the sea-worn hill, the masses of crumbling ruins, seemed to me to be just

as they ought—they have an aspect of antiquity which separates them from every-day things, and leads us back to a point in human history whence we look down to the present times with wonder and joy. For myself, rejoicing in the past, and confident of the future, I went on refreshed by my Day-dream at Tintagel.



IONA.

VISIT TO STAFFA AND IONA.

IN the days of Sam Johnson and of Pennant, it was deemed a vast and adventurous undertaking to reach the

Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,

It was then only one or two zealous travellers in an age, who accomplished so great and dangerous a voyage. In our boyhood we read Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides," and the poetic allusions of Collins and Thomson to the Western Isles, with a feeling that those regions of poetical wildness were only to be reached by a few fortunate mortals. What a change have

commercial wealth and steam produced! The turbulent ocean of the west is laid open—the mists that hang about the shores and mountains of its once mysterious isles are not cleared away, but they are daily penetrated by the barks of our summer tourists; and Staffa and Iona are as familiar to thousands, as St. Paul's or the Tower. So many are the accounts of trips to these places already published, that I am not intending to add another to them; and for the history, natural or unnatural, or supernatural, civil or uncivil, I shall content myself with the knowledge that there are such works as those of Martyn, Macculloch, and Gregory. I propose only to note down a few such impressions on my visit to these celebrated spots, as I imagine are the most common to those who generally go thither. What, indeed, is the great object of a voyage to the Western Isles? Without doubt, in nine cases out of ten, to unbend the mind from the stress of its ordinary occupations and cares. To refresh it with whatever is most accessible of novelty and grandeur—to luxuriate in the poetic and the picturesque. Would it not then be difficult for the inhabitants of our cities to choose any track of a moderate extent, where they would meet with more to their purpose? What a change is here, in the course of a few short days; from the noise and crush of the metropolis, for instance, to the solitude of nature in her wildest aspect—from heat and dust, to the fresh breeze and the fresh ocean—from shops, factories, offices, invoices and cash accounts, to splintered mountains, rolling billows, the misty isles of all the poetical traditions and superstitions of our early reading.

Nothing can be more unlike our ordinary existence, and therefore nothing for a brief period more agreeable. A trip to Staffa and Iona! it is an episode in our unromantic history of life, all romance, and all poetry. The spirit of Collins, and Thomson, of Ossian, of Leyden, and Scott, and Campbell, is upon us. We desire to see the regions which they have invested with so many charms; to tread the lands of second-sight, and airy spirits; to touch at Icolmkill, the primitive asylum of British learning and religion; we would look on the tombs and shattered images that stood when

Aodb, famed afar,
In Iona preached the word with power;
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower.

We are bound for the regions of ghosts and fays, mermaids and kelpies, of great sea-snakes, and a hundred other marvels and miracles. To accomplish all this, we have nothing more to do than step on board the steam-packet that lies at the Broomielaw, or great quay at Glasgow. The volume of heavy black smoke, issuing from its nickled chimney, announces that it means to be moving on its way speedily. Hark! the bell rings; your fellow-travellers are running a-board; the plank is pulled back to the pier, and you are bound on as fair a voyage as ever prince or paladin attempted. If it were only to skirt the busy banks of the Clyde; to traverse the romantic kyles of Bute; to sit on deck quietly, but delightedly gazing on the cloudy heights and hollows of Arran; on the solitary shores of

A A

Cowal and Cantire,—it were a little voyage of bold beauty, not readily to be matched in the same distance in any other quarter. But, steering along the western shore of Loch Fine, you soon arrive at Loch Gilp-head, where your steam Genie suspends his energies, stops his busy paddles, and you are feasted on salmon and white herrings, drawn fresh from the deep beneath you ; a feast, indeed, of such delicacy, that an epicure would think it worth going all the way for, solely. Your entertainment over, your vessel enters the Crinan canal, which runs across the Mull of Cantire, and while it leisurely winds along, through a delightful country of wooded hills and moorland solitudes, you may walk on a-head, and find, when you come to speak with the inhabitants, that you are in the Highlands, where Gaelic is the native speech. But, emerging from the Crinan canal, you issue forth into the sound of Jura, and feel at once that you are in the stern and yet beautiful region of your youthful admiration. There is the heavy swell and the solemn roar of the great Atlantic. You feel the wild winds that sweep over it. You see around you only high and craggy coasts, that are bleak and naked with the lashings of a thousand tempests. All before you are scattered rocks that emerge from the restless sea, and rocky isles, with patches of the most beautiful greensward, but with scarcely a single tree. The waves are leaping in whiteness against the cliffs, and thousands of sea-birds are floating in long lines on the billows, or skimming past you singly, and diving into the clear hissing waters as they near your vessel. One of the very first objects which arrests your senses is the

Coryvrekán, or great whirlpool of the Hebrides,—an awful feature in all the poetry and ballads belonging to these regions;

Where loud the Coryvrekán roars.

This is Martin's account of it. "Between the north end of Jura and the isle of Scarba, lies the famous and dangerous gulf called Coryvrekán, about a mile in breadth. It yields an impetuous current not to be matched anywhere about the isle of Britain. The sea begins to boil and ferment with the tide of flood, and resembles the boiling of a pot, and then increases gradually, until it appears in many whirlpools, which form themselves in sort of pyramids, and immediately afterwards spout up as high as the mast of a little vessel, and at the same time make a loud report. These white waves run two leagues with the wind before they break. The sea continues to repeat these various motions from the beginning of the tide of flood until it is more than half flood, and then it decreases gradually until it hath ebbed about half an hour, and continues to boil till it is within half an hour of low water. This boiling of the sea is not above a pistol-shot distant from the coast of Scarba Isle, where the white waves meet and spout up; they call it the *Kailloch*, i. e. an old hag; and they say, when she puts on her handkerchief, i. e. the whitest waves, it is fatal to approach her. Notwithstanding of this great ferment of the sea, which brings up the smallest shell from the ground, the least fisher-boat may venture to cross this gulf at the last hour of the tide of flood and the last hour of the tide of ebb.

“This gulf hath its name from *Brekan*, said to be the son of the King of Denmark, who was drowned here, cast a-shore in the north of Jura, and buried in a cave, as appears from the stone tomb and altar there.”

I suppose we were not nearer than three miles to this “loud Coryvrekán,” yet we heard its angry roar, and saw its waters white as snow, tossing and leaping in strange commotion. We glided along, gazing on the lofty heights of Jura, upwards of 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the cloudy bulk of the huge Ben More in the more distant isle of Mull, and passed through similar scenery, to our haven for the night—Oban. Here we climbed the mountains that rise behind the town, and gazed far over the sea and its scattered islands; walked up to the picturesque Castle of Dunolly, and saw the eagle, confined in a hole of the ruined wall, which has been celebrated by Wordsworth; had a look at Dunstaffnage, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, and in the morning resumed our course to Staffa and Iona.

What a sweet voyage is that up the Sound of Mull! The clear, leaping waters;—the wild, dreamy mountain lands all around you! Every object which successively catches your eye brings some poetical associations. There is the Castle of Duart—there is “Artornish Hall”—there the stern fortress of Aros; and lastly, on your right lies Morven itself—the land of Ossian,—with its blue misty hills; its rugged, wave-bathed coast; and its clear streams, that come hurrying and shining in the sun! Another night at Tobermory, and then round the north head-

land of Mull forth into the rough Atlantic. All before you, and to the right, Eig and Canna and Rum, and in the dim horizon the far mountains of Skye. The course now, however, was southward, past the clustered islands of Treshanish, with Gometra, Colonsa and Mull on your left, and Staffa rising like an isolated crag from the waves before you.

I never visited any part of Great Britain which more completely met my anticipated ideas than this. The day was fine, but with a strong breeze. The sea was rough; the wild-fowl were flying, scudding, and diving on all hands; and, wherever the eye turned, were craggy islands,—mountains of dark heath or bare splintered stone, and green, solitary slopes, where scarcely a tree or a hut was to be discovered; but now and then black cattle might be descried grazing, or flocks of sheep dotted the hill sides. Far as we could look, were naked rocks rising from the sea, that were worn almost into roundness, or scooped into hollows by the eternal action of the stormy waters. Some of them stood in huge arches, like temples of some shaggy sea-god, or haunts of sea-fowl,—daylight and the waves passing freely through them. Everywhere were waves, leaping in snowy foam against these rocks and against the craggy shores. It was a stern wilderness of chafing billows and of resisting stone. The rocks were principally of dark red granite, and were cracked across and across, as if by the action of fire or frost. Everything spake to us of the wild tempests that so frequently rage through these seas.

Gazing on such a scene, you no longer wonder at the

popular superstitions of the Hebrides, not even at their belief in all the marvels of their second-sight.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
 Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!
 The seer in Skye shrieked as the blood did flow,
 When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
 As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,*
 In the first year of the first George's reign,
 And battles raged in welkin of the North,
 They mourned in air, fell, fell rebellion slain!
 And, as of late, they joyed in Preston's fight,
 Saw at sad Falkirk all their hopes near crowned!
 They raved, divining through their second-sight,
 Pale, red Colloden where those hopes were drowned!

Collins.

But Staffa rose momentarily in its majesty before us! After all the descriptions which we had read, and the views we had seen of this singular little island, we were struck with delightful astonishment at its aspect. It is, in fact, one great mass of basaltic columns, bearing on their head another huge mass of black stone, here and there covered with green turf. We sailed past the different caves,—the Boat Cave and the Cormorant Cave, which are themselves very wonderful; but it was Fingal's Cave that struck us with admiration and awe. To see this magnificent cavern, with its clustered columns on each side, and pointed arch, with the bleak precipices above it, and the sea raging at its base, and dashing and roaring into its gloomy interior, was worth all the voyage. There are no words that can express the sensation it creates. We were taken in the

* The northern lights, said to be first seen in 1715.

boats on shore at the north-east point, and landed amid a wilderness of basaltic columns thrown into almost all forms and directions. Some were broken, and lay in heaps in the clear green water. Others were piled up erect and abrupt; some were twisted up into tortuous pyramids at a little distance from the shore itself, and through the passage which they left, the sea came rushing—all foam, and with the most tremendous roar. Others were bent like so many leaden pipes, and turned their broken extremities towards us. We advanced along a sort of giant's causeway, the pavement of which was the heads of basaltic columns, all fitting together in the most beautiful symmetry; and, turning round the precipice to our right hand, found ourselves at the entrance of the great cave. The sea was too stormy to allow us to enter it, as is often done in boats, we had therefore to clamber along one of its sides, where a row of columns is broken off, at some distance above the waves, and presents an accessible, but certainly very formidable causeway, by which you may reach the far end. I do not believe that any stranger, if he were there alone, would dare to pass along that irregular and slippery causeway, and penetrate to the obscure end of the cave; but numbers animate one another to anything. We clambered along this causeway or corridor, now ascending and now descending, as the broken columns required, and soon stood—upwards of seventy of us—ranged along its side from one end to the other. Let it be remembered that this splendid sea-cave is forty-two feet wide at the entrance; sixty-six feet high from the water; and runs into the rock two hundred and

twenty-seven feet. Let it be imagined that at eight or ten feet below us, it was paved with the sea, which came rushing and foaming along it, and dashing up against the solid rock at its termination; while the light thrown from the flickering billows quivered in its arched roof above us, and the whole place was filled with the solemn sound of the ocean; and if any one can imagine to himself any situation more sublime, I should like to know what that is. The roof is composed of the lower ends of basaltic columns, which have yet been so cut away by nature as to give it the aspect of the roof of some gigantic cathedral aisle; and lichens of gold and crimson have gilded and coloured it in the richest manner. It was difficult to forget, as we stood there, that, if any one slipped, he would disappear for ever, for the billows in their ebb would sweep him out to the open sea, as it were, in a moment. Yet the excitement of the whole group was too evident to rest with any seriousness on such a thought. Some one suddenly fired a gun in the place, and the concussion and reverberated thunders were astounding. When the first effect was gone off, one general peal of laughter rung through the cave, and then nearly the whole company began to sing "The sea! the sea!" The captain found it a difficult matter to get his company out of this strange chantry—where they and the wind and waves seemed all going mad together—to embark them again for Iona.

Venerable Iona—how different! and with what different feelings approached! As we drew near, we saw a low bleak shore, backed by naked hills, and at their feet a row of miserable

Highland huts, and at separate intervals the ruins of the monastery and church of Ronad, the church of St. Oran and its burying-ground, and lastly, the cathedral. The following is from Martin's account of these, as they remained in his time.

“ This isle was anciently a seminary of learning, famous for the severe discipline and sanctity of Columbus. He built two churches and two monasteries in it, one for men and the other for women ; which were endowed by the kings of Scotland and of the Isles, so that the revenue of the church then amounted to four thousand marks per annum. . . . St. Marie's church here is built in the form of a cross ; the choir twenty yards long, the cupola twenty-one feet square, the body of the church of equal length with the choir, and the two aisles half that length. There are two chappels on each side of the choir ; the entry to them opens with large pillars neatly carved in *basso-relievo*. The steeple is pretty large. The doors, windows, etc. are curiously carved. The altar is large, and of as fine marble as I ever saw. There are several abbots buried within the church ; Mack Ilikenich, his statue is done in black marble, as big as the life, in an episcopal habit, mitre, crosier, ring, and stones along the breast, etc. The rest of the abbots are done after the same manner. The inscription of one tomb is as follows :—*Hic jacet Joannes Mack Fingone, Abbas de Ouis, qui obiit Anno Domini milesimo quingentesimo*. Bishop Knox, and several persons of distinction, as Mack Leod of Harries, have also been buried here. There's the ruins of a cloyster behind the church, as also a library, and under it a large room ;

the natives say it was a place of public disputations. There is a heap of stones without the church, under which Mackean of Audnamurchan lies buried. There is an empty piece of ground between the church and the gardens, in which murderers and children that died before baptism were buried. Near to the west end of the church, in a little cell, lies Columbus his tomb, but without inscription. . . .

“Near St. Columbus’s tomb is St. Martin’s Cross, an entire stone of eight feet high. It is a very hard and red stone, with a mixture of grey in it: on the west side of the cross is engraven a large crucifix, and on the east a tree. It stands on a pedestal of the same kind of stone. . . . A little further to the west lie the black stones on which Mack Donald, King of the Isles, delivered the rights of their lands to his vassals in the Isles and Continent with uplifted hands and bended knees; and in this posture, before many witnesses, he solemnly swore that he would never recall those rights which he then granted; and this was instead of his great seal. Hence it is that when any one was certain of what he affirmed, he said positively, ‘I have freedom to swear this matter upon the black stones.’

“At some distance from St. Marie’s is St. Oran’s church, commonly called *Reliqui Ouran*. The saint of that name is buried within it.

“The Laird of Mack Kinnon has a tomb within this church, which is the stateliest tomb in the isle. On the wall above the tomb there is a crucifix engraven, having the arms of the family beneath; viz. a bovis head, with a couple of sheep’s

bones in its jaws. The tombstone has a statue as big as life, all in armour, and upon it a ship under sail; a lion at the head, and another at the feet. . . . There are other persons of distinction in the church all done in armour.

“On the south side of this church is the burial-place in which the kings and chiefs of tribes are buried, and over them a shrine. There was an inscription giving an account of each particular tomb, but time has worn them off. The middlemost had written on it, ‘*The Tombs of the Kings of Scotland,*’ of which forty lie there. Upon that on the right hand, ‘*The Tombs of the Kings of Ireland,*’ of which four were buried there. And upon that on the left hand, ‘*The Kings of Norway,*’ of which eight were buried there. Next to the kings, is the tombstone of Mack Donald of Isla; the arms a ship with hoisted sails, a standard, four lions, and a tree. The inscription, ‘*Hic Jacet corpus Angusi Mack Donuil de Isle.*’ There are besides the tombs of the Mack Donalds, Mack Leans, and Mack Alisters, with effigies in armour as big as life.

“About a quarter of a mile further south is the church *Ronad*, in which prioresses are buried. . . . Without the nunnery there is such another square as that beside the monastery for men. The two pavements, which are of a hard red stone, are yet entire. In the middle of the longest pavement there is a large cross, like to that mentioned above, and is called Mack Lean’s cross.”

A good deal of these remains of this ancient and venerable establishment has been defaced or destroyed since Martin saw

them; and especially the altar; but nothing is more striking, than, in this wild and neglected spot, yet to walk amongst these ruins, and behold amid the rank grass those tombs of ancient kings, chiefs, and churchmen, with their sculpture of so singular and yet superior a style.

It is said that there were formerly three hundred and sixty stone crosses in the island of Iona, which since the Reformation have been reduced to two, and the fragments of two others. The Synod of Argyle is reported to have caused no less than sixty of them to be thrown into the sea at one time; and fragments of others, which were knocked in pieces, are to be seen here and there, some of them now converted into grave-stones. Amongst the most curious sculpture remaining, are Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit under the tree, on St. Martin's cross; the carved pavement of St. Oran's chapel, especially that of some singular bells; and the grotesque scenes carved on the capitals of the pillars in the cathedral, including the celebrated one of an angel weighing souls, and the devil putting his foot into the scale against them.

The details of these may be found in the works to which I have referred, and are too numerous for my limits; but the masterly style of the sculpture, the singular stories indicated in some of the carving on the walls, and the unique and beautiful foliage and flowers with which the tombs are adorned by the chisel, cannot be seen without a very lively admiration. They lie on the margin of the stormy Atlantic; they lie amongst walls which though they may be loosened by years seem as though

they never could decay, for they are of the red granite of which the rocks and islets around are composed, and defended only by low inclosures piled up of the same granite, rounded into great pebbles by the washing of the sea. But perhaps the most striking scene of all, was our own company of voyagers landing amid the huge masses of rock that scatter the strand; forming into long procession, two and two, and advancing in that order from one ruin to another. We chanced to linger behind for a moment; and our eye caught this procession of upwards of seventy persons thus wandering on amid those time-worn edifices—and here and there a solitary cross lifting its head above them. It was a picture worthy of a great painter. It looked as though the day of pilgrimages was come back again, and that this was a troop of devotees thronging to this holy shrine. The day of pilgrimages is, indeed, come back again; but they are the pilgrimages of knowledge, and an enlightened curiosity. The day of that science which the saints of Iona were said to diffuse first in Britain, has now risen to a splendid noon; and not the least of its evidences is, that every few days through every summer, a company like this descends on this barren strand, to behold what Johnson calls, “that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefit of knowledge and the blessings of religion.” A more interesting or laudable excursion, the power of steam and English money cannot well enable our countrymen to make. It would be still better did any quantity of their money remain

on this island; for in truth, the cottagers here seem dreadfully poor, and destitute of comforts. As we passed their doors, a woman stood and with a very anxious face and imploring tone continued asking something as the procession passed by. Her words were Gaelic; we did not understand them, but nobody could mistake her tone or look; and some one in the procession who knew the language, told us that she asked, "Is there any doctor here?" Adding, "a man is very ill, and without a doctor I am afraid he must die." But there was no doctor—and the poor man was left to take his chance of one happening to come with the next packet, perhaps to be again disappointed, if he were then alive.

The children here gain a trifle by offering in little dishes, pebbles of green serpentine which they collect on the shore; and the old schoolmaster who acts as guide, makes something by his profession and his little books descriptive of the place; but even he has got an opponent, who on this occasion created both the old guide and ourselves a good deal of confusion. Here we must bid adieu to Iona, only adding that the superstition related by Collins is still believed in by the inhabitants.

Where beneath the showery west,
 The mighty kings of three fair realms were laid,
 Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
 No slaves revere them, and no woes invade;
 Yet frequent now at midnight, solemn hour,
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
 In pageant robes, and wreathed with shining gold,
 And on their twilight tombs, aerial council hold.



VISIT TO EDGE-HILL.

THE nearness of Edge-hill to Compton-Winyates led me thither. Indeed, as I had walked from Stratford, Edge-hill had gradually risen, as it were before me, till it filled with its lofty *edge* the whole of the horizon on that side. A tower near a mill which was conspicuous on this height, was constantly pointed out to me by the country-people as standing just above the scene of the battle. The road continued to ascend nearly all the way from Stratford, being a distance of about ten miles, and then the edge rising high, and almost precipitately, it may be imagined

that the elevation of the country on its summit is very great. So great, indeed, is it, that it gives you one of the most extensive prospects in the kingdom. The district towards Stratford, Warwick, and Coventry, and across into Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, lies in a grand expanse before you. You seem to take in, on a clear day, the breadth of a kingdom almost. On the other side, into Oxfordshire, and towards Banbury, the views were also very airy and attractive, but not so extensive by any means, because Edge-hill is truly an edge, that is, it is a step, where the country takes an abrupt rise, and when you gain the summit you find yourselves not so much on a hill, as on the level of a higher country.

The people from Banbury and other neighbouring towns, are fond of making a summer-day's excursion to Edge-hill, drawn thither by the combined interest of the battle-scene and the magnificence of the views; and truly they could not readily find a more delightful excursion. The Sun-rising, a substantial farm-house as well as inn, standing on the summit of the hill within a mile of the scene of battle, is a good point for the "refreshment of both man and horse," and where they will find in the landlord a most intelligent guide, who can shew them too, swords and cannon-shot which his own men have turned up when ploughing in his farm.

I reached this house in the dusk of evening, after a long day's ramble, and was greatly struck with its solitary elevation in the dimness of a wild twilight. The country far below me shewed through the mists and shadows of coming night, wide

and vast. The door, contrary to the wont of inns, I found fast; and on knocking, I was answered by a female voice within, demanding who was there. When I had satisfied the inquirer, I heard the slow and seemingly reluctant fall of chains and withdrawal of bolts and bars, and presently an elderly face took a peep at me through the partially-opened door. When admitted, I found that this respectable-looking matron and myself were the sole persons in this large old house. It was Michaelmas, and all the servants were at liberty, and gone off to the towns to the statutes, and mops, and bull-roastings, which are the regular places of amusement, and re-hiring for all the servants, men and women, throughout the country at that time of the year. The landlady's son was gone to market, and thus was she left alone, and naturally apprehensive of rude and thievish strollers who are on the alert on such occasions, in solitary districts. The good woman soon introduced me into a well-furnished and well-carpeted room, with a blazing fire, and tea and toast before me, and Jacob Hooper's History of the Rebellion, with a paper-mark at the account of the battle of Edge-hill, and Richard Jago's Poem of Edge-hill, to ponder over; and with a sense of the high wild country in which I was, upon me, and the winds of autumn whistling and roaring round the house, I do not know that I ever spent a more pleasantly solitary evening.

In the morning I sallied forth, and passing Upton-House, a lonely-looking seat of Lord Jersey, with a solemn avenue of large Scotch firs leading down to it, I was soon at the tower which had been my landmark the day before, and which the

country-people always designated as the Round-house. This is a lofty round tower, which has been built by Colonel Miller, who lives at Radway, on the slope just below, and who has put into it a veteran serjeant who fought with him at Waterloo, of the goodly name of William Penn.

Penn lives in the lower part of the tower, and a bridge from the road, which is a good deal above the foundation of the tower, leads into the upper story. The entrance of the bridge is by an artificial ruin, and there are buildings on the opposite side of the road representing other ruins, which, with the lofty round tower, have been planned not only to form a conspicuous object afar off, but from the Colonel's house below; and though I do not admire artificial ruins in general, it must be confessed that these had been erected with much better taste than such things in general.

I had expected, from what the country-people said, that this tower was made a depôt for arms and armour found on the field of battle, but I was disappointed to find instead of those, relics of the field of Waterloo. If, however, the tower deceived me in this respect, it afforded me an advantage of another kind—a most clear and interesting view, both of the battle-field and of a vast stretch of country. Nothing could be more obvious than the situation of the battle. Below, on the campaign, at the distance of three miles, lay the little town of Kineton, and midway between it and Radway, just below, the spot where the battle took place. At that time the whole country round, with the exception of a few inclosures about Kineton and Radway, was open, now

it is cultivated like a garden, and the hill side, down which the cavalry of the king rushed, is now covered with fine woods.

Hume's concise account of this opening battle of the civil war, gives its main features in a little space. "The King, on mustering his army, found it to amount to two thousand men. The Earl of Lindsey, who in his youth had sought experience of military service in the Low Countries, was general. Prince Rupert commanded the horse: Sir Jacob Astley the foot:* Sir Arthur Aston the dragoons: Sir John Heyden the artillery. Lord Bernard Stuart was at the head of a troop of guards. The estates and revenue of this single troop, according to Lord Clarendon's computation, were at least equal to those of all the members who, at the commencement of the war, voted in both houses. Their servants, commanded by Sir William Killigrew, made another troop, and always marched with their masters.

"With this army the king left Shrewsbury. . . . Two days after the departure of the royalists, Essex left Worcester. Though it be commonly easy, in civil war, to get intelligence, the armies were within six miles of each other ere either of the generals was acquainted with the approach of his enemy. Shrewsbury and Worcester, the places from which they set out, are not above twenty miles distant; yet had the two armies marched ten days in this mutual ignorance. So much had military skill, during a long peace, decayed in England.

* The prayer and charge of Sir Jacob Astley on the commencement of this battle, have been much and justly admired—"O Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me.—March on boys!"

“The royal army lay at Banbury; that of the parliament at Kineton, in the county of Warwick. Prince Rupert sent intelligence of the enemy’s approach. Though the day was far advanced, the king resolved upon the attack. Essex drew up his men to receive him. Sir Faithful Fortescue, who had levied a troop for the Irish wars, had been obliged to serve in the parliamentary army, and was now posted on the left wing, commanded by Ramsay, a Scotchman. No sooner did the king’s army approach, than Fortescue, ordering his troop to fire their pistols into the ground, put himself under the command of Prince Rupert. Partly from this incident, partly from the furious shock made upon them by the Prince, the whole wing of cavalry immediately fled, and were pursued for two miles. The right wing of the parliament’s army had no better success. Chased from their ground by Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston, they also took to flight. The king’s body of reserve, commanded by Sir John Biron, judging, like raw soldiers, that all was over, and impatient to have some share in the action, heedlessly followed the chase which their left wing had precipitately led them. Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex’s reserve, perceived the advantage. He wheeled about upon the king’s infantry, now quite unfurnished of horse, and he made great havoc amongst them. Lindsey, the general, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner: his son, endeavouring his rescue, fell likewise into the enemy’s hands. Sir Edmund Verney, who carried the king’s standard, was killed, and the standard taken, but it was afterwards recovered. In this situation,

Prince Rupert, on his return, found affairs. Every thing bore the appearance of a defeat instead of a victory, with which he had hastily flattered himself. Some advised the king to leave the field; but that prince rejected such pusillanimous counsel. The two armies faced each other for some time, and neither of them retained courage for a new attack. All night they lay under arms; and next morning found themselves in sight of each other. General, as well as soldier, on both sides, seemed averse to renew the battle. Essex first drew off, and retired to Warwick. The king returned to his former quarters. Five thousand men are said to have been found dead on the field of battle; and the loss of the two armies, as far as we can judge by the opposite accounts, was nearly equal. Such was the event of this first battle, fought at Kington, or Edge-hill.

“Some of Essex’s horse, who had been driven off the field in the beginning of the action, flying to a great distance, carried news of a total defeat, and struck a mighty terror into the city and parliament. After a few days a more just account arrived, and then the parliament pretended to a complete victory. The king also, on his part, was not wanting to display his advantages, though, excepting the taking of Banbury a few days after, he had few marks of victory to boast of. He continued his march, and took possession of Oxford, the only town in his dominions which was altogether at his devotion.”

To this we may add the following particulars from the historians of the times. The number of slain, although generally stated as above at five thousand, appears, by a survey

taken by Mr. Fisher, the vicar of Kineton, at the time, at the request of the Earl of Essex, to have amounted to little more than thirteen hundred. These were buried in two spots which are yet conspicuous, one of them being planted with fir-trees. The copse of fir-trees is said to have been a pit at the time of the battle, into which five hundred bodies were thrown. The farm on which it is, is still called the Battle-farm; and the two places of the burial, the Grave-fields. They lie about half-way between Radway and Kineton.

The battle was fought October 23, 1642. It was Sunday. It was some time before the king was aware of the fate of Lord Lindsey; when he discovered that he was wounded and in the hands of the enemy, he wished to send him a surgeon, but it was useless. That loyal and high-spirited nobleman, while life continued, did not cease to upbraid the parliamentary officers about him with their treason and disaffection.* There is a curious letter, signed by Hollis, Stapleton, Ballard, Belfore, Meldrum, and Charles Pym, who were present in the action, addressed to John Pym, for the information of the Parliament, and which was printed five days after the battle, in which they attempt to account for the loss of the standard which the loyalist historians simply say "was recovered." They say that it was delivered to the Lord General, and by him to his secretary, with an intention to send it back the next day to his majesty; "but the secretary, after he had long carried it in his hand,

* A fine portrait of this gallant nobleman, in Warwick Castle, is very expressive of his open-hearted and high-principled character.

suffered it to be taken away by one of our troopers, *and, as yet, we cannot learn where it is.*"

Near the Round-house, in the range of hill, is one place called Bullet-hill, from the vast quantity of bullets which have been taken out of it. It would appear, from its position, to have received the hottest fire of the parliamentary army. Within view also stands on the height the church of Burton-Dasset, which is supposed to be the place whence Cromwell viewed the battle. Hooper states that he was not in the battle; afterwards excusing himself to the Earl of Essex, by alleging that he could not come up in time. He was then but a lieutenant or captain, and watching the action from a church tower near, and seeing the flight of the parliamentary cavalry, he slid down the bell-rope and rode off; shewing, as the historian remarks, what great endings may grow out of very indifferent beginnings. If such was the fact, Burton-Dasset seems the only place where it could have occurred.

The two princes, Charles and James, were here, and the situation of their tent is laid down in old maps; the boys are said to have watched the battle from the hill, and that during the temporary defeat of the royal army, they might readily have been taken. In the village of Radway, at the foot of the hill, is a cottage in which tradition says the king and the princes breakfasted on the morning after the battle, and an old table was formerly shewn as the one they used, but it has been sold as a relic. In the church is also a tablet to the memory of an officer who fell there.

In the night after the battle, and during which both armies continued under arms, came a severe frost, with a most bitter wind from the north; and any one who stands on that height in winter, and feels how keenly the air comes sweeping over the wide open champaign from that quarter, will not wonder that in the morning neither army felt much desire to renew the contest. I was there but ten days earlier in the season than the anniversary of the battle, and a heavy snow-storm driving fiercely for two hours, made me feel sympathetically what must have been the sufferings of the hundreds who lay in their wounds on the open field; yet to this very circumstance the preservation of the lives of numbers was attributed; the cold stopping their bleeding, when they otherwise must have died of exhaustion. Such are the miserable comforts of miserable war.)

There is no circumstance, however, connected with this melancholy field, so striking, in my opinion, as the one thus related by Dr. Thomas, in his Additions to Dugdale.

“As King Charles I. marched to Edgcot, near Banbury, on the 22d of October, 1642, (the day previous to the battle), he saw a gentleman hunting in the fields not far from Shuckburgh, with a very good pack of hounds; upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he asked who that gentleman was, that hunted so merrily that morning, when he was going to fight for his crown and dignity. And being told that it was Richard Shuckburgh of Upper Shuckburgh, he was ordered to be called to him, and was by him very graciously received. Upon which he immediately went home, aroused all his tenants, and the

next day attended on him in the field, where he was knighted, and was present at the battle. After the taking of Banbury, and his majesty's retreat from those parts, he went to his own seat, and fortified himself on the top of Shuckburgh-hill. Here he was soon attacked by some of the parliamentary forces, and defended himself till he fell, with most of his tenants about him; but being taken up, and life perceived in him, he was carried away prisoner to Kenilworth Castle, where he lay a considerable time, and was forced to purchase his liberty at a dear rate."

As if the disastrous fortunes of the Stuarts had fallen on this warm-hearted gentleman, who was thus "hunting so merrily on the morning when the unhappy Charles was going to fight for his crown," and who so readily abandoned his happy life at the call of his king, they not only clung to him through life in all their bitterness, but seemed to descend to his posterity. Charles II. rewarded the son, John de Shuckburgh, by creating him a baronet in 1660, and another of his descendants distinguished himself in three successive parliaments and by his philosophical and astronomical attainments, contributing, as a member of the Royal Society, many valuable papers to its "Philosophical Transactions;" but so recently as 1809, a catastrophe befel this family, of a nature to leave its memory for ages on the scene of its occurrence. We may close this tragic chapter with this most tragic event.

It appears that the Bedfordshire militia was stationed somewhere in that neighbourhood, and the officers were in the habit

of visiting Shuckburgh Hall. They were received by its hospitable owner, Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh, with the cordiality of a warm-hearted English gentleman. His son was an officer in the army, and that might be an additional motive to the social intercourse which was thus opened to the mutual satisfaction of the parties—a set of intelligent officers always finding the doors of a charming house open to them, with an agreeable family, which they served to enliven by their occasional presence. But there was a danger to the younger gentlemen there, which, in such places, and under such circumstances, is apt to become irresistible in its operation. The daughter of Sir Stewkley, then about twenty years of age, was a young lady whose attractions, both of person and mind, would not have been safely encountered in the brightest scenes, and amid the concourse of the most beautiful of her sex. But there, in the solitude of an old English country-house, and the charms of a pleasant neighbourhood; a fine old park, and the cheerful conversations of a familiar fireside; strolls through pleasant shrubberies, and loiterings in gardens; the fascinations of so lovely and intelligent a young lady as Miss Shuckburgh produced their natural effect. Lieutenant Sharp, a young and enthusiastic officer, became deeply attached to her. As he was received by her father as a guest, with the utmost kindness, there was every opportunity for his cultivating her good opinion. A mutual attachment commenced, a correspondence was entered into; the young people seemed likely to carry their friendship into a strong and lasting affection; but the moment Sir Stewkley

was made aware of it, he gave it his decided disapproval. The young lady, though evidently entertaining the most favourable feelings towards the youth, listened to the reasons of her father, and resolved to sacrifice her own inclination to the maturer judgment of her parents. The lieutenant was forbidden the house, and Miss Shuckburgh communicated to him her intention to submit her own wishes to the wishes of her father. Firmly persisting in this determination, because she was persuaded that her father's motives were neither frivolous nor arbitrary, it was at length agreed between the young people that the intercourse should cease, and the letters which had passed should be returned. It was arranged between them that she should leave the packet for him, in a summer-house in the garden, on the evening of Saturday the 25th of March, 1809; and that, on the following morning, she would find that for her in the same place. Early, therefore, on that Sunday morning, she was observed by a servant taking the way towards the summer-house. The unusual hour, and probably a knowledge of what had taken place in the family on the subject of this attachment, attracted the attention of the servant. He followed stealthily, and as he drew near the summer-house, his suspicions were confirmed. He heard the voices of Lieutenant Sharp and of Miss Shuckburgh in earnest dispute. The officer was loud and impassioned,—the lady firm but deprecating. This was instantly followed by the discharge of a pistol, and the fall of a body, and as quickly by another discharge and another fall. The servant, divining the fatal truth, now flew to the house and

gave the alarm. On entering the summer-house, these unhappy young people were found dead, and weltering in their blood, Mr. Sharp had no doubt been lingering on the premises all night, and had come prepared to see Miss Shuckburgh, and, if he could not bend her from her resolve, to destroy both himself and her. He had only too terribly obeyed the dictates of his passion and despair.

Such is one version of the story; but by others, it was deemed more probable that this fearful event was the result of a mutual agreement between the lovers. The father of Lieutenant Sharp, though he had placed his son in the Bedfordshire militia, was only a gentleman farmer, residing at the Priory-farm, near Bedford; and therefore it probably was that Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh did not deem the youth of sufficient standing or property to match with his daughter. Lieutenant Sharp was a young man of fine person, of a gay disposition, and much admired. It was therefore supposed that Miss Shuckburgh, seeing the opposition of her father to be insurmountable, the lovers agreed thus to fall together, rather than to abandon their attachment; but, in both suppositions, more was imagined than was positively known. A certain degree of mystery must for ever hang over the affair.

Since then, every object about the place which could suggest to the memory this fatal event, has been changed or removed. The summer-house has been razed to the ground, the disposition of the garden itself altered, much of the timber felled, the surrounding scenery remodelled, the house itself renovated,

In the opinion of those who knew the place before, the whole has been much improved. The house is large and handsome; the park is pleasant and well stocked with deer. It is probable that these efforts to obliterate the remembrance of so fearful a catastrophe from the minds of the family, may have not been without their salutary effect; but such tragic passages in human life become part and parcel of the scene where they occur;—they become the topic of the winter fireside. They last while passions and affections, youth and beauty, last. They fix themselves into the soil, and the very rock on which it lies. They are breathed from the woods and fields around on the passer by, like the dim whispers of Pan, or his watching fawns; and, though the house were razed from the spot, and its park and pleasaunces turned into ploughed fields, it would still be said for ages,—here stood Shuckburgh-hall, and here fell the young and lovely Miss Shuckburgh, by the hand of her despairing lover!

VISIT TO THE GREAT JESUIT COLLEGE
OF STONYHURST, IN LANCASHIRE.

A College of Jesuits, existing in England in the nineteenth century, possessing a large property there, and flourishing, and proselyting the inhabitants all round them—this is a subject of curious interest! There is something in the very name of it that makes us prick up our ears, and open our eyes, and prepare to inquire and to wonder. At all events—after having read the annals of Romish persecution, the history of Inquisitions, and of this most subtle and distinguished Order itself—this was and has been long the effect upon me. When, years ago, I heard that there was a Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst, my curiosity was strongly aroused. To imagine the disciples of Ignatius Loyola erecting their standard amid the spinners and weavers of Lancashire—the fathers of that famous order which had figured so conspicuously in the dark annals of the Inquisition; which had insinuated its members into every country and city—into the cabinets and councils of all kings; which had so often directed the political power of Europe, traversed the vast lands of India and America, and moulded savage nations to its designs; of that order so awful in history

for its peculiar policy, its sagacity, and its talent, coming out into the face of the English people, into the full blaze of the freest opinion, into the very midst of the jealous and searching scrutiny of Protestant sectaries—was a moral phenomenon worthy of close attention. One was curious to see what system of action these Proteus-like priests assumed; what were the political and social maxims they professedly held; by what links and lines of sympathy, or, at least, of accordance, they sought to connect themselves with a population alive with the spirit of freedom in all its shapes—in religion, in commerce, and in government. Accordingly, Mrs. Howitt and myself took the opportunity, on our way northwards, to visit this interesting place. We went thither from Blackburn, where we were spending a short time with our friends; and found it a delightful drive of ten miles, principally along Ribblesdale, in which Stonyhurst is situated. After proceeding about two and a half miles north of Blackburn, Ribblesdale, one of the finest and most extensive vales in England, opened upon us, with Stonyhurst conspicuous on the opposite side of the valley, on a fine elevation, amidst its woods. The building has a noble and commanding aspect, worthy of its situation. It was apparently about three or four miles distant, and I suppose, was not much more; one of the Jesuits afterwards telling us that they considered it by the footpath, a pretty direct line, to be about seven miles between Stonyhurst and Blackburn; but the carriage road is very circuitous, holding down the valley as far as Whalley, and then along winding lanes through Mitton; so

that it proves a good ten miles. But whoever takes the drive, will not think it one yard too much; a more delightful one can rarely be found. From the first opening of this splendid vale, you have Stonyhurst lying full in view; Ribchester, the celebrated Roman station, to the left, in the level of the valley; down the vale to the north-east, you have the castle of Clitheroe, standing on its bold and abrupt eminence; and as you wind along the eastern side of the dale, with the Ribble below you on your left, and above you on your right, woods and cottages with their little inclosures, the ruins of Whalley Abbey come in view, and, high beyond, the bare and cloud-mottled heights of Pendle-hill. The ruins of Whalley Abbey, made so familiar to the public by Dr. Whittaker's history, are still very extensive and picturesque. Old walls mingled with large trees; large windows here and there visible, still displaying their tracery; a house with smoking chimneys in the midst; and the Calder, a beautiful stream, between high banks, running close past—present a very attractive whole to a passer-by. Here we crossed a bridge and wound away to the left, in a circuitous course, to Stonyhurst; in fact, going, in a great measure, backward again. The lanes through which we drove were fine old pastoral lanes, all embowered with tall luxuriant hedges, rich with fresh foliage, and sweet with the flowers of the elder and the wild rose.

It was the time of roses;
We plucked them as we passed.—*Hood.*

for it was, in fact, the 29th of June. So we drove on, every few yards catching a peep into fields full of grass, or glimpses

of fine uplands, distant hills, and hanging woods. On our left, lying low amongst tall trees, appeared Little Mitton manor-house—one of those quaint, ancient, timbered houses with which Lancashire abounds. This is remarkable for its galleried hall of the age of Henry VII., of which an engraving may be found in Whittaker. All about us, as we ascended to the greater Mitton, or *the* Mitton, were green and whispering trees, and peeps into meadows rich with cattle; and the sound of the two rivers—the Hodder and the Ribble, which unite just below—came up to us delightfully. Mitton is as singularly as it is sweetly situated, on a point of land in the West Riding of Yorkshire which runs into Lancashire betwixt those streams; and it is a spot at which I must request my readers to pause a moment, not merely because in it lie the greater part of the Sherburne family, the ancient lords of Stonyhurst, but because the village and church of Mitton are, of themselves, highly worthy of a visit from the lovers of antiquity and of rural peace and seclusion. The place is one of the most perfect “Nooks of the World;” one of those places that, however all the country around them be revolutionized by manufactures and politics, stand, save for the ravages of time on their buildings, as they stood ages ago. It is most absolutely Old English. The slumber of a summer noon lies there profoundly as a trance. The low of cattle from a neighbouring croft, or the hum of a passing bee, seem the only living sounds. The village consists of a few old farm-houses—one of which is a dilapidated monastery—the usual diversification of a blacksmith’s shop, a wheelwright’s shop, the

parsonage, and little garden cottages. It stands surrounded with a profusion of trees. The church is a plain, unpretending structure, with a low square tower; but it delights you as you approach with the green sequestered beauty of its churchyard, and on your entrance, with such a group of effigied tombs as few village churches can shew.

We found the old sexton in his little cottage by the churchyard gate, supping his porridge, to use a Lancashire phrase—for it was twelve o'clock; but on stating our desire to see the church, he set down his porringer, and reached his keys. The man himself was a character worth knowing. He appeared very old, with a face that evidently had been a good one, and that now exhibited much shrewdness and sense of office. He was corpulent, and bound his waist about with a cord. He was so asthmatic that he could hardly breathe, and yet, when we asked his age, he replied—"O, I'm nubbut eighty-five!" He seemed, indeed, to regard himself as quite a youth, though he had been clerk sixty-four years, had seen two or three clergymen out, and had copied inscriptions, and held a deal of intercourse with Dr. Whittaker, the historian of Whalley, respecting the antiquities of this church.

On entering the churchyard, the very first object was one which spoke greatly in favour of the old man. It was the tomb of the late vicar, surrounded with a spacious railing, and within the railing, planted with a hedge of evergreens, bays, junipers, box, and arbor-vitæ. He told us that the former clergyman had been very fond of evergreens, and so he had planted these

about his tomb, as he had no surviving relatives on the spot to shew this respect to his memory. The shrubs had grown bravely; and he had clipped them square, like a green wall round the tomb, and cut them low at its foot, so as to allow the inscription to be read. The bottom of this verdant screen was newly weeded. He always weeded and clipped it once a year, he said; he had been doing it these last few days, but he had not yet had time "to ready the weeds and clippings away"—and there they lay.

As the old man applied his key to a door on the north side of the church, we observed the effigy of a knight, in freestone, lying close to the wall. "Yes," said he, "you must notice that, and when you come out of the church, notice it again." He opened the door; and the sight of the white marble tombs, and their extended figures, was very striking. They were the tombs and effigies of the Sherburnes, executed by William Stanton, and mentioned by Whittaker in his history of Whalley; but which our worthy sexton described in a way very peculiar to himself, and one infinitely more graphic and piquant. They were evidently the pride of his heart; and no wonder—for such an assemblage of marble tombs and recumbent figures, I suppose, scarcely another country church in England can boast.

The old man, like other show-people, had his story by rote; and taking his stand before every successive monument, gave his account of it, and read off the inscription—Latin or English, legible or illegible, no matter. The first to which he turned,

was, in fact, what he should have shewn last, because it was in memory of the last direct male descendant of the Sherburnes; but it was a pathetic subject, and no doubt strongly attracted his sympathies. It was an *alto rilievo* of white marble. "This," said he, pointing to the centre figure, a graceful boy, "was the only son of Sir Nicholas Sherburne; and these," shewing two chubby lads on either hand, "were two poor lads that he took to be his playfellows; and they went to play in the gardens, when green fruit was rife, and he eat something that was poison, and died at nine years of age. Here you see the poor lads weeping for him, and the tears are running down their faces, as natural as life; here the angels are cutting down lilies and roses with their sickles—the lilies mean that he was cut off in his innocence, and the roses, in his youth; here the hour-glass, with the sand run out, shews that time to him was no more; and here the angels are receiving his soul into heaven. That is a very affecting thing."

But one specimen of our worthy cicerone's style must suffice. We must make shorter work of it than he did, and restrict our attention to a few particulars, characteristic of the cemetery of an old English family. There are three tombs, with recumbent figures of knights and their ladies, executed with great spirit, especially one lady, who is really beautiful. But the most singular monument is one of Richard Sherburne, and his lady, who died in childbed of twins, while he was Captain of the Isle of Man, in 1591, "and there lieth entombed." "That," said the sexton, "is Old Fiddle-o'-God and his wife. He went by

that name, because, when he was in a passion, that was his word." The pair were kneeling aloft on the monument, at an altar, opposite each other, in prayer, clad and coloured in the quaint style of that age—he in his ruff and full-skirted jerkin ; she in a black gown and hood, falling over the top of her head, and with tan-leather gloves on her arms. On the compartments below are seen the twins in bed, with their nurses watching by them ; and not far off, monks praying for the lady's soul. However passionate and profane the old gentleman might be—and not only his speech betrays as much, but the inscription itself seems to confirm it, praying most heartily for them, "Whose souls God pardon ; grant them His heavenly pardon,"—yet he has a most ludicrously pious look on the monument.

There are two inscriptions by the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Sherburne, which are perfect specimens of the manner in which great families glorify themselves in their own churches, over the very pit of corruption, which one would think enough to confound all human greatness. The first is to her parents, and conveys a curious picture of the times : "Sir Nicholas Shireburn was a man of great humanity, sympathy, and concern for the good of mankind, and did many good charitable things whilst he lived: he particularly set his neighbourhood a-spinning of Jersey wool, and provided a man to comb the wool, and a woman who taught them to spin, whom he kept in his house, and allotted several rooms he had in one of the courts of Stonihurst, for them to work in ; and the neighbours came to spin accordingly. The spinners came every day,

and span as long a time as they could spare, morning and afternoon, from their families: this continued from April, 1699, to August, 1701. When they had all learned, he gave the nearest neighbours each a pound or half a pound of wool ready for spinning, and wheel, to set up for themselves; which did a vast deal of good to that north side of Ribble, in Lancashire. Sir Nicholas Sherburn died December 15, 1717. This monument was set up by the Dowager Dutchess of Northfolk, in memory of the best of fathers and mothers, and in this vault designs to be interred herself, whenever it pleases God to take her out of this world."

"Lady Sherburn was a lady of excellent temper and fine sentiment, singular piety, virtue and charity; constantly employed in doing good, especially to the distressed, sick, poor, and lame, for whom she kept an apothecary's shop in the house. She continued as long as she lived doing great good and charity. She died January 27, 1722. Besides all other great charities which Sir Nicholas and Lady Sherburn did, they gave, on All-Souls-day, a considerable deal of money to the poor; Lady Sherburn serving them with her own hands that day."

But this is nothing to the monumental testimony to the Honourable Peregrin Widderington: "In this vault lies the body of the Honourable Peregrin Widderington. The Honourable Peregrin Widderington was youngest son of William Lord Widderington, who died April 17th, 1743. This Peregrin was a man of the strictest friendship and honour, with all the good qualities that accomplish a fine gentleman; he was of so amiable

a disposition, and so engaging, that he was beloved and esteemed by all who had the honour and happiness of his acquaintance, being ever ready to oblige and to act the friendly part on all occasions; firm and steadfast in all his principles—which were delicately fine and good as could be wished in any man—he was both sincere and agreeable in life and conversation. He was born May 20th, 1692, and died February 4th, 1748-9. He was with his brother in the Preston affair (1716), where he lost his fortune, with his health, by a long confinement in prison. This monument was set up by the Dowager Dutches of Norfolk, in memory of the Honourable Peregrin Widderington.”

“What! was this her second husband?” we inquired.

“Ay,” said the old man, with a knowing look, “her *tally* husband—and that makes a difference!” *

The rest of the interior of the church is old and mean. This aisle, with its proud monuments, separated by a screen, stands in strange contrast, and makes it seem a place where the Sherburnes have the glory rather than God. The old man now led the way to a curious ancient cross in the churchyard, and to the tomb of a monk, whose honoured head is still visible upon it; and then to the freestone effigy under the windows of the Sherburne aisle. The origin of it, he said, was this: When the monuments of the Sherburnes came down from London, they were, of course, the wonder and the talk of the whole

A provincialism for a lady's choice not sanctioned by the priest.

So suited in their minds and persons,

That they were framed the *tallies* of each other.—*Dryden*.

country. A common stonemason, as he sate by the alehouse fire at Hurst's-Green, hearing the company extolling them, said, "O, he would undertake to cut out as good in common stone." The whole place was scandalised at the man's arrogance; it was carried to the hall. The man was sent for, and desired to make good his boast, under penalty of forfeiting their employment for ever if he failed. He was to take only one view of the figure he pitched upon; and twelve months were allowed him to finish it in. "And there it is," said the sexton, "as like as pea to pea." The man had done it long before the year was up; and so surprised were the Sherburnes, that they gave him 20*l.*, and allowed it to be laid under the window of the aisle.

We must now hasten to Stonyhurst College—for we have stopped long by the way; but who would not stop awhile at such a pleasant, antiquated place as Mitton? Let my readers look upon it as a distinct episode in this account. We have seen where the Sherburnes lie—let us now see where they lived; and we cannot give a better general idea of the place than by transcribing the clear and succinct description of it by Mr. Baines, in his "History of Lancashire."

"In the year 1794, the stately mansion of Stonyhurst was fixed upon as the seat of an English Roman-Catholic college. The heads of that college having been driven from their establishment at Liege by the proscriptions of the French Revolution, were induced, in consequence of the judicious mitigation of the penal enactments in England against Catholic seminaries, to seek an asylum in their native country. A long lease was

accordingly obtained of the house and of the college farm, on moderate terms, from the late Thomas Weld, esq. The mansion they found much dilapidated from time and neglect ; but it is now in a state of complete repair, and they have raised, at a great expense, a large and handsome new building, with a south-east aspect, forming a house admirably adapted for the purpose of education.

“ In the upper stories are the dormitories, where each student has his little apartment. The next story consists of the apartments for the professors and teachers. Below, are the chambers of the president and other directors, with the hall of study and philosophical room ; the former, of seventy-eight feet by twenty feet, is fitted up with desks and benches for two hundred and twenty scholars ; but they do not at present amount to that number. A high throne or pulpit for the prefect, who has the charge of the young gentlemen at their studies, stands against the wall in the central part of the room, so as to command a view of each student. This place is devoted to study exclusively. Not a word is exchanged between the students during the hours allotted to study. The philosophical apparatus-room is forty-eight feet by thirty-three broad ; it is ornamented with a rich deep frieze ; and the instruments which are used in the illustration of the different branches of natural philosophy, are deposited in this room. A fine painting, by Annibal Caracci, of the taking down of the Saviour from the Cross, hangs over the fireplace. The exhibition-room is connected with this apartment by sliding doors. This room is adapted for classical or philo-

sophical exhibitions—and such exhibitions are frequent in the college.

“On the ground-floor are the seven school or class rooms, where the respective scholars of each class recite to their several masters the lessons which they have learned in the study, and receive lectures. The play-rooms, lavatory, drawing-room, music-room, and dancing-gallery, are also on this floor. Every duty has its own fixed time, place, and superintendent. The library is a handsome, but small room. It contains, amongst other valuable works, some highly illuminated manuscripts, the Prayer-book of the queen of Henry VII., and the office in honour of the blessed Virgin, which belonged to the persecuted Queen of Scots. There are also here two or three vellum missals, and several black-letter books; a copy of St. John’s Gospel; a manuscript of the seventh century, found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert; with two sculptures in ivory, and a painted crucifix—all by Michael Angelo; also, a chest of coins and medals, medallions of the popes, etc.

“The museum is between the western towers; and contains, among many other interesting subjects, the private seals of James II. and Fenelon; the embroidered cap of Sir Thomas More; his seal when Under-Treasurer; and his original George* when Lord Chancellor, with this inscription—‘O passi graviora Deus dabit his quoque finem;’ several remarkable vases, pixes, and crosses; with a number of transatlantic curiosities, presented by C. Waterton, esq., of Walton Hall, in the county of York;

* A figure of St. George, worn by the Knights of the Garter.

a good collection of minerals and shells; bronze casts of the Cæsars, and plaster casts of the martyrdom of the Apostles; and the cabinet of the learned Queen Christina of Sweden. The merits and promise of this museum, are not known, or we should find here more monuments of Roman antiquity from Ribchester. A Roman altar, dedicated to the mother goddesses, by a captain of the Asturias, has, however, been lately rescued from the rubbish of a neighbouring farm-yard, and now stands on more classical ground, in the garden of Stonyhurst. This rare piece of antiquity proves to be the identical altar which the venerable Camden, in 1603, saw near Ribchester. The altar is thirty-three inches high, by twenty-two inches broad, and the inscription runs thus:—

DEIS MATRIBUS
M. INGENUI
US ASIATICUIS.
DEC. AL. AST.
SS. LL. M.

“The recreation-hall of the professors is a magnificent gallery, ninety feet by twenty, in the old house, running parallel with the study; the grand tapestry of which room was renewed by the Duke of Norfolk. The refectory, which is of the dimensions of sixty feet by twenty, was the baronial hall of the Sherburnes; its ceiling, frieze, and floor, are magnificent. The new building is three hundred feet long, and fronts the extensive playground and gardens. The public rooms in the new, as well as in the old buildings, are constructed on a noble scale.

The area of the house, playgrounds, and gardens, comprises a space about equal to that on which stood Roman Ribchester—upwards of ten acres.

“Such is the college in which many of the sons of the Catholic nobility and gentry of this country, are educated. Here they are taught to respect and cherish the laws and constitution of their country, and to place a due estimate upon the advantages of a polite and classical education.

“The character of the population, like that of the lands round the college, is much improved during the last thirty years; and many of the poor of the neighbourhood are fed and clothed by the institution. The political importance of large Catholic establishments of this kind, is well known to the legislature; and wise was that monarch and that parliament which relaxed the severity of the penal laws, and invited the Catholic exiles from foreign countries and colleges, to spend their fortunes and their lives in their own country.

“The stately pile of Stonyhurst, with its towers and park-like grounds, forms a magnificent object to the whole of the surrounding country; and the prospects which it commands are bold, rich, and beautiful. Eastward, appears the picturesquely-wooded valleys of the Hodder and the Ribble; the castle of Clitheroe is seen crowning the summit of an insulated hill; and the vast mass of Pendle closes the view. Southward, appear the high grounds of Blackburn parish, and the windings of the Ribble towards Ribchester. The principal part of the edifice is to the west; looking over the park and grounds,

which are ornamented with clumps of plantation. The geographical situation of Stonyhurst is ten miles to the north of Blackburn, the post-town of the establishment, and is equidistant from Clitheroe, Whalley, and Ribchester.

“On the south angle of the front of the college, a large and handsome Catholic church or chapel is now erecting, partly by subscription and partly out of the college funds, in the Tudor style of architecture, after a design by J. J. Scholes, esq. The first stone of the structure was laid in 1832; and it will, when finished, be dedicated to St. Peter.”

On approaching this interesting place, we found two roads, one diverging to the right, the other to the left. We took the right, which led us through pleasant, bowery lanes—the fine buildings shewing themselves, ever and anon, over the trees—to the lodges, the usual way of entrance. Here visitors are expected to use the hospitality of the place, by giving their horses and carriages into the hands of the groom, who takes all possible care of them during their stay. As we were, however, not aware of this circumstance, we drove on, by a winding route, to Hurst's-Green; a little hamlet, about half a mile from the college. We found here that the road diverging to the left from Mitton is the direct way to Hurst's-Green, where those who are not inclined to tax the hospitality of the establishment so much, will find a good village inn, where their horses will be well accommodated. We can only say, however, that, when the heads of the college found that we had not brought our horses to their stable, they expressed the greatest concern.

The approach from Hurst's-Green, is a pleasant walk, and gives you the fullest and finest view of the College. Advancing from the Green, you pass several comfortable cottages, and then through a gate, which brings you into the lawn in front of the house; but at a distance of a quarter of a mile. But, before passing through this gate, you come to a charming little cemetery, belonging to the hamlet and neighbourhood, with a plain but very tasteful oratory, with a bell. The ground is adorned with a white cross, and a few scattered tombs of simple and appropriate style, and graves planted with shrubs and flowers. This rural cemetery stands well, giving wide views of the country round—of Pendle in one direction, and the wild uplands of Bowland Forest in another; and is screened and skirted with trees, with good effect. Here, in winter and bad weather, the funeral rites are performed for the deceased, by one of the fathers of Stonyhurst, in the oratory; but in summer and fine weather, in the open air. The poetical, and, I trust, the religious effect, must be strong, of such a funeral in such a place. The single bell from this fair, but solitary graveyard, calling over hill and dale, with its solemn voice, the dead to his place; and the weeping forms, the funeral garments, and the impressive rites of Christian sepulture, thus witnessed in the face of heaven, and the beauties of that earth which shall know him who has departed "no more for ever"—must, one thinks, exercise a strong and even soothing influence, under such circumstances, over the human spirit.

Turning away from this cemetery, and entering upon the

lawn, the view of Stonyhurst is very impressive. It is a house which accords well with the style of its former lords in Mitton church. You see that it was worthy of the Sherburnes. The grounds, woods, and waters about its solitary stateliness belong strictly to the "old English gentleman." You see that it was not unnatural for the lords and ladies of such a place to take to themselves some credit for "their sympathy and concern for the good of mankind," and for "the many good, charitable things which they did while they lived." You could not avoid thinking of Lady Sherburne now, not as the tenant of a tomb, but as the living lady of this noble mansion; and then, for "a lady of excellent temper and fine sentiments," inhabiting such a house, it really did not seem too much to glorify her condescension in giving money away, "on All-Saints-day, with her own hands." One thought of those delicate hands, busy amongst her cordials and plasters, "for the poor and lame, for whom she kept an apothecary's shop in the house;" and then, calling to mind the many stately mansions and stately parks now-a-days, where the fair and highborn shut themselves up from the intrusion of their own poor neighbours, during the few months in the year that they dwell amongst them; and calling to mind, at the same time, the poor men removed from their cottages, and imprisoned in some monstrous Poor-Law prison—and, truly, the eulogium of her Duchess-daughter became worthy of being carved with "an iron pen, and with lead in the rock."

An avenue of noble trees formerly skirted the carriage-road,

which runs directly up to the lawn of the house. That is gone ; but woods on either hand of the lawn still form a wider kind of avenue, at the end of which appears this tall building, with its large entrance gateway in the centre, its large square windows, and two domed towers, surmounted with eagles. About half-way up the lawn, a railing runs across, marking the more immediate approach ; and on each hand is a sheet of water. The house is in the style of Paul of Padua, and is said by the Jesuit fathers to be the most perfect English specimen of that style. It was built in the reign of Elizabeth, on the site of the older edifice, by Sir Richard Sherburne, who received the honour of knighthood for his bravery in the battle of Leith, and was so great a favourite of her Majesty that she allowed him to have his chapel and his priest at Stonyhurst. He did not, however, live to finish it ; and the cupolas of the towers were added by Sir Nicholas Sherburne, at a cost of 40*l.* ! as is shewn by the deed of contract still existing at Stonyhurst. Sir Nicholas was a travelled scholar ; and by him the gardens and grounds were laid out in the French taste ; and he was preparing to complete the half-finished building, when he lost his only son, Richard Francis, who died in the year 1702, at the age of nine years, and in the manner already related. This severe domestic bereavement so affected him that he abandoned his design. His only daughter, Maria Winifreda Francisca, married Thomas, the eighth Duke of Norfolk, and died without issue in the year 1768. The family possessions now passed to the children of Elizabeth, sister of Sir Nicholas, married to

Sir William Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire; and his eminence, Cardinal Weld, eldest son of the late Thomas Weld, esq., of Lulworth, inherited this noble mansion from his father.

This family appears to have been always a staunch Catholic one; and Stonyhurst coming into the possession of a cardinal, one is not surprised that it should be alienated from the family, and converted to the service of the Catholic cause. The estate is now not merely leased, but sold to the founders of the college.

Nothing could be more courteous than our reception, or more candid than the manner in which all answers to our inquiries, both regarding the place and the social and political views of the conductors were given. We found the President, the Rev. Mr. Scott, was extremely ill at some other place—in fact, as was supposed, and as it proved, at the point of death; but two of the priests, Mr. Daniells and Mr. Irvine, received us most kindly. They apprised us that we had arrived on a day on which it was contrary to their custom to admit visitors—being no other than the anniversary of the dedication of their new church to St. Peter and St. Paul—but that they would gladly make an exception in our favour. They could not, indeed, both attend us, divine worship going on in the church the greater part of the day, and Mr. Daniells being now just going to celebrate mass; but Mr. Irvine would shew us the institution during that time, and luncheon would be on the table at our return. Accordingly, we made the round of the house, and were struck with admiration at the general style and

nobility of the place—its oaken floors, long galleries, paintings, ceilings, the library, the museum, the exhibition and philosophical apparatus rooms, and all those relics and antiquarian remains which enrich it. The passing remarks which I have to make upon these may form a sort of running commentary on Mr. Baines's statement above. The dormitories are large and airy rooms, every separate bed being inclosed within a screen, like the screens of a coffee-house; and a large curtain is drawn in front, so that every boy, with the advantage of ample ventilation, possesses perfect privacy. The philosophical apparatus-room and exhibition-room merit all the praise bestowed upon them; they are noble rooms, and well furnished with orreries, galvanic batteries, a small steam-engine, mathematical instruments, and every requisite for scientific demonstrations. Besides the fine painting by Annibal Caracci, there is one of St. Catharine of Padua in the hospital, well worthy of attention, for the contrast of benignant beauty in the saint with the wretched and agonized forms around her. This room is also furnished with a noble organ.

An excellent and effective mode of education is adopted here. After philosophical exhibitions in these rooms, and after silent reading in the hall of study, each class returns to the room of its particular teacher, and every boy is carefully questioned upon what he has seen or read, so as to ascertain that he has clearly comprehended and made himself master of the matter presented to his mind. The silence and decorum of the school are beautiful. At one moment, the sound of one hundred

and sixty-six boys at play, in front of the college, came up to us;—the next, we saw them marching to the hall of study; and shortly afterwards, passing the door, so profound was the hush, that we inquired whether it were not really empty.

Amongst the relics and sculptures in the library, which are secured in a glass-case, the Prayer-Book, stated above to have belonged to the Queen of Scots, was asserted by Mr. Irvine to have belonged to Mary of England; and that with good reason—the words *Maria Regina* merely being written within the cover; and amongst the emblematical silver embossments on the binding, appearing the pomegranate, the emblem of Spain. The seals of James II., of Penelon, and the cap, beads, seal and reliquary of Sir Thomas More, were also at this time in the library. The relics of Sir Thomas More were given by Father More, the last of the family. Amongst the many interesting contents of the Museum, none are more striking than the quaint old jewel chest of Queen Christina; a large cup of crystal; a curious old ark surmounted with a cross; and some old English MSS. written on long narrow slips of vellum. The recreation-hall is indeed a magnificent gallery, and is embellished with a great number of paintings, amongst which is a very curious large Spanish piece, a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, surrounded by those of almost every celebrated Jesuit. There is also a set of heads of the Apostles, very striking, and correspondent with their characters; especially that of St. John, which is beautiful, and full of that spirit of love, which gave him the bosom-place with his Divine Master. The refectory is

one of the finest baronial halls I have seen ; and the floors of this and other rooms are of oak, laid in squares, lozenges, and other figures, of a rich and antique beauty. This noble room had tables, seats, and other furniture then preparing for it, of a fashion accordant with, and worthy of its old English magnificence. We proceeded from the house to view the playground and gardens. In the former, which has been taken from the gardens, we found one hundred and sixty-six boys at play—a fine set of lads, in all the eagerness and animation of their age—the sons of the principal Catholic nobility and gentry of England and Ireland. Charles Waterton and Sheil were educated here.

With the exception of the piece taken for the playground, the gardens remain pretty much in the form in which they were laid out by Sir Nicholas Sherburne. They are delightful in themselves, and delightfully situated—looking out over that splendid valley, with its river, woods, uplands, and distant hills. It is the fashion to cry down all gardens as ugly and tasteless which are not shaped by our modern notions. The formalities of the French and Dutch have been sufficiently condemned. For my part, I like even them in their place. One would no more think of laying out grounds now in this manner than of wearing Elizabethan ruffs, or bob-wigs and basket-hilted swords ; but the old French and Dutch gardens, as appendages of a quaint old house, are, in my opinion, beautiful. They are like many other things—not so much beautiful in themselves, as beautiful by association, as memorials of certain characters and

ages. A garden, after all, is an artificial thing, and though framed from the materials of nature, may be allowed to mould them into something very different from nature. There is a wild beauty of nature, and there is a beauty in nature linked to art; one looks for a very different kind of beauty in fields and mountains, to what one does in a garden. The one delights you by a certain rude freedom and untamed magnificence; the other by smoothness and elegance—by velvet lawns, bowery arbours, winding paths, fair branching shrubs, fountains, and juxtapositions of many rare flowers. Who will say that Colonel Howard's Elizabethan house and old French gardens at Leven's Bridge are not beautiful?—and who will say, when they have seen them, that the gardens of Stonyhurst are not so too?

In the centre is a capacious circular basin of water, in the midst of which stands a leaden figure of a man in chains, said to be Atilius Regulus. This basin abounds with gold, silver, and black fish. Near it a fine observatory was erecting, which would command an enviable prospect. At each lower extremity of the garden, overlooking the dale, is a summer-house of very beautiful form, with tall pointed roof, surmounted with eagles. Over each door is a grotesque head, and above it a very classical bas-relief vase, with wreaths of flowers and fruit falling on each side. One side of the garden is still divided by pleached walks of yew—in fact, tall screens or walls of yew, cut square, at least ten feet high, and four or five thick, and kept in fine order. From the observatory you see the whole plan of these fences; but as you walk among them, you are enveloped in a most

green and pleasant solitude. Arched doorways are cut through them, and you come, in one place, to a large circular inclosure, formerly occupied by a fountain, but now converted into a bowling green. Thence you descend, by broad flights of easy steps, into a most solemn, cool, and twilight walk, formed by ancient over-arching yews—a place, of all others, made for the meditations of the religious devotee. Reascending you pass into the air and sunshine, amongst cheerful trees and delicious flowers. Similar flights, at the opposite side of the garden, lead you to walls hung with fruit, and kitchen gardens calculated for such an establishment.

From the garden we passed into the new church; an erection of great beauty, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, whose statues occupy niches on each side of the great western window, which is richly painted with the figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, St. John and the other Apostles. The church contains four altars decorated with considerable splendour; the carving which is very good, being principally executed by a working mason of Preston. The different parts of the church are copied from various celebrated ecclesiastical buildings: the pillars and arches forming the aisles, from St. Winifred's Well; the figures of the saints, from Henry VII.'s chapel. The roof, and the organ of oak, are fine.

This was the first anniversary of the opening of this church, and numbers of the country people were at mass. But, about forty years ago, when the Jesuits came here, they found the place a wilderness, having been uninhabited for some years. The

lands were wild, and overgrown with rushes; now they present an aspect of great cheerfulness and good farming. About fifty cows are kept to supply the establishment with milk and butter. The place, indeed, is a perfect rural paradise.

We returned to the house, and found, instead of a luncheon, an excellent hot dinner awaiting us. Mr. Daniells, having now terminated his labours in the chapel, joined us, and our conversation naturally turned upon their peculiar position here, their success, and the general condition of Catholicism in England and Ireland. We joked them on the casuistry and duplicity of the Jesuits, and on their gallantry to the ladies, no women being suffered to sleep under the roof. All this they took in very good part, as Jesuits ought to do, only saying—

“Ah, indeed, Jesuits are dreadful fellows! General Johnstone,” said one of them, “with a young friend of his, was, some time ago, obliged to pass the night here in consequence of his chaise not coming for him as he expected, and in retiring to bed, he said to his companion—‘Good-by, my dear fellow—I shall never see you any more; for when you wake in the morning you will find your throat cut!’”

“But,” said Mrs. Howitt, “let what would happen, if it rained or snowed beyond all possibility of travelling, you would turn me out. You would permit Mr. Howitt to stay; but poor I must dare the elements and do as well as I could.”

“O ma’am,” they replied, “we should be very sorry; but the rules of our order would compel us to do so—not, however, quite so savagely as you represent; for we would take care to get you good quarters in the neighbourhood.”

I was anxious to sound, if possible, spite of the proverbial casuistry and caution of their order, their real sentiments regarding the recovery of ecclesiastical power. When, therefore, conversation had assumed a confidential, and even merry tone, I alluded to the general belief of their hope of the recovery of ecclesiastical ascendancy in this country, and asked—

“Is not this an object that, as sincere lovers of your own church, you must ardently desire?” In a moment, and with an enthusiasm that could not be mistaken, one of them replied—“No, never! To desire the political establishment of Catholicism would be to desire its destruction! I hope never to see that day—it would be a fatal day to us.”

“Yes,” I rejoined; “this, I know, is the common language of English Catholics; but how is it that it does not agree with the practice of Catholics when the opportunity is afforded them? On the continent, we see the Catholics as ready as ever to ally themselves with the state.”

“That,” replied Mr. Daniells, “is the very reason that makes me dread a union with the state here. I know human nature—I know how prone it is to grasp at power and honour; but I know, too, that the union with the state was the destruction of the Church of Rome in this country, in the sixteenth century; and it is destroying the Church of England now, and will destroy it. Sir, we have read history as well as the Protestants, and we know, as well as we know anything, that an establishment is the most fatal curse that can befall any church. We know that it infuses a Lethæan lethargy; it destroys the vitality of zeal;

it breaks up the living interest between the priest and his people. That is the notorious and necessary result of an establishment; that has been, and is, and must be, the perpetual tendency of every such experiment; and therefore whatever may be the desire of others, mine is, that Catholicism may never be established by law in these kingdoms. I do not deny that I desire to see Catholicism spread and prosper; as a zealous lover of my church, and deeming it, as I do, the best form of Christianity, it is what I must desire; and here we have done all that we could, and shall continue to do all that we can, to extend its sphere and its influence. I do not deny that we love power; but then, it is an intellectual and moral power—not the unnatural power derived from a political alliance, which in the end brings weakness to the state, while it confers a specious and external form of existence; and like a vampire, saps the very life of the life within its victim. If I desire prosperity and power for my church, all history has shewn me that they only can be derived from the voluntary zeal of the minister and the affections of the people.”

We could not but admit that this was, at least, sound reasoning—a wise and legitimate rendering of the language of a long and painful experience; and we felt, in the frank earnestness with which it was delivered, that it was sincere. Whether the body of Catholics partake of the same philosophic views, and whether the return of prosperity would not bring back all the ancient thirst of spiritual dominion, are different questions.

We rose to take our leave, and our polite and hospitable

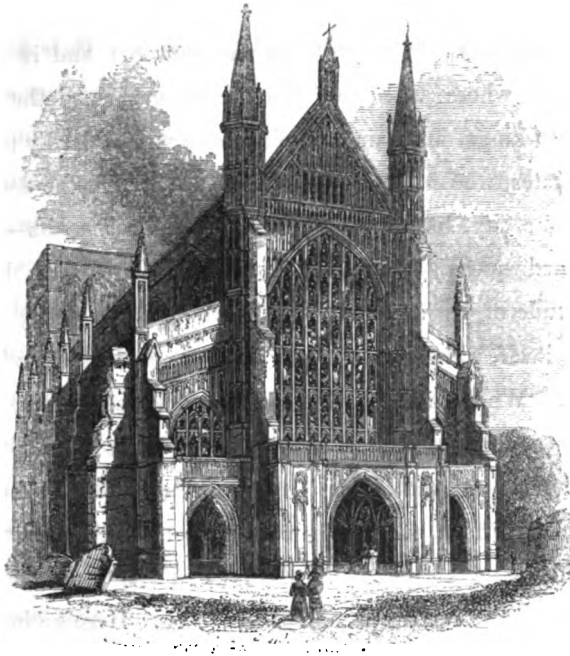
hosts also took their caps and walked down with us to Hurst's-Green. As we approached that place, I pointed out to them the new English church built on the hill opposite. They smiled, and said—

“ Yes, they may build churches, and preach bitter sermons against us, but it all will not avail; it is not by these means that the hearts of the people are won, and their lives amended. We shall go on in our way.”

And what is that way? That is an important question. The fact, indeed, that the fathers have proselyted the greater part of the population of the neighbourhood, is one which has naturally excited no little curiosity and interest. Their regular congregation then consisted of 1600 people, exclusive of their own establishment, which was 250, making in all about 1850 people. The popular alarm respecting the increase of Catholics in England, has therefore necessarily been particularly strong in this neighbourhood, so much so, that the members of the Established Church have built this new church in the nearest possible approach to the estate of the College, in order to counteract the influence of the fathers. A portion of the success of the Jesuits may probably be attributed to their being landlords of a good deal of the district, as well as to the fact of the estate having been from time immemorial in the hands of a zealous Catholic family, whose influence could not fail to leave a strong impression. But this will not account for the whole; and the simple cause is to be found, in the policy of the Jesuit fathers themselves. It is evident that they have established their

influence here by the very same means that their order established such amazing power over the people of Paraguay; not by their doctrines nor their ceremonies, but by that of active and unwearied personal attention to their wants and comforts. This appears to be the only "witchcraft which they have used," and which will produce the same results in the hands of all who will use it. One act of personal kindness, one word of sympathy, will win more hearts than all the eloquence of Cicero or the wealth of the Indies. The religion of good works, of generous and active philanthropy, is the only religion which will suit the people. The bulk of the population are not nice reasoners: they are none of your acute metaphysicians, who can tell you the difference between the hundredth and the hundredth-and-first shade of a sentiment; but they know in a moment when they are treated as men, and their hearts kindle and embrace their benefactors with a sympathy not easily destroyed. Their understandings may even revolt at the prominent errors of a church's doctrines; but if they once feel that it has the pith of real Christian kindness in it, they are gained for ever. Errors become changed, in their minds, into matters of indifference, or are actually converted by the mental alchemy of grateful affection into venerable truths. This, from our observation and inquiry, appeared to be the process by which so great changes had been effected at Stonyhurst. More cheerful, friendly people than the Jesuit fathers, it is impossible to find; visiting the poor in their cottages with the utmost assiduity and familiar kindness. Differing most widely from the creed of these gentle-

men, it is only justice to bear this testimony to their practice. And so far from cause of alarm, we think that that very success points out to Protestants of all persuasions the most luminous means of its counteraction. If the faith of these men be adulterated by grievous errors and traditionary superstitions, as it unquestionably is—and yet, by their simple practical policy of interesting themselves in the welfare of the people around them, they have succeeded in restoring to popular favour, a religion which for three centuries has been stigmatised throughout England and Scotland as a bloody and superstitious religion—a religion which, in fact, when it was the established religion of the land, crowned itself with odium for its rapacity, its sensuality, and for the folly, idleness, and everlasting bickerings of its monks; and what is more, if they who have done this belong to an order of that religion which, beyond all others—by the depth of its policy, the ambition and the talent of its leaders, by the pliant and most persevering pursuance of its objects—rendered itself the terror and abhorrence of the English nation—what shall not the professors of a purer faith achieve by the same means? The doings of the Jesuits of Stonyhurst are, in fact, a study of curious interest to all those who are alarmed at the growth of Popery, or who would strengthen their own influence in the hearts of the people around them.



VISIT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF WINCHESTER.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

WHAT an interesting old city is Winchester! and how few people are aware of it! The ancient capital of the kingdom—the capital of the British, and the Saxon, and the Norman kings—the favourite resort of our kings and queens, even till the Revolution of 1688; the capital which, for ages, maintained a proud, and long a triumphant rivalry with London itself; the capital which once boasted upwards of ninety churches and chapels, whose meanest houses now stand upon the foundations

of noble palaces and magnificent monasteries; and in whose ruins, or in whose yet superb Minster, lie enshrined the bones of mighty kings, and fair and pious queens; of lordly abbots, and prelates, who in their day swayed not merely the destinies of this one city, but of the kingdom. There she sits—a sad discrowned queen, and how few are acquainted with her in the solitude of her desertion! Yet where is the place, saving London itself, which can compete with her in solemn and deep interest? Where is the city except that in Great Britain, which can shew so many objects of antique beauty, or call up so many national recollections? Here lie the bones of Alfred—here he was probably born, for this was at that time the court, and the residence of his parents. Here, at all events, he spent his infancy, and the greater portion of his youth. Here he imbibed the wisdom and the magnanimity of mind with which he afterwards laid the foundations of our monarchy, our laws, liberties, and literature, and in a word, of our national greatness. Hence he went forth to fight those battles which freed his country from the savage Dane; and having done more for his realm and race than ever monarch did before or since, here he lay down in the strength of his years, and consigned his tomb as a place of grateful veneration to a people, whose future greatness even his sagacious spirit could not be prophetic enough to foresee. Were it only for the memory and tomb of this great king, Winchester ought to be visited by every Englishman with the most profound veneration and affection; but here also lie the ashes of nearly all Alfred's family and kin:

his father Ethelwolph, who saw the virtues and talents, and prognosticated the greatness of his son; his noble-minded mother, who breathed into his infant heart the most sublime sentiments; his royal brothers, and his sons and daughters. Here also repose Canute, who gave that immortal reproof on the Southampton shore to his sycophantic courtiers, and his celebrated queen Emma, so famous at once for her beauty and her trials. Here is still seen the tomb of Rufus, who was brought hither in a charcoal-burner's cart from the New Forest, where the chance arrow of Tyrrel avenged, in his last hunt, the cruelties of himself and his father on that ground. But, in fact, the whole soil here seems to be composed of the dust of kings and queens, of prelates and nobles, and every object to have been witness to some of the most signal struggles and strange histories, which mark the annals of the empire; and in order to have a due idea of the wealth of human interest here accumulated, it is desirable that before we ramble through the streets and beneath the crumbling ramparts of this queen of British cities, we should take a rapid glance at the long line of the illustrious personages who have figured within it, many of whose acts indeed have given an inextinguishable cast and colour to the destinies of the realm. Winchester has been fortunate in her historians; and especially in her last and best, Dr. Milner; and following in their track, we may confidently walk over her most hallowed ground, and mount her hills, every one of them rife with historic memories, and point out the footsteps and the dim receding figures of crowned

monarchs, embattled hosts, the duels of renowned champions, or the peaceful processions of mitred and cowled men, amid the sound of martial or sacred music, and the hushed awe of the myriads of lookers on.

Throwing aside the fables of Nennius, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the pedigree of King Brute, drawn from Eneas of Troy, our historians claim a high antiquity for Winchester, as the *Caer Gwent* of the Celtic and Belgic Britons, the *Venta Belgarum* of the Romans, and the *Wintanceaster* of the Saxons. The history of Winchester is nearly coeval with the Christian era. Julius Cæsar does not seem to have been here, in his invasion of Britain, but some of his troops must have passed through it; a plate from one of his standards, bearing his name and profile, having been found deep buried in a sand-bed in this neighbourhood: and here, within the first half century of Christendom, figured the brave descendants of Cassibelaunus, those noble sons of Cunobelin or Cymbeline, Guiderius and Arviragus, whom Shakspeare has so beautifully presented to us in his *Cymbeline*; that Arviragus, the Cogidubnus also of his countrymen, and the noble Caractacus of the Roman historians. Who is not acquainted with his dignified conduct at Rome? with the joy of the Emperor Claudius, and the whole Roman court and people, when he was betrayed into their hands? with their generous treatment of him, and with his return to this country, to reign at Venta, with his new Roman queen Gewissa? This lady, our ancient historians do not hesitate to style the daughter of Claudius himself. But both they and the Roman

poet Martial, claim Claudia the daughter of Caractacus, as the wife of the noble senator Pudens, both of whom are mentioned by St. Paul, in his second epistle to Timothy (iv. 21), as their mutual Christian friends at Rome. If we are to credit the Saxon Martyrology and Archbishop Usher, not only were the descendants of Claudia and Pudens amongst the most eminent Christians of Rome; but Lucius, the great-grandson of Tiberius Claudius Cogidubnus, our Arviragus or Caractacus, was the first Christian king in this or any other country. Hence was he called by the old historians *Lever Maur*, or the Great Light, and hence did he take the star of Jacob for his badge, as may be seen in the engraving of one of his medals in Camden. We learn that he founded in Britain churches in each of its twenty-eight cities, and built here a noble cathedral. He was the last of the tributary kings; the Roman emperors afterwards holding their government in their own hands till they finally withdrew from the island. But here it was that, while Caractacus himself reigned, the fate of the brave Queen Boadicea was sealed. Stung to the quick with the insults she had received from the Romans, this noble queen of the Iceni, the Bonduca of some writers, and the Boo Tika of her own coins, had sworn to root out the Roman power from this country. Had she succeeded, Caractacus himself had probably fallen, nor had there ever been a king Lucius here. She came breathing utter extermination to every thing Roman or of Roman alliance, at the head of 230,000 barbarians, the most numerous army till then ever collected by any British prince. Already had she visited and

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laid in ashes Camulodunum, London, and Verulam, killing every Roman, and every Roman ally, to the amount of 70,000 souls. But in this neighbourhood she was met by the Roman general Paulinus, and her army routed with the slaughter of 80,000 of her followers. In her despair at this catastrophe, she destroyed herself, and instead of entering the city in triumph was brought in a breathless corpse for burial.

Many were the stirring events which occurred here while the Roman emperors, or the tyrants who rose up in Britain, and assumed the purple in defiance of them, reigned; but none were so bloody as the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, in which the streets of Venta were deluged with innocent blood, and the splendid minster of Lucius razed to the ground; and none so curious as that a monk of this city, Constans, should go forth a warrior, assume the purple and the imperial crown, and become, in that character, the conqueror of Spain. It was during the dynasty of the Saxon kings that Winchester was especially the seat of royalty, and the scene of singular events. Before the valiant Cerdic, the Saxon, the famous Uther Pendragon, the father of the yet more famous King Arthur, gave ground, and left Caer Gwent, or Venta, to become Wintanceaster, the capital of the West Saxons. Here then reigned Ceaulin, who beat, at Wimbledon in Surry, Ethelbert, the first Christian king of Kent; Kinegils, the renowned king, who, victorious over all his enemies, received the Christian faith from St. Birinus, in 625, and began to build anew the cathedral, which his son Kenewalk completed, in which the bones of Kinegils

are yet carefully preserved. Here, after a succession of stout kings, reigned Egbert, who first united the Saxon Heptarchy, and made Wintanceaster the capital of England; having in his youth lived in the capital of the Franks, and formed himself on the model of the Great Charlemagne, of the example of whose virtues and valour he had great need, for in his day the Danes rushed abroad over his kingdom, and burnt towns and ravaged the country far and wide. In the cathedral of this city his son Ethelwolph, the father of Alfred, signed and delivered, before the high altar, in the presence of two subject kings and a great number of nobles, one of the most important, and, from its consequences, most celebrated documents, which ever issued from the hands of a king—the Charter of Tithes on all the lands in England; which, says William of Malmsbury, for the greater solemnity, he then placed on the altar. Here, as we have before said, lived the gallant, the philosophic, and the pious Alfred, whom Milner justly pronounces “the miracle of history; a prince who, having been the subject of innumerable pens, has never had a defect imputed to him as a sovereign, or a fault as a man!”—whom Sir Henry Spelman calls “the wonder and astonishment of all ages!” And whom Hume, the historian, thus speaks of: “The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers have been

fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing; so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper boundaries! He knew how to reconcile the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the gentlest lenity; the greatest vigour in commanding with the most perfect affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science with the most shining talents for action. His civil and military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature, also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him every bodily accomplishment, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, with a pleasing, engaging, and open countenance."

And what did Alfred, to win these extraordinary praises? In the short period of twenty-nine years and a half, the period of his reign, he chased numerous armies of Danes from his country, though beset sometimes with several of them appearing in different quarters at once. Numbers of them he civilized and christianized, and planted in the parts which they themselves had depopulated. He raised a national militia, and so trained it as to be ready to issue forth at the shortest notice, and march to any point at which the enemy might appear. He

was the first to build and maintain a fleet, and thus avail himself of the peculiar strength of our insular position. He established such a police, that when he hung, as a trial, golden bracelets on trees by the highways, not a man dared to take them down; and the husbandman—the mechanic—returning in security to their daily tasks, England speedily assumed such an air of security and prosperity as it never knew before. Though Egbert, his grandfather, had united the Heptarchy under one nominal crown, it was he who first really cemented England into one kingdom; the Welsh even acknowledging his authority, and the whole country, from the borders of Scotland to the south, submitting to his rule. Whatever had been fabled of Arthur, seemed realized in Alfred. He was not only the founder of the monarchy in its geographical extent, but in its constitution and its laws. Having fought fifty-six battles himself, by sea and land, he sat down to the equally arduous task of framing the institutions of peace and knowledge. He wrote a body of laws, which, though now lost, are yet believed to be the origin of what we term our *Common Law*. He divided the whole country into tithings, hundreds, and shires, with proper magistrates in each, and with appeal from the court of the tithing to that of the hundred, thence to the shire; and, finally, if necessary, to himself. Every man in each tithing was answerable for the conduct of another, and whoever did not register himself in his tithing was punishable as an outlaw. None could move from his place of abode without a certificate from his tithing-man, or borsholder. Besides the monthly

meetings of each hundred for the due administration of justice, there was an annual one, which has given to many hundreds the name of wapentake, for to it every man came armed, and then was made a stern inquiry into the conduct of police and of magistrates, as well as of the people, and all abuses were impartially redressed. Assizes were to be held twice a year in each shire, and twice a year he regularly assembled the States in the capital. No man was tried, for any offence, without twelve freeholders being sworn to make due examination of his cause. Thus were laid down our present plan of administrative justice, trial by jury, and our parliament. If Alfred did not invent these institutions—for they are of a kind which prevailed amongst most of the ancient Saxon and Teutonic nations—he, however, systematized and reduced them to an exact practice, using great exertion to secure magistrates, sheriffs, and earls of strict integrity, of the greatest intelligence; and removing rigidly all that appeared corrupt or incompetent. Never was so admirable a plan of civil jurisdiction framed in so rude an age; and to remedy the very rudeness of the age, he invited into his kingdom the most learned and pious men from all parts. He founded and endowed the University of Oxford. He may, indeed, be said to have established a national system of education, for he enacted that every man who possessed two hydes of land should send his children to school to be educated. He himself undertook translations from the Greek and Latin languages; amongst them *Æsop's Fables*, *Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy*, and the histories of *Orosius* and

Bede. He wrote stories, fables, and poems. He encouraged merchandise and manufactures of all kinds; and while all this time racked by the pangs of an incurable malady, he rebuilt his ruined cities, and especially the cities of Winchester and London, in greater magnificence than they had known before. He was celebrated for having introduced a superior style of architecture into the kingdom, and built four noble monasteries as models of tasteful magnificence, one of them being the *Westminster Abbey*, where his bones were laid. To crown all, not contented with what he had done while living, he left behind him, in his will, as an immortal legacy to his country, the sentiment—how glorious from the heart of a great and victorious king!—that “IT IS JUST THAT THE ENGLISH SHOULD FOR EVER REMAIN AS FREE AS THEIR OWN THOUGHTS!” Well might Sir Henry Spelman style him “the wonder and astonishment of all ages!” and add, “if we reflect on his piety and religion, it would seem that he had always lived in a cloister: if on his warlike exploits, that he had never been out of camps: if on his learning and writings, that he had spent his whole life in a college: if on his wholesome laws and wise administration, that these had been his whole study and employment.” While contemplating with speechless admiration this sublime and truly godlike character, we cannot help exclaiming, Why has the world been presented with such hosts of kings, and but—ONE ALFRED? How mysterious is that Providence which does not permit to suffering mankind the blessing of one such perfect monarch, even in a thousand years!

Thou hast done nobly, thou hast bravely fought !
 Oh ! not for kingly state or lawless sway ;
 On Freedom's shrine thou didst thy sceptre lay !
 And henceforth is thine empire in the thought
 And feelings of the Free. Power may devise
 A throne, whose incense is the millions' sighs ;
 But thou hast won for thee a nobler state—
 A more enduring throne : for worthless things
 Are crowns and sceptres, and the sway of kings,
 Compared with the high feelings which await
 THE GIVERS OF THE GIFT OF LIBERTY !
 Hence is it that for thee the homage springs
 Of all the great and wise ; and hence for thee
 Breathes through all climes a noble memory.

Richard Howitt.

We might have supposed that such would have been the love and veneration of Englishmen for such a man, that his tomb would have been held the most sacred spot on all the broad bosom of England, and that the feet of pilgrims would have not merely worn down the marble steps of his shrine, but have made dusty the very highways leading towards it, from the most distant extremities of the empire ;—but what is the fact ? A beautiful and stately abbey was built to receive his remains, in Hyde Meadow, near this city, and thither they were conveyed from his own august monastery, the *St. Dunstons*, with a solemn procession, and holy chantings : but, at the dissolution of the abbeys, this was pulled down, to sell the materials ; the tombs of Alfred, of his queen Alswitha, of Edward the Elder, his son, and many of their descendants and other illustrious persons, were given up to the mercy of the destroyers. What that age left undone the last completed, by

building a Bridewell on the very spot where this great king and perpetual benefactor of his country once reposed amid his kindred and his friends! Thus, while gorgeous tombs rise above the bones of many a worthless monarch, or ignoble grandee, the dust of Alfred, the noblest man that ever wore a crown, has been violated by the pick and spade of ruthless workmen, and his monument is—a gaol!

But our alternate admiration of the monarch, and indignation at the fate of his remains, have stopped us on our way. The descendants of Alfred continued to sway the Saxon sceptre for a hundred and sixty-five years, with the interruption of the brief dynasty of Canute and his sons Harold and Hardicanute; but no other Alfred arose amongst them. Valiant and great princes were some of them for the times: as Athelstan the Victorious; and Edgar the Magnificent, who made seven kings row him in his barge on the river Dee: but others, such as Ethelred the Unready, who was soon compelled to fly before the Danes; and Edmund Ironside, that stout-hearted but unlucky king, who was obliged to divide his kingdom with them, shewed only by the retrogression of the realm under their rule, how truly great had been their immortal ancestor, Alfred.

Yet during the Saxon period there is a picturesqueness of history that nowhere else occurs. There is a rude simplicity of life, and a mixture of great crimes and romantic incidents, that could only arise in such a life. The monarchs hunting with few attendants, or feasting in their halls in a most jovial and unguarded manner, gave occasion to events that could not

in any after age have happened to the most ordinary noble. Into the hall of young Edmund, the successor of Athelstan, walked the great outlaw Leolf, on a day of high feasting, and seated himself at table. He sate and caroused, spite of the king's indignant command to withdraw himself, and the king, instead of ordering his attendants to expel him, jumped up, seized him by the throat, and while dragging the robber out, was stabbed by him to the heart. Edwy, while in company with his wife, or as Milner will have it, his mistress, is dragged out by St. Dunstan, and the Archbishop of Canterbury; the queen, or lady claiming to be queen, is branded in the face, and banished—the people rise, at the instigation of the priests, in rebellion against the king, who is excommunicated and chased away, so that he comes to his death a mere boy, not yet eighteen years of age; and the lady being again found in England, is hamstringed by the order of the archbishop, and dies in agony. Edgar his successor, a great admirer of female beauty, is cheated out of the lovely Elfrida by his favourite Athelwald, who being sent to see her on the king's account, falls in love with her, and coming back, persuades the king that she is nothing particular; marries her himself; and falls the victim of the combined vengeance of the king and the lady on the discovery of the truth. Edward, the son and successor of Edgar, a gay and open-hearted youth of nineteen, while hunting, leaves his train, rides off into the forest, to see his step-mother, this fair but imperious Elfrida, and while drinking a cup of wine, which she presents him as he sits on horseback at her castle-gate, is

stabbed by her command. This beautiful, but haughty and ambitious woman, having thus caused the murder of her first husband Athelwald by Edgar, in order to win a crown, and thus murdered Edgar's son by a former wife to make room for her own; now, struck with incurable remorse, quits her regal state, her noble castle of Corfe, builds an abbey at Wherwell in the forest of Harewood near where her first husband fell, and there amid the most rigorous penances, fastings, prayers, wearing next her skin cloth of hair, passes her whole life; there dies and is buried. It was Ethelred the Unready, the successor of Edgar, who conceived and executed the bloody massacre of all the Danes in the kingdom, whom he had not been able by arms to subdue. It was he who issued secret letters, that on the festival of St. Brice, which fell on a Sunday, the people should suddenly everywhere rise and put every Dane to death. It was in this city, in the year 1002, that this horrid butchery began; and what is more remarkable, it was the concluding scene of the king's marriage festivities with Emma, the fair maid of Normandy. From this massacre sprung one of the most remarkable of our old English popular customs, that of *the Hocktide Merriments*; which have been continued through every succeeding age, and are even yet practised, particularly in the northern parts of the kingdom, where so many of the Danes were located. Those who may have witnessed what is called *Lifting*, at Easter; that is, men being lifted in a chair by the women, till they give them a tribute to be free, may have never known that that merry custom commenced in the city of

Winchester, nearly nine hundred years ago, in the bloody massacre of the Danes, when the women took an active part in the affair; hamstringing such of their victims as they spared, that they might no longer be able to fight; whence in the annual rejoicings which they instituted to commemorate this tragedy, they substituted the symbolical practice of tying the men down in a chair, for disabling them, and demanding for their release a fee. But for this bloody deed, this kingdom, and especially this city, its capital—speedily received sweeping vengeance. The Danes under Sweyn, came hot with fury, over-run every thing, and compelling the monarch to fly for his life, placed a fierce Dane in every house as its keeper, and instead of Hocktide sports, made the cowering Saxon bow his bare head to every *Lord Dane* that he met; and if he encountered him on a bridge or in a narrow way, so to stand till his lordship had passed, or to receive prompt chastisement at his hand. In this cathedral, if we are to believe the ancient annalists and the popular songs of succeeding ages, the widow of the victorious Canute, the celebrated Emma, who had been the wife of two kings, and was now the mother of a third, passed the fiery ordeal, and walked unhurt over nine red-hot ploughshares. She came thither the preceding day from the abbey of Wherwell, whither she had retired, and spent the night before the altar in prayer. When the morning broke, there came the king, the bishops, and all the multitude of people, to witness this fearful spectacle; and when they saw her walk, supported by two bishops, over the burning metal not merely unhurt, but

unconscious of it, thus being cleared by divine power itself from the breath of calumny, the thousands of spectators made the vaults of the ancient mynstre, and the vaults of heaven itself, ring with their acclamations.

Such were the scenes which passed in the royal city of Wintanceaster during its period of Saxon glory—but the Normans came, and London began to rival and eclipse it as a regal seat. From the day, indeed, in which Alfred had rebuilt London in so superior a style, and had ordered the States to assemble there twice a year, its natural advantages of situation as the capital of a great realm, began to be felt, and it consequently increased rapidly in power and population. A great river is the true seat for a great capital, and the Thames was not only a noble stream, but was so located in reference to the continent, that its signal superiority could be no longer overlooked. While the kingdom was not sufficiently knit together to repel readily the ravages of foreign foes, a capital such as Winchester, a little removed from the coast, and especially from the northern coasts of the continent, which poured out so many fierce barbarians, was a more desirable spot; but the Normans were a powerful race, and their relative location and communication with their own country, which must be kept up by ships, which again must necessarily require a noble harbour—made London the seat of power, but still left Winchester the seat of residence and pleasure. Here the Conqueror found himself in the very paradise of his own desire. His passion for dominion was not more fervent than his passion for hunting. “He loved,” says the Saxon chronicler,

who is believed to have been his cotemporary, "great deer as if he had been their father." Here then was a noble old city, well fortified, the seat of the kings of three preceding dynasties. So here he built him a castle to hold the natives in check, and a palace, thrusting it into the north end, even of the cathedral enclosure, where some of its massy foundations are yet to be seen; and here soon began to toll his great even-bell of *Couvre-feu*, which was soon echoed from every parish steeple throughout the kingdom, and which yet are heard ringing by us at eight o'clock in the evening—the curfew-bell of these peaceful days. The city stood in a lovely and fertile valley, watered by one of the most wonderfully translucent streams on earth; and around it lay a delightful country—to him especially delightful, for its pleasant woods of Hempage, its forests of Bere and Woolmer, Chute and Pamber, all within scope of an accessible variety, but especially his great and favourite region of Ythene, or New Forest. Here he was, therefore, often to be found; as was his son Rufus, who, as we have observed, was buried here. Here the royal treasures were kept; here, and for ages after, were the royal mints; and under these kings and their successors, till the time of Edward III., who continued to keep their court and wear their crowns here at Easter annually, Winchester flourished greatly. As the stream of years rolled on, Winchester witnessed many a singular scene, at which we can only give a glance. It saw the line of Alfred mingled with that of the Norman dynasty, by the union of Maud, or Molde the Good, the great granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, and Henry the First.

Here she was living in a monastery—here she was married—and, according to Rudborne, after a life of active piety, distributing alms, building hospitals and bridges, and serving the infirm and diseased in person—here she was buried. Here her daughter, the Empress Matilda, waged the hottest part of her long warfare with Stephen, in which the most populous part of the city was destroyed by Stephen's party, with twenty churches, the royal palace, and the noble monasteries of St. Mary and St. Grimbold; and the Empress herself was only able to escape out of the besieged castle by a pretended death, and a truce obtained for the purpose of her funeral, during which she was carried out of the city through the midst of her besiegers on a horse-litter, wrapt as a corpse in a sheet of lead. Here Cœur-de-Lion, after his crusade and captivity in Germany, thinking himself half unkinged by his absence and thralldrom, caused himself to be again crowned with great pomp and ceremony; and here the whole country saw with indignation the most contemptible act of the contemptible John. After having here planned sundry schemes of exaction and oppression—after attempting to seize one-thirteenth of all the moveable property of the realm, and bearding the Pope about the appointment of an archbishop—as mean as obstinate, he then ran into the other extreme, on being menaced with his kingdom being given to the king of France. At Dover he laid his crown and treasures at the feet of the Pope's agent, Pandulph, doing homage for them, and agreeing to ratify what Matthew of Westminster justly terms a treaty lamentable and detestable, at this city. Here, therefore,

on the approach of the rejected Archbishop Langton, and several brother prelates, he went out to meet them on the downs of Magdalen-hill, where "at the sight of them he fell upon his knees, and shed many tears. This had the effect of melting the whole company, who mingled their tears with his. The prelates, raising him from the ground, now marched in mournful procession, repeating the 50th Psalm, to the western door of the cathedral, where a great number of distinguished persons joined them in weeping and praying." They did not allow him, however, to enter the church, but as an excommunicated person kept him standing without a good while, but finally proceeded to the chapter-house, and absolved him in due form.

Most of the succeeding kings and queens were to be found at one time or other at Winchester, holding festivals or parliaments, or passing to and fro in their intestine wars. Henry III. was born here, and always bore the name of Henry of Winchester: Henry IV. here married Joan of Brittany: Henry VI. came often hither, his first visit being to study the discipline of Wykeham's college, as a model for his new one at Eton to supply students to King's College, Cambridge, as Wykeham's does to his foundation of New College, Oxford: and happy had it been for this unfortunate monarch, had he been a simple monk in one of the monasteries of a city which he so much loved, enjoying peace, learning and piety, having bitterly to learn—

That all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Henry VIII. made a visit with the Emperor Charles V., and

stayed a week examining its various antiquities and religious institutions; but he afterwards visited them in a more sweeping manner, by the suppression of its monasteries, chantries, etc., so that, says Milner, "these being dissolved, and the edifices themselves soon after pulled down, or falling to decay, it must have worn the appearance of a city sacked by a hostile army." Through his reign and that of Edward VI. the destruction of the religious houses, and the stripping of the churches, went on to a degree which must have rendered Winchester an object of ghastly change and desolation. "Then," says Milner, "were the precious and curious monuments of piety and antiquity, the presents of Egbert and Ethelwolph, Canute and Emma, unrelentingly rifled and cast into the melting-pot, for the mere value of the metal which composed them. Then were the golden tabernacles and images of the Apostles snatched from the cathedral and other altars," and not a few of the less valuable sort of these sacred implements were to be seen when he wrote (1798), and probably are now, in many private houses of this city and neighbourhood.

The later history of this fine old city is chiefly that of melancholy and havoc. A royal marriage should be a gay thing; but the marriage of Bloody Mary here to Philip of Spain awakes no great delight in an English heart. Here, through her reign and that of Elizabeth, the chief events were persecutions for religion. James I. made Winchester the scene of the disgraceful trials of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lords Cobham and Grey, and their assumed accomplices—trials in which that most vain and

pedantic of tyrants attempted, on the ground of pretended conspiracies, to wreak his personal spite on some of the best spirits of England. Three of these royal victims, the Hon. George Brooke, brother of Lord Cobham, and the priests Watson and Clarke, were executed here on the Castle-hill; the rest were reprieved after a barbarous farce of execution; being brought out, one by one, and made to face the very axe, and even to prepare to feel its edge, and then remanded; Sir Walter Raleigh being sent to the Tower, and cooped up for further mockery and final destruction. Such was the treatment of the man whose genius was an honour to the nation, and whose spirit and counsels had done more to break the Spanish power—than the deadly foe of England—than almost any person of the time, by this wretched doater on the Buckingham and Carrs. The next reign saw his son Charles suffering for the base maxims of government which this great pretender to “kingcraft,” as he termed it, had instilled into him, and brought through this very city, a melancholy image of fallen greatness—a prisoner and a doomed man. Cromwell soon appeared here, and left those traces of his presence which, as in so many other places, remain to the present hour. He took the castle, and blew it up with gunpowder. He demolished Wolvesley Castle, the bishop’s palace; battered to pieces the fortifications of the city, knocking down what was called the Norman Tower at the Westgate; with several churches and other public buildings; and then leaving his troopers to stable their horses in the cathedral, they exercised their puritan ardour in demolishing monuments, smashing

painted windows, and perpetrating martyrdom on saints of stone. Charles II. took as great a fancy to Winchester as the Norman kings themselves, setting Sir Christopher Wren to build a palace for him on the site of the old castle, which, so far as finished, stands there now; adding two new rooms to the deanery, in which he lived, for the accommodation of Nell Gwynn; while the Duchess of Portsmouth built a house for herself in St. Peter-street. But the most singular fact of history connected with Winchester and its neighbourhood in modern times, and the last which we shall mention, is that of Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son, who resigned the Protectorate, and has been universally reproached for it by the historians, as being a proof of his weakness and pusillanimity. It is much more probable that it was a proof of his good sense. Richard, no doubt, saw the signs of the times; that a strong party was mustering for the return of the Stuarts. He had evidently a keen relish for the enjoyment of life, and had no desire to live as his father had done, with armour under his doublet, and sheet iron on his chamber door, and a brace of pistols always under his pillow. He therefore resolved to retire to enjoyment with the plenty which he had; and a jolly life, it seems, he lead of it, at the old manor of Mardon, at Hursley, near this city, which he received in marriage with Dorothy Major, daughter of an alderman of Southampton. In his father's lifetime, it is said, he used in his convivial hours to drink the health of his father's landlord, Charles II. Charles II., the landlord, it appears, on his return never molested him; and he spent a merry life in

hospitable old English state to the term of eighty years. Here he had a chest filled with addresses of congratulation and protestations of the most profound fidelity, which, before his resignation, he had received from all the corporations and almost all public characters; and on this he would often seat himself in the midst of his jovial friends, and boast that he was sitting on the lives and fortunes of most of the men in England.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY.

SUCH are some of the swarming historic recollections which come crowding on the mind as you enter the ancient city of Winchester, and it may be supposed, therefore, with what an interest a well-informed Englishman first wanders through it. As you approach it from any quarter, the huge fabric of its cathedral strikes the eye with a solemn and venerable air of antiquity. William of Wykeham's beautiful college, the Norman hospital of St. Cross down the valley, and the peeping towers of various old churches, strengthen the impression. Wherever you turn, when once within its streets, you encounter objects of the past ages—the massy old gateway; the taper cross, light as a vision of fairyland; the tall peaked roof of ancient hospital or hall, and crumbling ramparts and ivy-hung ruins. Every thing is ancient. The houses are old and unpretending: you see none of those gay resuscitations and extensions of streets which mark the modern growth of many towns. There is a quietness and an absence of bustle in the streets themselves. You think of

such towns as Liverpool and Manchester, where the spirit of modern activity has filled their huge boundaries with the din and the swarms of a restless, keen, and money-getting population; of Newcastle, which has sprung up from its ancient dinginess to a splendour of buildings rivaling the capital; or of Leamington, where the resort of fashion and affluent invalidism have made a splendid and glittering town out of a hamlet of yesterday; and you feel that the great current of national existence has turned aside, and left this capital of the olden time to muse over her past greatness. As you pass on, your eye is ever and anon caught by the old projecting gable, the low-pointed arch leading into houses which were once conventional buildings or the palaces of nobles, but are now the dim abodes of the humblest citizens. Tall massy walls of gardens and other spacious inclosures testify to their own antiquity; niches with antique figures of saint and virgin, or holy matron; memorial stones embedded in the sides of more recent buildings, arrest your eye at every brief interval of progress. The names of St. Swithun and St. Peter are inscribed on streets; and if you lift your eye to the neighbouring hills, they are those of St. Magdalen or St. Catherine. Narrow passages lead you into the ancient burial-ground, or past the dusky receding doorways of old chapels. You find those long secluded pathways between high old walls, leading to retired footpaths in the outskirts, and across the crofts and meadows near, that are only to be found in our old unchanged country towns, and to which we become so much attached when we have lived in such a town for some

time, and made them our daily outlets to the country ; and, ever and anon, a solemn stroke on the great clock-bell of the minster, or a chime from a church tower, by the solemnity or the quaintness of its sound, strikes you with a sense or long-passed ages.

It is but a few months ago that I once more traversed this interesting city, with my brother Richard, who then saw it for the first time. Bound on a voyage to the opposite regions of the globe, and enabled by the rough blessing of a storm to set foot once more on English soil, it would be difficult for a less poetical person to imagine the delight with which he went over every spot of this historical ground. Two days of the most splendid autumnal weather we spent in and around it, pacing its gothic aisles and cloisters, pondering over its monuments, climbing its hills, and following the windings of its most transparent stream, and everywhere repeopling its haunts with the varied multitude of its past inhabitants. We sat down on St. Giles's hill, while the whole chorus of church-bells filled the air with their solemn, yet rejoicing, murmur of sound ; for it was Sunday. A more beautiful and interesting scene cannot readily be presented to the eye than the one before us. The city lay at our feet, in a fine open valley, and occupying a good portion of it. All round it rose bare green downs, contrasting in their airiness with its broad mass of houses, of a simple old English aspect,—red brick houses with red tiled roofs, sobered to the eye with age, and mingled with fine masses of trees, especially around the minster ; William of Wykeham's college, and Eastgate-house and grounds to the right, just below us.

The main street, running up straight before you, direct east and west, and, at its farther end, the ancient, massy Westgate, spanning it. Immediately to the left of this stands, on its bold elevation, the chapel of St. Stephen, the chapel of the old castle, but now used as the county-court; a building of simple outside, but with a fine interior, in which is still suspended on the wall the fabled Round-Table of King Arthur, who was said by the British minstrels to hold his court here. But Dr. Milner has shewn, too clearly for the boasts of old romance, that such could not be the fact, the Saxons getting possession of Winchester in Uther's time. On this hill, however, were executed the three gentlemen condemned by the judges of James, as participators in Raleigh's conspiracy. Close on the left again, stands the palace of Charles II.; a heavy mass of Grecian architecture, which bears very ill the contrast with the beautiful gothic erections below. This stands on the site of the picturesque old castle of the Conqueror, where many a bold and bloody deed was done, and many a fierce beleaguering sustained. There, when Queen Isabella, with her paramour Mortimer, had triumphed over her husband, Edward II., the head of the old Earl of Winchester, the brave champion of the unfortunate king, and who had lived ninety years of wisdom and virtue, was seen bleaching on the top of the castle-gate at the command of the ferocious queen. But a still stranger sight was it, to see Edmund of Woodstock, the Earl of Kent, the king's own uncle, when condemned for his adherence to his kinsman and sovereign, standing on the scaffold before the castle-gate from

morning till night, for want of an executioner ; such being the detestation of that lascivious woman and her base and murderous paramour, and such the love and veneration for that worthy nobleman, that not a man, of any degree whatever, either of the city or neighbourhood, could be induced by rewards or menaces to perform the office of headsman, till a mean wretch from the Marshalsea prison, to save his own life, at length consented to take that of the Earl of Kent. To the north of the town might be seen the locality of Hyde Meadow, where, the old minstrels maintain, that Guy of Warwick fought and slew the Danish giant, Colbrand. The ancient ballad of Sir Guy makes him say—

And afterwards I offered up
The use of weapons solemnly,
At Winchester, whereat I fought
In sight of many far and nye.

But far more is Hyde Meadow memorable as the burial-place of the immortal Alfred, the great model of kings and of men.

In the centre of the town rises the venerable cathedral, as its grand object ; at a short distance south, Wykeham's college, looking like another church, with its handsome pinnacled tower and noble east window ; and down the valley, still more southward, the Hospital of St. Cross, a miniature likeness of the cathedral, nearly buried in its surrounding trees. The meadows between the town and St. Cross shew themselves very pleasantly, with their winding streams, their trees, and scattered cottages. Just below you to the left, between you and the

cathedral, lie the extensive ruins of Wolvesley Castle; built by Henry de Blois, the brother of King Stephen, and destroyed by Cromwell. De Blois is said to have built Wolvesley on the site of a Saxon palace, so named from the tribute of wolves' heads, levied by King Edgar, being paid there. Be that as it may, it became from De Blois' time the bishop's palace, and a noble one it must have been. Its massy and wide-spread walls overrun with a vast growth of ivy; its still entire chapel; its green inclosure, encircled by the old city walls, grey and broken, and yet carefully covered with fruit trees,—have a most picturesque aspect. The town comes up to the very foot of the hill, nay, its cottages and gardens climb the very acclivity, and remind one of Goethe's description of his rambling round the old walls of Frankfort when a boy, and looking down into such gardens, and on men and women issuing like burrowing animals from their dens, which are unseen and unknown to the dwellers below. To our left, rose the swelling hill of St. Catherine, crowned with its copse of beech and fir, and belted with the green mound of its ancient camp, Roman or British; and behind us again, rose the downs of St. Magdalen, where formerly stood a noble hospital of that name, and where King John met and humbled himself at the feet of Langton. This very hill of St. Giles, on which we were, is one of the most distinguished in the neighbourhood of the city. Here, for ages, was held one of the greatest annual fairs in the kingdom. It was first granted by the Conqueror to his cousin, the Bishop Walkelin, and his successors, for a single day, and extended by future

monarchs to sixteen days. A gay and most curious scene it must have been. Here came merchants from all parts of the kingdom and from the continent too,—Jews, spicers, players, jugglers, minstrels, dealers in cutlery, arms, horses and cattle, mendicant friars, the tin and copper merchants from Cornwall, and all the concourse of picturesque characters which sped to a great occasion of business and merriment in those ages. That the clergy did not keep too strict a hand on its mirth and frolic may well be believed, for the bishop, the priory of St. Swithun, Hyde abbey, the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, and other corporations, received the tolls upon every article brought to the fair. For this purpose they had collectors stationed at Southampton, Redbridge, and on all the great roads leading to the city. During the continuance of the fair, all the shops were shut up in the city, and the mayor gave up the keys of the four city gates, and with them his authority, to a temporary magistrate of the bishop's appointment. A sort of city was erected on the hill itself. Its booths and tents were arranged in whole streets, each appropriated to the sale of its own peculiar commodity, and thence named,—as the drapery, the spicery, the stannery, etc. The fame of this fair was in every part of the kingdom; and hence Piers Plowman is introduced, saying—

To Wy * and to Winchester I went to the Fair.

Its reputation continued till the reign of Henry VI., when that of St. Magdalen's hill began to eclipse it.

* Weyhill.

On this hill too, from the earliest times of Christianity, stood the chapel of St. Giles, which was burnt down in 1231, but rebuilt and remaining till the sweeping reign of Henry VIII. Nothing now remains of it, but the churchyard; which, however, is more than remains of the chapel of St. Catherine, which formerly crowned her noble hill, but fell in the same reign, and has left only a bed of nettles to mark its site.

On this hill was executed, and buried in its cross road, the great English Earl Waltheof, by the Conqueror, for an attempt to throw off his yoke; a circumstance, from the attachment of the people to this powerful nobleman, and from their witnessing his beheading, as they stood at their own doors and windows, which long made this spot a place of great interest to the descendants of the Saxons in this neighbourhood.

Having now, from this elevation, taken a general survey of the city, we will descend and visit some of its most striking objects; and as it is impossible, in a mere passing visit, to notice a tithe of its attractive antiquities, we shall confine ourselves to its three grand ones—the Cathedral, the College of Wykeham, and the Cross.

THE CATHEDRAL.

On entering the Cathedral inclosure on its north side from High-street, you are at once struck with the venerable majesty and antique beauty of the fine old pile before you; and with the sacred quietude of the inclosure itself. In the heart of this

tranquil city it has yet a deeper tranquillity of its own. Its numerous tombs and headstones, scattered over its greensward, and its lofty avenues of lime-trees, seem to give you a peaceful welcome to the Christian fane and resting-place of so many generations. If you enter at the central passage, you tread at once on the eastern foundations of the Conqueror's palace, and pass close to the spot on which formerly rose the western towers of Alfred's *ætwan mynstre*, and where lay his remains, after having been removed from the old mynstre, till Hyde Abbey was built. It is impossible to walk over this ground, now so peaceful, without calling to mind to what scenes of havoc and blood, of triumph and ecclesiastical pomp, it has been witness,—the butchery of the persecution of Diocletian, when the Christians fell here by thousands; the repeated massacres and conflagrations of the Danes; the crowning of Saxon and of English kings; the proud processions of kings and queens, nobles, mitred prelates, friars, and monks, to offer thanksgivings for victory, or penance for sins, from age to age; and, finally, the stern visitation of the Reformers and the Cromwellian troopers.

The venerable minster itself bears on its aspect the testimonies of its own antiquity. The short and massy tower in the centre, the work of Bishop Walkelin, the cousin of the Conqueror, has the very look of that distant age, and to eyes accustomed to the lofty and rich towers of some of our cathedrals, has an air of meanness. Many people tell you that it never was finished; but besides that there is no more reason

that the tower should remain unfinished through so many centuries than any other part of the building, we know that it was the character of the time, of which the tower of the Norman church of St. Cross affords another instance just at hand. In fact the spire was then unknown. This tower still exhibits its primitive Norman round-headed windows; in the north transept you see again other Norman windows, varying from those of the simplest kind to others with the round spandrel, embracing the pointed arch and flowing tracery. Towards the east end, again, you catch traces of round and trefoiled arch-work, supported on the short Saxon pillar borrowed by the Normans; and then in different parts of the church, every variety of lancet and pointed arches, and of perpendicular and florid tracery, which mark the progress of English architecture to the time of Henry VIII., when it and the Catholic religion ceased their career together.

Having arrived at the west front, we cannot avoid pausing to survey the beauty of its workmanship—that of the great William of Wykeham; its great central doorway, with its two smaller side-doors; the fretted gallery over it, where the bishop in his pontificals was wont to stand and bless the people, or absolve them from the censures of the church; its noble window, rich with perpendicular tracery; its two slender lantern turrets; its crowning tabernacle, with its statue of the builder; and its pinnacled side aisles. But, to use the expressive language of Dr. Milner: “Having now entered the awful pile, by that doorway through which so many illustrious personages have

heretofore passed in solemn procession ; as the impatient eye shoots through the long-drawn nave to the eastern window, glowing with the richest colours of enameling ; as it soars up to the lofty vault fretted with infinite tracery ; and as it wanders below, amidst the various objects which the first glance commands ; the most insensible spectator must feel his mind arrested with a certain awe, and must now experience, if he had never felt them before, the mingled sensations of the sublime and beautiful." I must confess that of all the cathedrals which I have entered, none gave me such a sensation of surprise and pleasure. The loftiness, the space, the vast length of the whole unbroken roof above, I believe not exceeded by any other in England ; the two rows of lofty clustered pillars ; the branching aisles, with their again branching and crossing tracery ; the long line of the vaulted roof, embossed with armorial escutcheons and religious devices of gorgeous colouring ; the richly-painted windows ; and below, the carved chantries and mural monuments, seen amid the tempered light ; and the sober, yet delicate hue of the Portland stone, with which the whole noble fabric is lined, produce a *tout ensemble* of sublime loveliness which is not easily to be rivalled. I could scarcely help exclaiming in the fervid words of a living poet, who, more than any other, has succeeded in throwing into language the spirit and the beauty of our exquisite Anglo-Gothic architecture :—

For him, ye columns, rear your brows on high !
Lift up your heads, great portals of the sky !
What fairer dome, save that which heaven expands,
What worthier seat of temples made with hands,

Than builders sage here pillared for his throne?
 For nature's God a work like nature's own:
 Or, where unlike the forms her hands produce,
 Still like in grace, magnificence, and use.
 In new designs, her fair proportions shewn;
 Her likeness traced in structures not her own;
 Her measures followed, harmonies bestowed
 On strange materials in an unknown mode;
 And half her influence o'er the mind imprest
 By different means, and thence with livelier zest;
 And half her charms to fascinate the heart.

O noblest work of imitative art!
 To pile columnar trunks from marble mines,
 Embower their boughs, and interlace with vines;
 Pile higher still, and arch a vault on high,
 To shield the storm, and emulate the sky:
 Cross aisles to vistas of her sylvan bower,
 Rear for the sun in heaven a lantern-tower;
 Adapt each limb with various height and length,
 And bind the whole in unity and strength;
 Copying, abstracted in a different plan,
 The grace and order of the world and man:
 And scarce with rapture less, and awe, confound,
 And lift to God the wight who gazes round;
 Than who beneath a cliff sees capes and bays,
 Far tinged with sunset's red and yellowy rays;
 Or nightly wandering, hears the hills accord,
 And heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
 When winds and waves through shadowy woods intone,
 And ghastly moonlight chills the glimmering zone.

Moile's State Trials—Anne Ayliffe for Heresy.

As the architecture of our Christian churches—the architecture which men, blinded by religious prejudice and classical education, have, in contempt, styled gothic—is “the noblest work of imitative art,” so is that passage the noblest and most perfect expression of its spirit, its principles and pre-eminence,

which ever fell from the pen of genius ; and I rejoice that we have so far recovered the use of our eyes and faculties, as not only to recognise the glory of these matchless old fabrics, and to endeavour to emulate them—though yet in vain,—but have advanced so far as to see a poet arise amongst us, penetrated so absolutely with the sense of their grace and true grandeur, as to be able to proclaim their triumphant beauty with the most successful power. For ages these noblest works of genius were looked upon as the mere monuments of the barbarism of our ancestors ; as wild and gothic vagaries of ignorant men, groping along in the “dark ages,” and devoid of any principle of beauty, truth, or grandeur. Hackneyed into the admiration of every thing classical, men went on raving about the sublimity of the Grecian architecture, and protesting that it had exhausted every form of grace and source of invention, while before their eyes rose some of the most admirable monuments of grace, full of the triumphs of invention, to the ancients altogether “in an unknown mode.” No one more admires the severe grace of the Grecian architecture than I do ; the majesty of its towering and finely proportioned columns, the sublimity of its pediments and peristyles, and the inimitable and living beauty of its statuary and storied friezes ; and if one could but gaze on the fair structures of Athens and the gigantic piles of Tadmor, I have no doubt that we should feel and confess that nothing in that character, and for those climates ever could or ever will surpass them while the world stands. But, if the so called Gothic architecture cannot equal the Grecian in the lofty majesty of its

columns, the nobility of its peristyles, or the grace of its statuary, it can rival it in its capability of varied form, and the endless variety of its ornaments. The faults of classic architecture are monotony of structure, heaviness of mass, and want of adaptability to the needs of varying climate. The former defects are felt, where a number of buildings in the pure Grecian style are brought together; the latter cannot be remedied without gloom within, or violation of unity without. On these very needs the Gothic bases some of its most triumphant beauties. In that imitation of nature which the Grecian scarcely carries farther than its columns, the foliage of capitals and cornices, the Gothic immeasurably transcends it. Here infinite Nature sees—

In new designs her fair proportions shewn;
Her likeness traced in structures not her own;
Her measures followed, harmonies bestowed
On strange materials in an unknown mode.

She sees man, not only enabled

To pile columnar trunks from marble mines,—

but to

Embower their boughs, and interlace with vines;
Pile higher still, and arch a vault on high,
To shield the storm *and emulate the sky.*

Instead of being able only to receive light from above, leaving all open to the elements, or of marring incurably the exterior integrity of the structure, windows in this style of architecture become one of its greatest means of beauty, with their carved tracery, and gorgeous paintings of saints, martyrs, angel mes-

sengers, or the divine Saviour himself amid the very light of heaven,

Whose beams, thus hallowed by the scenes they pass,
Tell round the floor each parable of glass.

It is true that the original defect of classic architecture has been so far overcome by the genius of Anthemius, the old architect of Constantinople, of Michael Angelo, and of Wren, as to admit of those magnificent domes of Santa Sophia, St. Peter's, and St. Paul's; but even this is a departure from the strict classic model, an engrafting upon it of an eastern idea; and the splendid advantages of light, with its attendant beauties of tracery and painting, never can be conferred on the classic, while it is an inherent glory of the Gothic.

Pliant in its character as the very nature which it emulates, it thus enables the throng of worshippers, careless of heat or cold, to gather into the very heart of the august fane, shielded and sheltered, as in a sacred solitude, to offer up their thanks and prayers; and if required by the faith of the congregation, this sanctuary becomes a scene of the most sumptuous splendour, and imposing spectacle. There, in the hands and in the opinions of that church which reared these fabrics—the choir is a spot

Where, with one heart, all ages and degrees,
Clothed in their pride, are mingled on their knees
Before an altar dowered with every worth;
The gate of heaven to supplicants on earth;
Where all the arts reflect their author's grace;
Where priests supreme in probity and place,
With solemn march, in robes of radiant dyes,
O'er sainted relics dress the sacrifice.

Silence and song: the whispered prayer and spoke;
 Flowers, banners, censers, and ascending smoke:
 Dread pageantries, for which man's soul was made;
 And every charm that brings devotion aid;
 On high, in sculptured and in limned design
 His deeds and death; and he, the Word, in fine,
 Unseen, yet present to ethereal sight,
 Broods o'er the whole, and consecrates the rite.

Molt.

Gothic architecture, as we must still call it, for want of a better name—the architecture of Christian Europe—is, in fact, the poetry of architecture. Every great and perfect cathedral is a great and perfect religious Epic. Its storied windows, each of which

Shoots down a stained and shadowy stream of light,

are so many cantos of the loftiest poetry of the Christian faith, the gracious triumphs of the Saviour, or of quaint traditional narrative: every statue in its niche is an historic episode: every exquisitely wrought canopy, every heaven-seeking turret, every fair pendant, or crocketed finial, is a beautiful simile, presenting to the admiring eye the loveliest revelations of nature,

In strange materials and an unknown mode.

And the more we comprehend their real designs; the more we discover of the imaged personages in the splendid cathedrals which are scattered over Europe, but especially in Germany, the Netherlands and France,—the more we find that they are, in fact, actual monuments of the progress of those nations; histories in stone, and of which every individual part is but the eloquent component of a glorious and consistent whole.

G G 2

The entrance of this fair fane, however, has carried us away from our immediate purpose, though into kindred regions of feeling and fancy. Let us now return to it. Let us remember that we are but on a visit, and must therefore walk on. Were we to linger, and say all that we feel of all we see, we must write a book as large as Dr. Milner's. That old font which catches the eye on our left hand is a most curious piece of antiquity, respecting the date and ornaments of which antiquaries have been much divided in opinion. It is a heavy square mass of dark marble, supported on a massy central pillar and four corner ones. It is wrought with carved designs of doves and groups of quaint human figures, supposed by Milner to represent certain legendary acts of St. Nicholas. In its mass and figure it strongly reminds one of an ancient cromlech. Around the walls are numerous monuments of bishops, deans, nobles, and gentlemen of neighbouring families; but we must leave them to the notice of the spectator, except mentioning that that of the celebrated Mrs. Montague is one of them; that Bishop Willis has a fine recumbent effigy by Cheere, an artist of great ability, though of unknown name, but who, having committed the error of placing the head of the figure facing the west instead of the east, the universal custom, is said to have suffered the circumstance to prey so strongly on his spirits as to occasion his death; that there are several by Flaxman, and one of peculiar interest—that of Dr. Joseph Warton, the poet, and master of Wykeham's college here. He is represented in his character of schoolmaster, with a group of his pupils before him, who are

chiseled with the most admirable truth of nature. They are genuine school-boys to the very wrinkles of their trousers. Above his head are busts of Homer and Aristotle, and that monument is surmounted by the classic lyre. There is on the



WARTON'S TOMB.

same side a monument by Chantry, but not one of his best. As you approach the screen of the choir, affixed to the base of one of the great clustered pillars, is also a monument that must not be passed by. It is that of the celebrated and liberal-minded Bishop Hoadley, with a most exquisite medallion profile of him.

But, as works of art, the most striking and beautiful things of a monumental nature, are the chapels or chantries containing

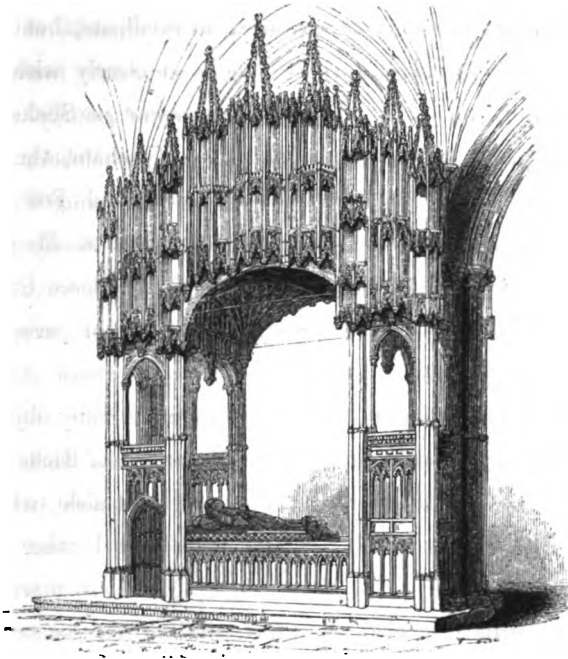
the tombs of the great Catholic prelates of this cathedral. Of these there are not less than half a dozen, the greater part of which are of the most beautiful designs and most delicate and elaborate workmanship. They stand detached erections on the floor of this great fabric, and though two of them only are in the nave, and the other in the presbytery, we will here speak of them altogether, as things of one character. They contain the tombs of Wykeham, Edington, Fox, Cardinal Beaufort, Waynflete, and Gardiner. The two in the nave are those of Edington and William of Wykeham. They are between the great pillars of the south aisle. To attempt to describe these chantries would be a waste of words. They are open-work chapels, chiefly of slender shafts and arches, each of their peculiar date, roofed with the richest ceilings, and crowned with piles of canopy-work of the most splendid description. So delicately, so elaborately are they carved out, that they have more the appearance of being wrought in ivory than in stone. In these, on stately tombs, the sides of which are figured with the richest paneling, lie the effigies of these magnificent old prelates; and here were daily masses chanted for the repose of their souls, these chantries being endowed with funds for the purpose.

At the remembrance of this, who is not carried back to the days when they were all in full chorus? Who does not seem again to hear

litanies at noon,
 Or hymns at complin by the rising moon,
 When, after chimes, each chapel echoed round,
 Like one aërial instrument of sound,
 Some vast harmonious fabric of the Lord's,
 Whose vaults are shells, and pillars tuneful chords.—*Moile.*

They had originally each their own shrine, and were adorned with abundance of images, of which the niches only now remain. William of Wykeham lies on a tomb of great beauty, the sides of which are covered with panels of trefoil arches and crocketed spandrels, and emblazoned with mitres and his armorial shields. His face and figure are remarkably fine; and at his feet are seated three little quaint figures of monks in a praying attitude. They are said to be three of his favourite friars.

Passing along the south aisle, we come to the chantry of Bishop Fox, who was so long prime minister of England, and



BEAUFORT'S CHANTRY.

also the patron of Wolsey. Nothing can be more elaborately wrought than this chapel; nor more beautiful in design than those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Waynflete, at which we next arrive. That of Gardiner, standing on the opposite side of the Capitular Chapel to that of Fox, is of far inferior merit.

Had the cathedral possessed no other monuments than these it must have been an object of great interest. Their singular beauty of design and workmanship, and the character of the men over whose remains they were erected—men who played such conspicuous parts in their day—alike confer that interest on them. The busy and ambitious Beaufort, whom Milner, as a Catholic, has naturally endeavoured to exculpate, but whom both chroniclers and historians stamp so clearly with dark deeds as fully to justify the celebrated scene in Shakspeare, where “he dies and makes no sign!”—Wykeham, the great builder, and patron of learning—Waynflete and Fox; both statesmen and founders of colleges; Waynflete of Magdalen, and Fox of Corpus Christi, Oxford; and the fierce Stephen Gardiner, who will be known while the annals of persecution endure.

In the eastern part of the church there are many objects of great interest. Amongst them, the marble coffin of Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, in the south-east aisle, who was killed while hunting in New Forest, before his brother Rufus was: the Lady Chapel, in which bloody Mary was married to Philip of Spain; the chair on which she sate on that occasion being still to be seen. In this chapel, as also in the one to the

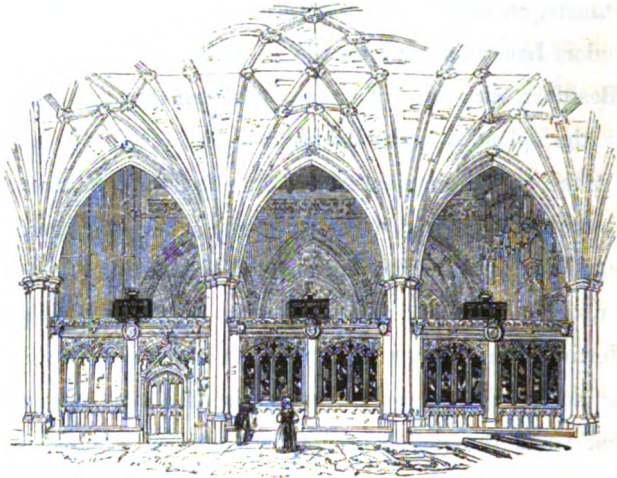
left of it—the Chapel of the Guardian Angels, are the remains of old paintings on the walls and ceiling, of angels and legendary figures that are curious for their antiquity. On the fine screen at the back of the Capitular Chapel, and opposite to this chapel of the Virgin, is seen a range of canopied niches, in which formerly stood statues of the most eminent Saxon kings and bishops, from Kinegils to St. Edward, together with Canute, Hardicanute, Queen Emma, and, strangely enough, amongst them, Christ and the Virgin Mary. At the foot of this screen is also the now blocked-up archway, which formerly led down a stone staircase to what was called the HOLY HOLE; no doubt from the Saxon Heilige Höhle, or Holy Cave; in which were deposited the sacred relics and remains of eminent saints, “through whose merits,” says an inscription in large letters over the vault, “many miracles shine forth.” Going round Gardiner’s chantry into the north-east aisle, we soon pass the monument of king Hardicanute, having on it the figure of a ship, like those of the old Norwegian kings at Iona. Descending a flight of steps, we find ourselves in the northern transept, which has a most stern and ancient look, being no other than the ponderous and lofty original Norman fabric, built by Walkelin in the reign of the Conqueror. Every thing here denotes a rude antiquity. There is a dark chapel below the organ stairs—the Chapel of the Sepulchre, whither used to be great resort in Holy Week, to witness the mass of the Passion of our Saviour, as yet celebrated in the Catholic countries on the continent. And on the walls are discovered rude paintings of

the taking down from the cross, the laying in the sepulchre, the descent into Limbus, and the appearance of the Lord to Mary Magdalen, from whose lips the word *Rabboni* is seen to proceed; with kindred subjects. In the open part of the transept, the whole of which was adorned with similar paintings, some are yet visible, as a colossal figure of St. Christopher carrying the child Jesus, and the Adoration of the Magi. The whole transept is highly interesting, and forcibly brings to the imagination the rude age in which it was raised, and the awe which must there have been excited in the simple minds of the half-civilized crowd of worshippers.

But we have made the circuit of the church without beholding the choir, and we must not quit its precincts without entering there. Ascending the flight of steps which lead to it, we front that elegant screen with which modern good taste has replaced the screen of Inigo Jones, who, blind to all the beauty of the Gothic architecture, not only placed here a Grecian screen, but also affixed a Grecian bishop's throne to the beautiful Gothic canopy-work of the choir. In the niches of this screen are two bronze statues of James I. and Charles I. We are now on the spot of the ancient rood-loft, where formerly stood the great rood, or crucifix, with the attendant figures of the Virgin and St. John, of vast size and value, being of silver, which were bequeathed to the minster by the notorious Archbishop Stigand, before the Conquest. As we enter the choir through the door in the screen, we are struck with the great beauty of the place. Around us rises the rich dark woodwork of

the stalls, contrasting well with the pale delicacy of the walls above. Overhead swells the fine vault of the roof, with its rich tracery, and its central line, and orbs at the junction of its timbers, embossed with bold armorial shields of the houses of Tudor, Lancaster, and Castile, as united in John of Gaunt and Beaufort, with those of various episcopal sees, and stretching on to the splendid east window in that direction, emblazoned with "the several implements of our Saviour's Passion,—the cross, crown of thorns, nails, hammers, pillar, scourges, reed, sponge, lance, sword, with the ear of Malchus upon it, lantern, ladder, cock, and dice; also the faces of Pilate and his wife, of the Jewish high-priest, with a great many others, too numerous to be described, but worthy of notice for the ingenuity of design," and the richness of their tints. They are, indeed, emblazoned in the most gorgeous colours; scarlet, blue, and gold; and, to a fanciful eye, may resemble, many of them, huge sacred beetles of lordly shapes and hues. On each side rise up into the very roof, the tall pointed windows glowing with the figures of saints, prophets, and apostles, who seem to be ranged on either hand, in audience of the divine persons in the great east window—the Saviour and the Virgin, with apostles and other saints. But what is the most striking to the eye and mind of the spectator, is to behold on the floor of the sanctuary before him a plain beveled stone of dark marble—the tomb of William Rufus; and arranged on the top of the beautiful stone partitions on each side of the sanctuary, dividing it from the aisles, are six mortuary chests,

three on a side, containing the bones of many of the most eminent Saxon princes. The bones which, from the repeated



MORTUARIES OF THE SAXON KINGS

rebuildings and alterings of the cathedral, must have been in danger of being disturbed, and the places of their burial rendered obscure, or lost altogether, Bishop de Blois, in the twelfth century, collected and placed in coffins of lead over the Holy Hole. At the rebuilding of the choir, as it was necessary again to remove them, Bishop Fox had them deposited in these chests, and placed in this situation. The chests are carved, gilt, and surmounted with crowns, with the names and epitaphs, in Latin verse and black letter, inscribed upon them. Beneath them, also, the motto—*EST DEO GRACIA*, in black letter; in Roman character—*IN DOMINO CONFIDO*, and *SIT LAUS DEO*. The

remains thus preserved, are those of *Kinegils*, *Ethelwolph*, here called *Adulphus*, the father of Alfred; *Kenewalch*, here called *Kenelph*; *Egbert*; *Rufus*; *Queen Emma*; *Edmund*, the son of Alfred; *Edred*, the youngest son of Edward the Confessor; with those of the bishops *Wina* and *Alwin*; and one chest contains the mingled fragments of such princes and prelates as were scattered about by what is styled on the chest itself, "the sacrilegious barbarism of the year 1642."

These mortal remains of persons who lived here, most of them, more than a thousand years ago, thus strangely preserved, realize more palpably to our minds their far-off existence than all the efforts of the most graphic history, which now presents them to us as little more than the figures of fiction or a dream. As we stood amid the chanting of the choir, and the pealing of the organ, while the morning sun threw down on them the colours of the amethyst and the ruby, they seemed to the imagination like the bones of the kings of old romance, to lie enshrined in everlasting music and sunshine; and gave birth to the following sonnet by my companion:—

MATIN-SERVICE IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1839.

A sweet religious sadness, like a dove,
 Broods o'er this place. The clustered pillars high
 Are roséd over by the morning sky;
 And from the heaven-hued windows far above,
 Intense as adoration, warm as love,
 A purple glory deep is seen to lie.
 Turn, Poet, Christian, now the serious eye,

Where in white vests, a meek and youthful band,
 Chanting God's praise in graceful order stand.
 O hear that music swell far up, and die!
 Old temple, thy vast centuries seem but years—
 Where sages, kings, and saints lie glorified!
 Our hearts are full, our souls are occupied,
 And piety has birth in quiet tears!

Richard Housitt.

But casting our eyes forward, they fall on the "magnificent screen of the most exquisite workmanship in stone, which," Milner justly says, "this or perhaps any other nation can exhibit." The canopies and lacework on the upper part, in fact, after examining all the other beautiful stone-carving of the cathedral, fill you with equal wonder and delight. The place where the high altar formerly stood is now occupied by a painting of the Raising of Lazarus, by West; but what must have been the ancient splendour of that, we may learn from the words of Milner, authorized by the descriptions of those chroniclers who were familiar with it. "The nether part, or antependium, consisted of plated gold, garnished with precious stones. Upon it stood the tabernacle and steps of embroidered work, ornamented with pearls, as also six silver candlesticks gilt, intermixed with reliquaries wrought in gold and jewels. Behind these was a table of small images, standing in their respective niches, made of silver adorned with gold and precious stones. Still higher was seen a large crucifix with its attendant images, those of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, composed of the purest gold, garnished with jewels, the gift of Henry de Blois, king Stephen's brother. Over this appears to have been sus-

pended, from the exquisite stone canopy, the crown of king Canute, which he placed there in homage to the Lord of the Universe, after the famous scene of commanding the sea to retire from his feet, which took place near Southampton."

To conceive what must have been the effect of this gorgeous scene, of this altar and sanctuary, thus raised and adorned by all the arts, aided by the full pomp of the ritual ceremony, on a Catholic audience in those ages, we have only to complete the picture by one more passage from the master poet of such subjects.

Thus from the altar's base intoning prayers,
 Mid white-robed youths, then mounting up the stairs,
 A friar of orders grey the service said:
 Oft bent his knees, oft bowed his shaven head;
 Oft crossed him thrice; now smote upon his breast,
 Now turning, hailed the multitude, and blest.
 Choirs answered him with anthems soaring loud,
 Incense curled up, and wreathed on high a cloud.
 In choral ranks the palled procession trod,
 Hymned every saint, and chanted praise to God.
 While through each aisle the faithful gazing stood,
 Or reading knelt, and signed the holy rood;
 Till heard the warning of a silvery bell,
 To earth all prostrate, bowed the face and fell;
 The primate rose—the hierarchy up,—
 The priest thrice offered Heaven the host and cup;
 And all tongues quired, adoring cup and host,
 "Glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 We laud, we love, we magnify thy name,
 Thou, who for human sins the Lamb became!
 Thou, with whose presence heaven and earth are filled!
 Have mercy Christ!" They paused: the fane was stilled.
 Alone the friar in accents clear and lowly
 Pursued the chant, 'For only thou art holy,
 Thou only wise, thou only the most high!'
 "Lord God of Sabaoth!" burst the fane's reply,

Then pealed Hosannahs, Hallelujah rung,
 Deep organs shouted with a trumpet's tongue;
 Through nave and transept rolled the billowy sound,
 And swelled and flooded aisles and arches round;
 Each pillar trembles, kneeling statues nod,
 And walls with men re-echo—thanks to God.

Moile.

If even I, born and educated in that religious body which has, more than all others, stripped from worship every external sign—who feel that true worship is a thing entirely spiritual, an elevation of the soul alone towards its Creator, and who am deeply sensible of the fearful end to which the fascinations of Catholic worship and the pomp of its hierarchy were made a means—that of treading on the neck of the people with the feet of papal and regal tyranny—if even I am almost ready with the poet, under their immediate influence, to ask

Oh! like these moments what in human time?
 What grander scene? What drama more sublime?

If even Milton, the stern republican and anti-hierarchist, could not help exclaiming—

O let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowered roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows, richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes:—

we must confess that if there be not much abiding religion in all this, there is, at least, great poetry. It was to this that we owe the inimitable works of the old painters. Catholics in spirit, in heart and imagination, they have thrown the fervour of their souls into their works; and there they remain, bidding defiance to all the efforts of modern pencils, which, if they are guided by the most perfect art, are yet not dipped into the warm fountain of love, and of the old intense devotion. When, therefore, we walk in a fabric like this, venerable with the flight of nearly a thousand years, and build up again in imagination its jewelled shrines, rear aloft its glittering rood, replace all its statues of gold, and silver, and chiseled stone, and see once more with the mind's eye there assembled the stately kings and queens, mitred prelates, and throngs of proud warriors and nobles of past times, amidst the magic tide of music, and the imposing drama of high mass, we must prepare to confess that, if the people were superstitious, it was not without great temptation; for never did human wit achieve so fair temples, or animate them with a pageantry of worship so seducing to the imagination. Having awarded these, its peculiar merits to that church, which, on the other hand,

Yoked mankind and trod,
With prostrate neck while bowed before his God—

we now may bid adieu to the cathedral—its most venerable work in our island.

H H

But if we had quitted Winchester cathedral without paying a visit to the grave of one of the best and most cheerful-hearted old men who lie in it, we should have committed a great fault. No, we stood on the stone in the floor of Prior Silkstede's chapel in the old Norman south transept, which is inscribed with the name of IZAAK WALTON. There lies that prince of fishermen, who, when Milner wrote his history of this city, was so little thought of that he is not once mentioned in the whole huge *quarto*! But the restored taste of these better times has reinstated the fine old fellow in his just niche of public regard. And if the whole kingdom had been sought for the most fitting spot of burial for him, none could have been found more fitting than this. Is it not in the neighbourhood of that beautiful river Ichen, whose water is so transparent that it looks rather like condensed air, and in which his beloved trouts sail about as plain to the eye as the birds are on the boughs that overhang it? Is it not by that sweet valley in which he delighted, and in that solemn minster that he loved, and by that daughter whom he loved still more, and amid the haunts of those bishops and pious men whom he venerated, that the good old disciple, not only of Christ but of Andrew and Peter, and of all sacred fishermen, lies?—Peace and lasting honour to him! and great thanks should we owe him, had he never left us any other sentiment than that which he penned down when he heard the nightingales singing, as he sate angling—“Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on Earth!”—*Complete Angler*, p. 10, *Major's edition*.



COLLEGE GATEWAY

WYKEHAM'S COLLEGE.

THE most interesting thing in Winchester, which yet remains in its antiquity, next to the cathedral, is Wykeham's College. Those old grammar-schools which are scattered over this country, and so many of which have now become vitiated in their management, or nullified in their original intentions of good, but into which circumstance it is not our present province to enter, have a great deal that is most deeply interesting connected with their origin and earlier course. In pursuing the object of this work in a future volume, we shall probably have a good deal to say on this subject, which our present limits will not allow us to venture on. But in the early days of our history, five or six centuries ago, when the feudal system was in its strength; when the barriers of temporal rank were as fixed and impassable as gates

of adamant; when the growth of commerce and the spread of literature had not opened so many avenues to distinction—the Church was the only path from the lower walk of life to eminence, and the old endowed grammar-school the sole narrow gate by which genius born in the cabin of poverty could emerge from its obscurity, and assert its celestial origin in the face of day. There was no rising from the clod to the command of armies, for even the common soldiers of the army were of the rank of gentlemen. There was no great highway of law then to the order of nobility, the judges were of the privileged class, and the great offices of state were commonly in the hands of churchmen. But every now and then, spite of all these barriers, there arose from the forest or the hamlet the possessor of the divine power of genius, who made his way to the councils of kings and the arbitrium of nations. The herd-boy, or the son of the ranger, with his bright face and passing bow, graceful as if dictated by gentlest blood and the sweet tuition of a high-born and high-minded mother, attracted the eye of the lord of the soil—and was placed on the foundation of the old grammar-school. Once there, the wings of native and irrepressible genius bore him above the heads of all competitors, and above every barred portal on the road to fame. He became the statesman, the influential prelate, whose eloquence and sagacity were more powerful than all the rank and wealth of the mightiest temporal barons; whose barest word bore down spears and shields, and laid the subtlest schemes of policy in the dust; and far beyond that, he became the builder of palaces and founder of colleges, which

were to remain for thousands of years, and serve as models of architectural design, and lamps of intellectual light to this nation and its future generations, influencing them more or less for ever.

One, and a signal instance of this nature, was William of Wykeham himself. He was a poor boy of the neighbouring town of Wickham, whose father was a person so obscure that his name is even a matter of dispute. William, however, attracted the regard of Nicholas Uvedall, the lord of the manor, who sent him to the old grammar-school in Winchester, which stood on the very spot where his college now stands. With that fine sensibility which is one of the essential qualities of genius, William of Wykeham seems to have been vividly impressed with the circumstances of his boyish life. His grateful attachment to the place of his education, no doubt led him, in the after period of his power and fame, to build this beautiful school on its site, and to confer on it far ampler advantages. The piety of his heart led him every morning to attend the mass performed by an old monk of the name of Pekis, before an image of the Blessed Virgin in the cathedral; and such were the impressions, however fixed on his mind, that he not only regarded the Virgin through life as his peculiar patroness, embellishing his sacred buildings with multiplied images of her, but had his tomb placed on the very site of her chapel, where he was wont to attend her orisons with Pekis.

There is a great resemblance between the careers of Wykeham and Wolsey, save that Wykeham displayed a far higher conscientiousness of character. Wykeham was distinguished,

like Wolsey, for his princely love of architecture, and by that was first recommended to his great patron, Edward III. For him he pulled down the greater part of the old castle of Windsor, and rebuilt it in a much more magnificent style. It was said that he caused to be inscribed on the round tower at Windsor, when he had finished it, the equivocal sentence: *Ædificavit Wykeham*: but it was his transcendent genius, in fact, which "made Wykeham." His architectural works at Dover, Queenborough, Windsor, and other castles for the king; the building of his two colleges—this, and New College, Oxford—and his rebuilding the nave of his cathedral, mark him as the greatest architectural genius of the age. But he also, like Wolsey, became the king's chief minister, being successively secretary of state, keeper of the privy seal, chancellor, and most confidential counsellor of the crown. As in Wolsey's case, his sovereign heaped on him ecclesiastical preferments most lavishly, and all these honours brought upon him the envy of the courtiers. When the king became old and inert, his enemies prevailed by charges of embezzlement, which they would not allow him to answer, to get him disgraced. Being then satiated with court life, he retired to his diocese, and employed himself in those great designs which have covered his name with so much honour; shewing himself the friend as well of his country as of the poor, twenty of whom he regularly supported as part of his family. Had his ambition been as lawless, and his fall as signal as that of Wolsey, he would have figured largely in the hands of the historians; as it is, he has been passed over by many without a

tithes of his true fame, and it is remarkable that his name is not once mentioned in Hume's account of the reign of Edward III.

This old college is the more interesting as being "the parent of Eton and the model of Westminster." The building of it was begun in the year 1387, and when completed, at the end of six years, it was incorporated and endowed for the teaching of seventy poor scholars in grammatical learning: and over it were appointed a warden; ten secular priests, perpetual fellows; three priests' chaplains; three clerks and sixteen choristers: and for the instruction of the scholars, a schoolmaster and an under-master—which are supposed to represent so many scriptural characters:—the warden and ten priests, the Apostles, Judas being omitted; the seventy scholars and two masters, the seventy-two disciples; three chaplains and three clerks, the six faithful deacons; and the sixteen choristers, the four greater and twelve lesser prophets.

Such continues the establishment; though there are taught a considerable number of youths besides, who are not on the foundation. The college is built round two courts, with towers over each gateway. As you enter the first, you observe a figure of the Virgin in a niche; again, on the tower facing you, leading into the second court, you observe three niches with rich canopies, occupied by the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and the founder himself. Wykeham is in the attitude of invoking the blessing of the Virgin, while she again is evidently in the act of sending Gabriel to accomplish his prayer. On reaching the other side of the tower, that is, in the second court, you find the same figures

there too, as well as another statue of the Virgin on the east end of the church. All this bears testimony to Wykeham's profound veneration for his patroness, to whom, indeed, he dedicated both his colleges. This second court, with its noble chapel and tower, one of the most elegant objects in the general view of the city, is strikingly beautiful: but we have gone at such length into the description of the cathedral, that we must not here allow ourselves to dwell on architectural particulars. The chapel is lofty, finely roofed, and the large windows richly emblazoned with figures of prophets, apostles, kings, and saints male and female. The large east window is occupied with the genealogical tree of our Saviour. At the bottom you see Jesse lying, and the tree taking root in him, spread itself upwards full of kings and sages, having the Crucifixion in the centre, and the Resurrection at the top. There is also an altar-piece by a French artist, of considerable merit—the Salutation of the Virgin. But perhaps the most curious things about the chapel are the ancient stall-seats now affixed to the wall of the ante-chapel. These have their seats so fixed upon hinges that those who sit in them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the monks who used them dropped asleep during divine service, the seats came forward and pitched them headlong upon the floor,—nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oaken seat clapped against the hard oaken back, and made a noise loud enough to attract the attention of the whole audience. Nothing ever was more cleverly contrived to keep people awake at church

or chapel; and, no doubt, most of us know where they would be especially useful now.

At the corner of his quadrangle, west of the chapel, a flight of steps leads up to the Refectory. In ascending to this we pass the Lavatory, with which all the old convents and colleges were furnished, and so placed that all might wash before meals. The Refectory, or dining-hall itself, takes us at once back to the old times, being furnished with its daïs at the head end, its screen at the entrance; and its lofty groined roof, with its large coloured busts of kings and bishops for corbels; having a lantern in its centre to admit of the escape both of the effluvia from the table, and of the smoke from the fire in the centre. Here the scholars take their meals; their dinners every day consisting of mutton, except on Wednesdays, when they have roast and boiled beef. One hogshead of beer per day is allowed to the school. The scholars give the name of *dispers* to their breakfasts, suppers, and luncheons. At the lower end of the hall stands a massy octagon chest of oak, furnished with a lid and padlock, into which is daily thrown all the broken meat, which is given to twenty-four poor women, eight of whom receive it day by day in rotation. In a chamber adjoining the kitchen is one of the most singular spectacles imaginable, and which speaks forcibly to the imagination of the olden times, and their quaint modes of admonition. This is a memento addressed to the servants of the establishment, in the shape of a large painting on the wall, a hircocervus or man-animal; styled THE TRUSTY SERVANT, and having its virtues explained in the following Latin and English lines:—



THE TRUSTY SERVANT.

EFFIGIEM SERVI SI VIS SPECTARE PROBATI,
 QUISQUIS ES HÆC OCULOS PASCAT IMAGO TUOS.
 PORCINUM OS QUOCUNQUE CIBO JEJUNIA SEDAT.
 HÆC SERA CONSILIUM NE FLUAT, ARCTA PREMITS:
 DAT PATIENTEM ASINUS DOMINIS JURGANTIBUS AUREM:
 CERVUS HABET CELERES IRE, REDIRE FEDES.
 LÆVA DOCET MULTUM TOT REBUS ONUSTA LABOREM.
 VESTIS MUNDITIAM: DEXTERA OPERTA FIDEM:
 ACCINCTUS GLADIO; CLYPEO MUNITUS: ET INDR
 VEL SE, VEL DOMINUM, QUO TREATUR, HABET.

A TRUSTY SERVANT'S PORTRAIT WOULD YOU SEE,
 THIS EMBLEMATIC FIGURE WELL SURVEY:
 THE PORKER'S SNOUT NOT NICE IN DIET SHOWS.
 THE PADLOCK SHUT NO SECRETS HE'LL DISCLOSE.
 PATIENT THE ASS HIS MASTER'S WRATH WILL BEAR,
 SWIFTESS IN ERRAND THE STAG'S FEET DECLARE:
 LOADED HIS LEFT HAND APT TO LABOUR SAITH:
 THE VEST HIS NEATNESS, OPEN HAND HIS FAITH.
 GIRT WITH HIS SWORD, HIS SHIELD UPON HIS ARM,
 HIMSELF AND MASTER HE'LL PROTECT FROM HARM.

The school, which stands a detached building in the inclosure of the playground, though itself a comparatively modern erection, being built in 1687, yet it is fitted up in the simple style of the old times, and gives you all the feeling of them. The school-room is lofty, and ninety feet long by thirty-six wide. Over the door without, is a fine metal statue of Wykeham, cast and presented to the college by Caius Gabriel Cibber, whose wife the inscription states to have been a relation of the founder. Within, every thing is of the most primitive character. At each end of the school stands an old-fashioned chair, one for the master, and one for the second master—with their crimson cushions; and on the floor, instead of that succession of desks and benches, which is found in modern schools, there is here and there, a sort of massy square frame-work of oak, raised on as massy square posts about a foot, or something more, from the ground. This serves the scholars for seats, every one having on this rude kind of frame his school-box standing by him, which having an inner lid, supplies him at once with a reading desk and a depository for his books. These boxes are termed Scobs. And in this primitive style, no doubt, studied the scholars of Wykeham's own times, and also Wykeham himself. On one end of the school-room, in uncial letters, are the following pithy orders, with significant symbols opposite—

AUT DISCE (either learn)	. .	{ A mitre and crosier, as the expected reward of learning.
AUT DISCEDE (or depart)	. .	{ An inkhorn to sign, and a sword to enforce expulsion.
MANET SORS TERTIA CÆDI (the third choice is, to be flogged)	. .	} A scourge.

At the other end are inscribed the rules, in Latin, for the conduct of the scholars in church, at school, in the hall, in the court, or playground, in the chambers, and in the town, going to the hill.

In the school it is directed—"Let each one repeat his lesson in an under-tone to himself, in a clear voice to the master." From this too, we may infer that the old-fashioned plan of murmuring over tasks to themselves, whence you still hear such a hum in a village school, is allowed to the boys. The next rule, however adds—"Let no one molest his neighbour," which it must be rather difficult to avoid, if humming lessons be permitted. In the hall, he that says grace, is to repeat it distinctly; all the rest standing upright in their places and answering him. In the court, the old propensity to cutting and carving names and initials on the building, is made strictly illegal. In the chambers each one is to study in the evening, and on going to the hill they are to observe prescribed limits. These rules are all flavoured with antiquity. Twice a week, from time immemorial, it has been the practice of the scholars to go to the hill, that is, St. Catherine's Hill, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, for two hours each time; which is a fine place for air and exercise. Their bed-rooms are on the ground-floor; each scholar has a separate bed of the simplest construction, and by his bed stands a tall slender kind of desk, which probably serves him both as desk and wardrobe; but here, as the rule indicates, it is evident that he is expected to spend his evening in study; and here, during play-hours, the scholars

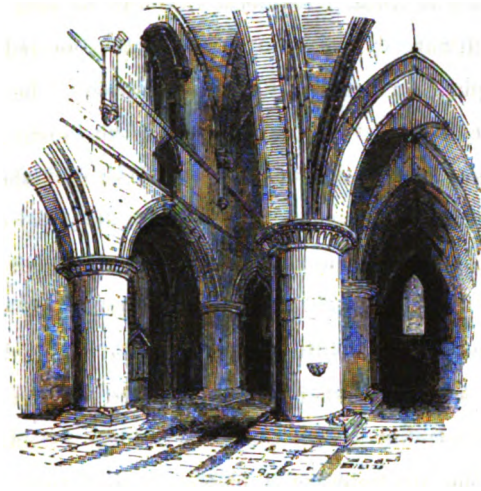
also can retire for the same purpose. Two or three bed-rooms accommodate all the scholars on the foundation, and on the walls are inscribed in white letters on a black ground, the names of those boys who have gone hence to New College, Oxford; many of them having been prefects, or senior boys.

Such is the school which Wykeham founded, and which, in his day, Joseph Warton taught; and from which have gone forth, besides a multitude of archbishops, bishops, and other eminent men—the learned Groeyn, and Udal, Sir Thomas Brown, the antiquary, Lowth, the poet and divine, Joseph Warton, as scholar as well as master, and his brother Thomas Warton, a far greater poet, full of the spirit of nature and of chivalry, whose lays furnished no slight inspiration to Sir Walter Scott; Sir Henry Wotton; Otway, Sommerville, Pitt, Philips, Young, and Collins! As I beheld the fine set of lads eager at their game of cricket in their playground, I wondered whether any of them would rival the fame of their predecessors.

One of the most delightful places in this college we have not yet spoken of, and that is the cloisters. These lie on the south-side of the chapel, and form one of the most delicious seclusions imaginable. They inclose a quadrangle of one hundred and thirty-two feet square, upon which they open with elegant Gothic mullions; and are roofed with Irish oak, the rafters of which form a circular vault, and we were positively assured by the porter, that no spider was ever known to weave its web upon them; that they were never swept, and yet were perfectly free from cobwebs, as we might see, though the spiders

had freely stretched their lines from one mullion to another of the cloister front. The least that can be said is, that it is curious if true. Under foot, the pavement is covered with ancient monumental brasses, and "forlorn hic jacets," being the burying place of the fellows and scholars of the institution for four centuries. The whole quadrangle is filled with the most velvet turf, forming a refreshing contrast with the grey walls around, while before the open gallery of the cloisters grow up sweet bays and jasmynes, and in the midst of the green area rises one of the most perfect little Gothic chapels imaginable! It was built for a chantry, where a monk used to perform a daily mass for the dead; but is now the library of the establishment. It has all the attributes of a chapel in miniature—the groined roof—the emblazoned window, and besides that now, a glorious array of most valuable old works. What would one not give for such a perfect place of meditation, and such a fairy study! Amongst the curious contents of this unique library, is the pedigree of Wykeham, on a long roll of vellum, traced up to Adam!

A robin redbreast was the only musing monk which we found in these cloisters. He went with us all round, hopping from opening to opening, or perching on the bushes near us. "Ay," said the porter, "that is the chapel robin, it regularly attends service."—The robin is a monk indeed.



THE PILLARS OF ST. CROSS.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

FOLLOWING the banks of the river, we strolled down the meadows to St. Cross. We made a divergence to the left to climb the bold down of St. Catherine, attracted by the outline of its ancient camp, and taking a view of the city and country far round from thence, again plunged into the valley, and following a pleasant footpath, soon stood at the gates of St. Cross. It is impossible to go over the different objects of antiquity at Winchester, without beginning to believe that you

are gone back into antiquity itself. The cathedral with all its Saxon monuments and memorials; the college with its primitive air and habits; and then this hospital, built in the days of king Stephen—a hospital still, with living brethren, and its fabric as entire as in the days of Henry de Blois. We passed on our left the old refectory, called "~~Hundred-Meals-Hall~~," because there a hundred poor men were daily entertained; on our right having the kitchen where the cookery was done for such a company; and if the hundred men were there no longer, we had no sooner presented ourselves at the porter's lodge than we found the porter still at his post; and, as bound by the rules of De Blois, and just as was the wont of the olden time, he immediately craved us to partake of the hospitality of the house.

Not a stranger, from the days of king Stephen to the present hour, on presenting himself at that wicket, but was, and is, entitled to receive bread and beer. Accordingly the horn, a genuine vessel of the good old times, no glass nor crockery of these artificial days, was produced, and the eleemosynary bread; and we ate and drank, and praised great Henry de Blois, and the porter, that the bread they gave was good bread, and the beer was good beer—for sober itself, it would keep all who drank it sober, so that even a teetotaller, though a kind of creature unknown to De Blois and his times, might taste it with a conscience, and no weary wayfarer need dread its bewildering him on his journey. Two gallons of beer and two loaves of bread are daily distributed to those who seek relief; another

fact testifying to the wisdom of the brewer, and the moderation of the poor, who scorn to take undue advantage of such generous hospitality.

This celebrated hospital was, like all ancient buildings, of a quadrangular form inclosing a court. Three sides of the square are yet complete; the fourth being removed, has opened a cheerful prospect into the green fields. The remaining buildings are of the most venerable description. A strong gateway tower gives entrance to the court, and on its outer front aloft, in a fair niche kneels, not De Blois, but the second founder of this hospital and builder of this tower, the notorious Cardinal Beaufort, in his cardinal's hat and robes. Two other niches in a line with this are now empty, but it is supposed that the one towards which Beaufort is kneeling contained the Holy Cross, the original object of devotion here; and the other a statue of St. John, the great patron of hospitalers. Milner says, "in the cornice over the gateway of this tower we behold the cardinal's hat displayed; together with the busts of his father John of Gaunt, of his royal nephews Henry IV. and V., and of his predecessor Wykeham. In the spandrels on each side appear the founder's arms, viz., France and England quarterly. The centre boss in the groining of the gateway is carved into a curious cross, composed of leaves and surrounded with a crown of thorns."

Stepping into the court, we see on our left a cloister portico, or ambulatory, where the brethren could take exercise in bad weather, while its open front freely admitted the air, and gave them a view of the whole quadrangle. In the centre of this is

a projecting recess, in which stands an old table, said to have been used by Charles II. when encamped on St. Catherine's Hill. This cloister is terminated by the church, which we shall visit presently; and over it are the rooms called the Nuns' Rooms, formerly occupied by the three hospital sisters who attended the sick; and also the rooms where the sick brethren themselves were lodged. At the east end of these apartments is seen a window opening into the church, so that the sick brethren might attend to the service as they lay in their beds. The opposite side of the court consists of the houses of the brethren, who have three small chambers each, and a garden. The brethren are single men (or if married men, their families are not admitted), and wear a black gown with a silver cross on the breast. The porter, who is one of the brethren, is allowed to have his wife, so that she may act as cook to the brethren.

The third side of the court, being that in a line with the entrance tower, consists of the brethren's hall, and the master's residence. This wing has altogether a great air of picturesque antiquity. The keep-like gateway tower, the old Gothic porch and flight of steps ascending to the hall door; the buttresses and chimneys of the master's house running up the outside. The present master is the Earl of Guildford, and the house is occupied by the chaplain.

Bishop De Blois, Wykeham, and Beaufort, were the grand founders and benefactors of St. Cross. Wykeham in his time found the institution much plundered, and manfully and with

infinite pains, by processes both in the spiritual and temporal courts, compelled the guilty to restore its rightful funds. So that at one time it not only maintained in the house seventy persons, clergy and laity together, but also one hundred out-members, who receive daily their meat and drink, and on the anniversary of the founder three hundred. Like many other charitable institutions, however, in Henry VIII.'s day it was ruthlessly stripped of much of its income; and now, whatever may be its revenues, it supports only these thirteen brethren, and gives away the small doles already mentioned. By the ancient rule, the brethren received daily a loaf of good wheaten bread of three pounds four ounces weight, and a gallon and half of good beer; a pottage called **MORTREL**, made of milk, and **WASTELBREAD**; a dish of flesh or fish, as the day should require, with a pittance for their dinner; likewise one dish for their supper.

This, it must be confessed, was bountiful dealing; and, compared with which, the present allowance of the brethren appears but meagre,—three quarts of beer per day each man, and five small loaves of twenty-two ounces each in six days. Every Saturday one hundred pounds of meat are taken in for the following week's consumption; that is, reckoning fourteen persons, the porter's wife being one, seven pounds per week, or a pound per day each individual. Then, there are five gaudy days in the year, on each of which a sirloin of sixty pounds is cooked, and mince-pies and plum-porridge. On ordinary days the brethren cook their own provisions at their houses, but on

gaudy days the cooking is done in the old kitchen attached to the hall; and the roast is then divided amongst them, each taking his portion to his own house. Thus it appears there is now no dining in the hall whatever. The hall and kitchen, however, would befit the feast-day of a feudal baron. They are of the most substantial and ancient aspect. The kitchen, with its huge fire-grate, and spit turned by its huge smoke-jack; its massy dresser and other apparatus in accordance. The hall of the genuine old fashion, with its dais and screen, and music-gallery over it; tables of ponderous character, and its groined roof, which, like the roof of the cloisters of Wykeham's College, the porter's wife assured us was of Irish oak, and never was touched by a brush, or defiled by a single cobweb.

At the head of the hall, is what is, however, not often found in our English halls, though common in religious houses on the continent,—a portable shrine, which, when closed, has the appearance of a cupboard, but when opened, reveals the Virgin and Child and other holy personages.

But, after all, the church is the glory of St. Cross, and is, indeed, one of the most interesting monuments of architectural antiquity in the kingdom. With the exception of the front and upper story of the west end, which are supposed to be the work of Wykeham and Beaufort, the whole is the work of Henry de Blois, "and seems," says Milner, "to have been an effort of that great encourager of the arts to produce a style of architecture more excellent, and better adapted to ecclesiastical purposes, than had hitherto been known. This style, accordingly,

soon after made its appearance in a regular shape. The building before us seems to be a collection of architectural essays, with respect to the disposition and form, both of the essential parts, and of the subordinate ornaments. Here we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of equal dimensions in its circumference and in its length, which, however, supports an incipient pointed arch. The windows and arches are some of them short, with semi-circular heads, and some of them immoderately long, and terminating like a lance. Others are in the horse-shoe form, of which the entrance into the north porch is the most unique specimen. In one place we have a curious triangular arch. The capitals and bases of the columns alternately vary in their form, as well as in their ornaments. The same circumstance is observable in the ribs of the arches, especially in the north and south aisles; some of them being plain, and others profusely embellished, and in different styles, even within the same arch. Here we view almost every kind of Saxon and Norman ornament; the chevron, the billet, the hatched, the pellet, the fret, the indented, the nebulé, the wavy, all superiorly executed. But what is chiefly deserving of attention in this ancient church is what may perhaps be considered as the first regular step to the introduction of that beautiful style of architecture properly called the *Pointed*, and abusively the *Gothic*."

Milner here alludes to the first apparent discovery of the pointed arch, by observation of the effect of round arches intersecting each other,—an effect made conspicuous by the rows of

intersecting arches on these walls. When Milner says, "And, accordingly this style soon made its appearance in a regular shape," he does not mean the style of this church, but the one indicated by this effect; that is, the pointed style; for the general style of this church itself is Saxon, or rather that adoption of the Saxon by the Normans, into which they introduced their own varieties. It is a mixed or transition style, containing the rudiments of those future orders which gradually developed themselves into the simple pointed, or Early English, the Perpendicular and the Florid.

The great and predominant character of the style of this church, therefore, is the Saxon—the massy round pillars, round arches, with the billet and zig-zag mouldings, mixed with that variety of ornament which it seems capable of admitting without violation of its unity. Thus we have scarcely two pillars, two bases, two capitals, two corbels, or two arches alike. There is introduced that variety, of which nature exhibits the beauty, without any discordance, but, on the contrary, a heightened effect of pleasure. It is wonderful in what a perfect condition the noble old fabric is brought down to us, enabling us to see in the stern and plain character of this church the character of the age. Here we have not those comparatively modern embellishments which we find in the choir and nave of the cathedral; but a sternness, a nakedness, and a solidity, more allied to the transepts of the Norman Walkelin. We see the naked rope depending from the belfry into the church below; beneath our feet are tiles, no doubt originally imitated from the

Roman ones, but bearing the figures of quaint lions and other animals, and sundry Saxon zig-zags and wavings, and on some the old English words, *Have Faith*, or *Remember!* that is, most probably, the care of your own soul, or to pray for those of others.

Here we bid adieu to Winchester. Long as its historic ground and beautiful antiquities have been overlooked by the multitude, I imagine they will hereafter become much more known, and afford a great degree of pleasure to our countrymen. Steam, which is laying open the beauties and the historic treasures of the kingdom to its inhabitants, has taken its way through Winchester, and brought it within little more than two hours' distance of the metropolis. What is more, it has laid it in the direct line of what will be one of the most attractive routes to our summer tourists—to Southampton, the Isle of Wight, and back to town by Portsmouth. Who, therefore, on this round of enjoyment, will not drop down at Winchester, where so much of high interest may be seen in a single day, or even in a few hours? As I sat on St. Giles's-hill, pondering on all the past history of the place, suddenly came the steam-engine with its train, fuming and flying through the quiet district. The effect was startling. The two extremes of English history were brought suddenly and unexpectedly together; and I could almost imagine the old Saxon kings,

upspringing from their sleep in the cathedral, to inquire what new and strange power had burst into their dreamy and so long undisturbed dominion. The restless spirit of the *new* has, indeed, broken in;—it cannot wake the dead, but it will bring to the *living* a better knowledge of the old!



WOTTON HALL.

VISIT TO WOTTON HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.

ALFIERI AND ROUSSEAU IN ENGLAND.

It would be curious to bring into one view the visits to England of those foreigners who have exercised a signal influence on the destinies of their own nation, and thence on those of mankind in general, and to take a glance at their places of abode while here. It would be surprising how little in accordance would frequently be found to be their haunts and habits, with the character which they have left indelibly stamped on the annals of their time. The Emperor Charles V. fêteing and frolicking

with Henry VIII. at Whitehall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, or Winchester; Peter the Great of Russia, driving his sledge through the fine old holly hedges of John Evelyn's house at Woolwich, as his relaxation from the fatigues of ship-carpentering in the dock-yards, which he was there practically learning; Marat, the bloody Marat, the friend of the ferocious Robespierre, who fell by the hand of Charlotte Corday, teaching French at a dissenting academy at Warrington in Lancashire, intimate with all the Aikins and Barbaulds, and some of whose pupils are yet living, of the most opposite characters, both to their tutor and to another of his pupils, the famous fighting Fitzgerald of duelling notoriety. Louis Philippe pursuing the same humble vocation at Richmond; Dr. Franklin busy in London as a journeyman printer; La Mennais seeking employment in London, and refused as stupid looking; or Mina, or Miguel, the lions of London drawing-rooms, surprising all the young ladies with their meekness and gentleness, the more to surprise them afterwards with the news of their bloody deeds. Two of the most extraordinary men, however, of the last century who have made any considerable sojourn in this country, are Alfieri and Rousseau. They were both the apostles of change; the effect of whose writings have been, as in the case of Rousseau, too obvious to need comment, and which in neither case have yet ceased to operate. It may be said that the spirit of the dramas of Alfieri is, indeed, the spirit of modern Italy, and will, unless all ordinary prognostics fail, yet shew itself in events that will agitate all Europe. Like the volcanic fires of

that country, it is burning on, and though it only shews itself now and then, in fugitive scintillations and abortive flashes, it is still accumulating for a grand explosion, which will either annihilate the oppressors or the oppressed. Whenever that day arrives, the name of Alfieri will be the watchword, as his works have long been the food, of liberty.

Yet how few in England who are ardent admirers of Alfieri's impassioned tragedies, reflect how much of his history and his fortunes were mixed up with this country. His exploits here in his early youth made noise enough at the time—but that time is gone by; and we read his works, treading on the very ground on which he then trod, yet thinking of him only as the fiery Italian poet in his own Italy.

Alfieri made no less than three visits to England, the first and second of which were of many months each; in fact, he spent altogether little less than two years here, and has left the following testimony of his attachment to the country. "England, and especially the metropolis, highly delighted me at first sight. The roads, the females, the absence of mendicity, the neatness and convenience of the houses, the incessant bustle in the suburbs as well as in the capital, all conspired to fill my mind with delight. In my future visits to England, I never found any reason to change this favourable opinion. . . . In fact, after much travelling and observation, the only two countries of Europe in which I have uniformly wished to fix my residence, are England and Italy: because, in the former art has everywhere changed and subjugated nature; and because

in the latter, nature always appears predominant, and in its pristine force and vigour."—*Autobiography of Alfieri*, vol. 1. pp. 161—164.

A great similarity has been traced betwixt the character and fortunes of Alfieri and those of Lord Byron, and certainly the parallel is not a little curious. By following the lines of Alfieri's existence, we cannot avoid seeing the correspondent one of Lord Byron. Alfieri was of noble birth, and by the death of the immediate heir (his elder brother) became the head of his family and possessor of the paternal estates. His father died in his infancy; and he fell into the hands of a guardian, who kept him at the public school at Milan. Here he grew up amongst the other children of the aristocracy, with little care for his advance in his studies—impatient of classical fagging, but fond of horses and riding, and all the sports of young men of property. He had one sister, to whom he was always extremely attached, so much so as eventually to make over the bulk of his property to her. During his minority he exhibited the most passionate temperament, and on any opposition to his will, fell into the most moody and obstinate fits. Because his tutor put some restraint on him, he shut himself up for six months in his rooms; abandoned his fashionable and expensive dress, and fine clean linen, of which he was very fond; allowed his hair to grow; lay in bed till noon, and then, dragging his bed to the side of the fire, there crouched on it for the rest of the day, smoking and gazing fixedly on the flame. The moment he became liberated from his tutelage, he set off on

his travels, and went over the whole of Europe, from Norway and Russia, to Spain and Portugal. In these journeys he appeared delighted to shew his contempt for kings and tyrants. In all of them he was attended by his faithful servant Elias. At his first visit to England he was only nineteen, and vied with the young nobles in their passion for horses,* and driving of coaches, and boasts that in the crush of carriages and battle of coach-poles at Ranelagh he always came off conqueror, and always without injury to horses or vehicle. In England, in Holland, in Spain, in Italy, everywhere he fell into most desperate love affairs. Lady Morgan has justly said that in even such affairs he displayed his pride; "he chose the wife of a British peer for his mistress, and the widow of a legitimate king for his reputed consort."

This mistress was the beautiful but licentious Lady Ligonier. Alfieri was then only two-and-twenty—the empty, fashionable, dissipated Count Alfieri. For this lady he committed the greatest extravagances; dislocated his collar-bone with leaping a fiery horse at a gate in mere wantonness of excitement; disguised himself in a post-boy's dress, and scaled the walls of Cobham Park with his left arm in a sling, and his naked sword in his right hand; fought a few days afterwards, and in the same condition, a sword-duel with Lord Ligonier in the Green Park, and after receiving a thrust in the arm, bound it up and went

* "I have got my saddle-horses here, and have ridden, and am riding, all about the country."—*Byron, in Life*, vol. iv. p. 14. All through Lord Byron's journal and letters, we find him talking of his saddle-horses and riding exploits.

to the Opera. The trial and divorce of Lady Ligonier occasioned him to leave the country, and he returned to Italy, taking with him a number of the finest English horses, which he got across the Alps with about as much trouble as Hannibal passed them with his army; though he had two men to look after each horse. At one time he sported sixteen most splendid horses.

The "reputed consort" was the widow of no other person than "Prince Charlie," the hero of the Rebellion of forty-five—the last Pretender. This lady, styled the Countess of Albany, who was only about twenty-five when he fell in love with her, at the age of twenty-eight, and with whom he spent the remainder of his life, was not only a very beautiful, but most superior and excellent woman. That passion for fame which the sight of the tomb of Michael Angelo had first inspired him with, she continued to cherish and direct; and to her, Italy and the world owe much of whatever glory and spirit of freedom Alfieri has left in his writings.

In all this, who does not see the great resemblance between the Italian and the English poet? But it did not end here. Alfieri, like Lord Byron, though the zealous champion of liberalism, was prouder of his birth than of his genius,—and as he has been exactly described—"was an abstraction of pure isolated aristocracy." He denounced kings because he hated all tyrants; but he abhorred the French Revolution, because it was entirely democratic. He proclaimed the law of liberty, but his indomitable pride made him hold himself aloof from its

plebeian labourers. He was proud to shew the nobles that he could win honours beyond his hereditary ones ; but the order of patrician rank was still more flattering to him than even the "Order of Homer," which he instituted, and in which he enrolled himself a member. Finally, Alfieri was proud of his abilities as a swimmer ; and so similar were their habits in this respect, that Moore in his life of Byron has actually stated of him what Alfieri states of himself—that in Italy, during the summer, it was one of his grand pleasures to resort to a solitary spot on the coast, and after bathing in the sea, throw himself at the foot of a rock, and lie for hours looking into the sky, indulging in the most delicious reveries.—See *Alfieri's Autobiography, and Byron's Life and Works*, vol. viii. p. 77.

Old people are yet living who recollect the noise made by the affair of the Count Alfieri and Lady Ligonier. A friend of mine informs me that near Warrington is a humble farm-house where the Count lodged for some time when in that neighbourhood, to be near Lady Ligonier, and that the old man will talk by the hour of *Maester* Alfieri. And in this retired spot, where I now reside—having on one hand Esher-Place, where Wolsey passed his first months of disgrace ; on the other Claremont, where the Princess Charlotte died ; on a third, the house of Lilly the astrologer, and where Paine wrote a part, if not the whole of his *Rights of Man* ; and on the fourth, the parsonage where Gibbon in his youth was domiciled with Philip Francis, the translator of Horace—almost every object seems to stand as it stood when Alfieri played his wild vagaries. The Griffin Inn at Kingston,

from which he took a post-chaise, and proceeded to Cobham, disguised in "an old blue great-coat and a round post-boy's hat, but having under his old great-coat a very handsome coat, and particularly smart about his legs and feet, having clean white silk stockings, and neat shoes and buckles on;" the Tartar public-house near Cobham, where he left his chaise, and took across the foot-road towards Church-Cobham; the little garden-gate at Cobham Park, where Lady Ligonier waited for him; the George Inn at Cobham, where Lady Ligonier went, and getting pen and paper, wrote the letter to the Count, beginning—"Mi Lord sait tout;" and bidding him avoid him, and with which she sent off a messenger on horseback to London; all appear at this day just as described then, and remind us of Alfieri at an age when he seemed likely to win the reputation of a most profligate rake, but as little likely to become the great tragic poet and father of Italian regeneration, as to become Pope. Yet, let none despair of reclaiming the most erring—let none despair of themselves; this ill-educated, corrupted, wilful, and reckless young man—struck by the contemplation of the tomb of Michael Angelo—made to pause a moment, and feel how noble is the life, how glorious is the memory of the intellectually great, and how vile and worthless his own career—burst the fetters of guilty habit, ay, though it were with tears and howls of agony, and not without cutting his hair from his head, and binding himself with a cord to his chair, wearing his mantle that it might not be seen—and now, his tomb, carved by the hand of CANOVA, HIS FRIEND, stands beneath the splendid dome of Santa Croce in

Florence, with that of Michael Angelo, before which he had groaned in shame, and those of Galileo and of Machiavelli.*

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
 Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
 Even in itself an immortality,
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
 The starry Galileo with his woes;
 Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
 Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
 Time which hath wronged thee with ten thousand rents
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
 And hath denied, to every other sky,
 Spirits which soar from ruin:—thy decay
 Is still impregnate with divinity,
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray:
 Such as the great of old, Canova is to-day.

Alfieri visited England in his youth, and in pursuit of pleasure. Jean Jaques Rousseau came hither in age, and driven by necessity. The man who, risen from the humble station of a clockmaker to the first rank of literary distinction, to be the associate of princes, to alarm kings, popes, and stern presbyters, and to scatter the seeds of change wide through the ancient soil of society, was now haunted with a fatal frenzy, which alienated

* Exactly twenty years after these events, Alfieri, now become famous, had the chance to meet with Lady Ligonier, just as he was embarking after a third visit to England, and had the satisfaction to find that she had shrunk from fashionable life, married an untitled person, and expressed herself as perfectly happy.

his friends, and pursued him with imaginary foes and terrors. No character was ever more justly and perfectly drawn than that of Rousseau by Lord Byron.

————— One, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for awhile—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 't was a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep he sacrificed all rest.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past

The eyes which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.
His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamoured were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallowed too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his feeble lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast,
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possessed.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
 Or friends by him self-banished ; for his mind
 Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
 For its own cruel sacrifice the kind,
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
 But he was phrenzied—wherefore who may know?
 Since cause might be which skill could never find ;
 But he was phrenzied, by disease or woe,
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more ;
 Did he not this for France? which lay before
 Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years?
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears?

They made themselves a fearful monument !
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
 Breathed from the birth of time : the veil they rent,
 And what behind it lay all earth shall view.
 But good with ill they also overthrew,
 Leaving but ruins wherewith to rebuild
 Upon the same foundation, and renew
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refilled,
 As heretofore, because ambition was self-willed.

Childe Harold, Canto iii. 166-9.

We need not trace the history of this wonderful but unhappy man ; it is embodied in these stanzas. The author of the *Eloise*, the *Social Contract*, the *Emilius*, and of many other fervent compositions which had already filled the civilized world with their fame, and were destined to work out mighty consequences, when he himself was laid in the dust, had now in that

“worst pitch of phrenzy which wears a reasoning show,”* scattered from him nearly all his friends; and surely no man ever found so many or so devoted. Palaces were opened, houses built for him, his tastes consulted, solitudes created for his study, and society selected for his honour and refreshment; but the demon of suspicion always attended him, and poisoned every thing around—his food, his drink, his vision, and the very flowers beneath his feet. Admiring men and loving women were repulsed as the most base conspirators against his peace and honour. Madame D’Epinay, the Countess D’Houdetot, D’Alembert, Grimm, Diderot, Voltaire, all were flung from him as wretches filled with the most horrible and treacherous designs. He fled from the house of the Prince of Conti, and having successively sought a spot of peace and security in vain in France, Switzerland, and Prussia, he imagined that England alone could afford him an asylum. He believed that all the kings and priests of the continent of Europe were leagued to destroy him, and all the literary men to betray him into their hands. There was yet one free country,—England, and one honest philosopher,—David Hume, which he deemed were happily left him, and in their arms he determined to seek repose. David Hume soon assured him of his most cordial assistance, and announced to

* Spite of all Rousseau’s errors and eccentricities, he was the first to see the necessity of a total change in the principle and practice of popular education, and notwithstanding the impracticability of his own theory, from his original ideas sprung the views and experiments of Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and others, which are perhaps destined, beyond all other means, really to civilize and christianize the multitudes of Europe, and thence of the world.

him that he had a friend, Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of Staffordshire, whose family-seat at Wotton would furnish that profound retreat from the world and his persecutors which he so ardently desired; and that this was most heartily placed at his service. The heart of Rousseau kindled at the prospect. David Hume was ready to attend him from Paris to London, and consign him to the generous care of his friend Mr. Davenport, who would conduct him to Wotton; for Rousseau could speak scarcely a syllable of English. Accordingly, as the newspapers of the time record, on "Jan. 13th, 1766, the celebrated Jean Jaques Rousseau arrived in London; and he was soon afterwards set safely down at Wotton."

Here, if peace and security were what he really needed, he might have found them, if they were to be found on earth. In the heart of free England who should dare to molest him? In this sylvan solitude, far from the great towns and beaten tracks of travel, who, indeed, should find him? And, for a time, he appeared to have reached the long-sought bourne of his rest. All things seemed to conspire to his satisfaction. He declared that he had discovered the spot he sought, and that there he would live and die. His devoted companion of many years, Thérèse le Vasseur, had joined him; his host, a gentleman of enlightened mind and generous disposition, who, both on account of his own fame, and of his friendship for Hume, was desirous to render his abode entirely agreeable, was occasionally there with his family, and occasionally at his house in town, leaving Wotton then to his sole use, with a couple of old tried servants

to wait on him. To a person like Rousseau, sensitively alive to the beauties of nature, the country must have been charming. It could not give him, it is true, the climate of France,* nor present him with the Alpine sublimities of Switzerland, but yet it was lovely. There was a solemn beauty about it. Green hills, deep woods, rich views into a champaign country, rich meadows scattered with noble trees, and winding dells, were around him. At hand, also, were the fairyland dales of the Peak—Dovedale's picturesque loveliness, and the pleasant slopes of Ilam and Ashborne. For his favourite pursuit of botany he was in a very paradise. A greater variety of vegetable habitats, and therefore of plants and flowers, could scarcely be met with. A number of old and highly respectable families were scattered through the neighbourhood, and, had he desired to cultivate their acquaintance, it is clear that he might have found himself in the midst of a most select and delightful society. He said at that time in his letters :—"The place in which I reside is much to my liking. The master of the house is a very worthy man, in whose favour, the three weeks' residence he has made here,

* Nor even of the south of England. So far as climate was concerned Wotton was ill chosen. The south of England could have furnished him with solitudes deep enough, and a much more genial atmosphere. I was struck with the difference between even Surrey and this elevated region. I was there at the latter end of June. The woods were full of bluebells, there were still primroses to be seen, in the garden tulips and labernums were in full blossom, all of which had long disappeared in Surrey. With us the wild-rose and elder-flower, the signs of confirmed summer, were in blow in the hedges; here not one was to be seen open; but the hawthorn, which had faded a month before in the south, cast its fragrance around you, and the foliage every where had all the freshness and delicacy of spring.

with his family, have cemented the friendship his good services had made me conceive for him. He *does* every thing in his power to make his house agreeable to me. Had I again to fix my place of abode, this is the only habitation I could make choice of in England." He tells us that "all the gentlemen of the environs, all the ministers of the neighbouring parishes, have the goodness to shew me civilities, of which I am extremely sensible, as this is the general disposition of the country. Even the common people, notwithstanding my dress, forget, in my favour, their usual rudeness to strangers. Madame de Luze will tell you what the country is. In short, I should find in it that which would make me forget any other, were it nearer the sun and my friends." He adds, in June, that he had had visitors from London, both ladies and gentlemen, who were witnesses of his happiness, and that, in fact, he had never lived more at his ease, nor more uninterruptedly followed his inclinations from morning till night. At a short distance from him stood Calwich Abbey, the beautiful residence of Mr. Granville. This gentleman had shewn him the most hospitable attentions, and for him he appeared to acquire a strong regard. Mr. Granville had two sisters, the elder of whom was the celebrated Mrs. Delany, for many years the intimate friend of George III. and Queen Charlotte. She was a lady of a fine literary taste and the most amiable disposition, as any one will believe who has seen the excellent portrait of her by Opie, at Hampton Court. This lady, after the age of seventy-five, made her celebrated Hortus Siccus, now in the possession of her niece Mrs. Waddington, the whole

amounting to ten immense folios, each containing one hundred floral plants, representing, in cut paper of infinitely various dyes, the finest flowers of our own and every other climate, from the best specimens that the field, the garden, the greenhouse, and the conservatory could furnish; and with a fidelity and vividness of colouring, says Anna Seward, who saw the volumes at Dr. Parr's, which shame the needle and the pencil; the moss, the films, the farina, every minutest part, being represented with matchless delicacy.* This lady—the intimate friend of Swift, Horace Walpole, Dr. Burney, Anna Seward, and the Duchess of Portland; her sister, Mrs. Dewes; the Dewes family altogether, and the Ports of Ilam, their relatives, were most

* Always a fine painter, and not ignorant of chemistry, she herself dyed her papers from whence the new creation arose. Of this astonishing work Dr. Darwin has given a most erroneous description in his splendid poem. He ought not to have taken such a liberty. It represents Mrs. Delany as a mere artificial flower-maker, using wires, and wax, and moss, etc.; though writing-paper was her sole material—her scissors her only implement. The former, previously coloured by herself, in complete shades of every tint, was never retouched by the pencil after the flower was cut out: nor did she ever make a drawing; but, as the specimen lay before her, she cut from the eye. The easy flowing grace of the stalks, the happiness with which the flower or flowers, their leaves and buds, are disposed upon those stalks, is exquisite; while the degree of real relief which they possess, besides that which arises from the skilful deception produced by light and shade, has a richness and natural effect, which the finest pencil cannot hope to attain. What a lesson of exertion does the invention and completion of such a work, after seventy-five, give to that hopeless languor which people are so prone to indulge in the decline of life!—*Anna Seward's Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 195-6.

What a lesson, we may add, not to the old, but to thousands of the rich and luxurious young of this age! If a lady past seventy-five could execute, as her amusement, so splendid and extensive a work of taste, what may not the young of the present day perform, with all their leisure and their accomplishments, for the adornment of existence, or the benefit of their fellow-creatures?

disposed to cultivate the friendship of Rousseau. Mr. Fitzherbert, I suppose of Norbury, the father-in-law of the late celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the Earl of Harcourt, are named amongst his correspondents and friends. The Duchess of Portland, the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, and therefore intimately connected with that part of the country, as well as being the intimate friend of Mrs. Delany, was then a young woman; in fact, just married. She was introduced to him by Mr. Granville, and, besides that, both herself and the duke were most amiable and interesting people; she was an enthusiastic botanist, and, as was certain, won wonderfully on Rousseau. She ranged the rocks and dales of the Peak with him, and he speaks of her in his letters, as climbing crags in the pursuit of plants which would have struck his French acquaintance, and especially the ladies, with astonishment. Mr. Davenport, it may be discovered from Jean Jaques' letters, was always on the look out to contribute to his comfort and amusement. He was now sending him substantial luxuries, such as tea and other things from town; now books and news; now coming down expressly to see him, and that all was as he wished it about him. To crown all, without any solicitation on his part, but through means which could be no mystery when he had such friends at court as Mrs. Delany, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and Mr. Davenport, the friend of General Conway, secretary of state, the king granted him a pension of one hundred pounds a-year.

Here were ample materials for happiness, if happiness was

possible to him; but his mind, too securely the prey of melancholy and suspicion, soon put to flight his temporary contentment. We find him writing, that he hears with astonishment of the manner in which they treat him in London; that it would be far better to refuse the unfortunate an asylum, than to receive and insult them; that he knows that every thing that passes with respect to him is not natural; that a whole nation does not change from white to black in a moment without a cause, and that this secret cause is the more dangerous as it is less apprehended, and so on. His phrenzied and restless mind instantly conjured up the most disgraceful conspiracy against him to drive him from the nation; and, as was always the case, on those who had been his most zealous friends fell the weight of his resentment. David Hume was charged by him with being at the bottom of the whole, and Voltaire with blowing the flame by a published letter. Hume, of course, highly indignant, repelled the charge, called for an explanation, and the whole affair spread through the newspapers, and may there be read, as well as Hume's statement in his works. But it was in vain to expostulate with a madman; and to that character Rousseau had had a good claim, more or less, for many years. The mischief was, that his friends, as he successively quarreled with them, did not see this, but looked upon him as sane, but irritable and ungenerous. His mind, however, was now so confirmedly under the influence of its malady, that the possibility of his having another moment's rest at Wotton was gone; he therefore suddenly took his departure, and we find

him addressing a letter from Calais in May 1767; having been about a year and four months at Wotton.*

The remainder of his life was of the same tissue; his feverish mind, always seeking for that spot of repose which he was not destined to find till he found his grave. His letters to the very close of his existence, at Ermenonville in 1778, are full of speculations on finding that ardently-desired terra incognita. Wherever he pitched, filled with hope for the moment, it was still flitting before him. Now it was Amiens, then successively Fleury, the country-house of Mirabeau; Trie le Chateau, the house of the Prince of Conti; Bourgoin: America sometimes loomed large and invitingly in his imagination, but too distant; then the isles of the Grecian Archipelago, and particularly Cyprus, "or some corner of Greece, no matter where, with a soil fertile in plants, a fine climate, and no *Christian charity* to interfere with him." He even made application to the English government to grant him protection to live and botanize in the Isles of Greece. Receiving no assurance on this head, his mind immediately reverted again to England and Wotton,—he would go and end his days there. Savoy, for which he actually procured a passport, the castle of Lavagnac, Minorca, Monquin,

* The alleged cause of his sudden flight from Wotton is in complete keeping with his suspicious temperament. The tradition is that Thérèse, either grown suspicious herself, or, as has been supposed, desirous to get back to France, told Rousseau one day that she had, unobserved, watched the cook putting something into his soup, which she feared was with design to poison him. The very idea of such a thing was enough for his irritable mind. He rushed out of the house, sent off Thérèse with all speed to Ashborne for a chaise, and continuing to walk about in the open air till she returned with it, he refused to enter the house again, but the moment his luggage was ready, posted off with indignant velocity.

and other places, till the day of his death, fitted alluringly through his unreposable mind.

Last June, being in Staffordshire, I determined to visit Wotton. I was curious to see the haunts of Rousseau; to see if any relics of him remained there yet, which had been handed down in the family which is still in possession of the estate, respecting him, and what was the tradition of the country-people of him; for it was certain that a foreigner coming into that secluded place, and living retiredly at the Hall, having with him only a lady who bore a name different to his own, and therefore could not be supposed to be either wife or sister, must have amazingly excited their curiosity, and left a vivid impression on their minds. Nothing is more curious than the shape which such a thing often takes in the mind of the populace, and especially a simple and thoroughly rustic populace, living as the villagers of Wotton did, cut off almost from the rest of the world. The circumstances too of Rousseau's abode here must have been the more piquantly stimulant to their curiosity from his sudden appearance there, and his sudden departure, from his wearing his Armenian dress, a furred cap, and caftan, or long striped robe with a belt. Besides this, his ignorance of English would cut off communication, and make him more mysterious in their eyes. He says himself that he knew only about thirty English words before he came to England, and that they, owing to the barbarous gibberish of the place, the Staffordshire dialect, had been of no use to him; and that Thérèse knew literally not a word when she arrived.

Wotton lies at the feet of the Weaver hills, about six miles from Ashborne, and that, or something more, from Cheadle. From the latter place I walked through a bold, wild country to it. My idea was that the retreat of Rousseau had been at Wotton Lodge, a mile nearer on my way than Wotton Hall. Here I arrived, and found the lodge; a fine old Elizabethan house, situated in as solemnly striking a solitude as one can well conceive. It stood up aloft, on a natural terrace overlooking a deep winding glen, and surrounded by sloping uplands, deep masses of wood, and the green heights of Weaver, in a situation of solitary beauty which extremely delighted me. Not a person was visible throughout the profoundly silent scene, scarcely a house was within view. I ascended to the front of the lodge, and stood in admiration of its aspect. Its tall square bulk of dark grey stone, with its turreted front, full of large square mullioned windows; its paved court, and ample flight of steps ascending to its porched door; its old garden, with terraces and pleached hedges on the south slope below it, and deep again below that, dark ponds visible amongst the wild growth of trees. The house stood, without a smoke, without a sign of life, or movement about it, in the broad sunshine of noon. I advanced and rung the bell in the porch, but no one answered it. It was, for all the world, like a hall of old romance laid under an enchanted spell. I rung again, but all was silent. I descended the flight of steps, and paced the grey pavement of the court, and was about to withdraw, when an old woman opened a casement in the

highest story, and said, in a slow, dreamy voice, "I am coming down."

I found that this old dame was the sole inhabitant. The house was only partially furnished, and the proprietor abroad. There were a few paintings, and amongst them an old sea-captain, the former possessor of the place, who, she said, was lost at sea, and the estate gone into another line. But no such man as Rousseau, she protested, had ever been there; nor had it been the property of the Davenports. I was, therefore, satisfied that his retreat was Wotton Hall, and thither I walked. It too is a sufficiently solitary locality, though it has the village of Wotton a little above it, and that of Ellaston about half a mile below. It stands like the Lodge, on a fine natural terrace overlooking a deep glen surrounded with wood, and with here and there huge masses of dark red rocks shewing themselves in its sides. It is a glade which would have delighted Poussin or Claude, with masses of oak trees overhanging its rocky sides, and long lines of honeysuckle and ivy dangling down them, and its upper end filled with wood, in a manner to please even Salvator. At some little distance north of the house and village swells up the green bulk of Weaver, giving wide prospect on one hand over the country, with the distant town of Uttoxeter seen smoking in the plain, the church towers of Cheadle and Ashborne, Alton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury ~~not far off,~~ and, it is said, on clear days the spire of Lichfield, and the Shropshire hills. Be that as it may, on the other hand, northward, are discerned the blue and misty tops of the

Peak hills. When I mounted on the ridge of the Weaver, and saw around this vast, but silent expanse, and in the nearer scene only moorland wastes, long lines of stone walls, two or three ancient cairns, and a few grazing cattle; and perceived as the only sounds, the bleat of a sheep, or the hoarse cry of the carrion crow, the only cheerful note being that of the lark overhead, I could not help feeling, for

Quiet to quick bosom is a hell—

that, the very recurring depth of this solitude, as Rousseau pursued his botanical rambles, was enough to rouse in his dis-tempered fancy all the phantasms of his foes and machinations.

I found the family of Mr. Bromley from home, and the house undergoing alteration and enlargement. The steward informed me that there was nothing remaining which belonged to Rousseau, and that the rooms usually occupied by him were now destroyed in a great measure, to make way for the entrance hall. A grotto near the house is still remaining, which goes by his name, and where he is said to have spent much time.

But on inquiry after the remembrance of him in the village, I was more successful. I asked the first man I encountered whether he had heard of a Frenchman ever having lived at the Hall? "A Frenchmon? Ay to be sure! yo meanen owd *Ross Hall*." That is the man I replied; seeing how the simple people had converted his name into so odd a one. In their dialect, as in the Scotch, hall is pronounced ha'—Rousseau, would thus be, in their fathers' mouths, Ross Ha'; but the present genera-

tion, something educated, would endeavour to give ha' the full sound to a stranger, which in their dialect it represents, and ha' would become hall. However I found Rousseau here known to all the villagers as Ross Hall, except to one or two, who called him Dross Hall; having corrupted the name into this by the prefix of old, or owd, which they apply to almost everybody and everything. Owd Ross Hall thus became owd Dross Hall; the sound of the d in owd being carried on to Ross.

"And when," I asked, "did this gentleman live here?" "O," said the man, "before my time; but there are owd people in the village who were children then, and they remembren him. He war mighty curious in yarbs,* and ah've heered see, war skilled to cure welly ony disease wi' em. Owd James Robinson a'th top o'th town, and Farmer Burton here, and owd Missis Saut,† of Ellaston, they know'd him, an' can tell ya au about him." I walked up and found this James Robinson, a blithe old fellow of about ninety. When I asked if he knew the Frenchman who once lived at the Hall, he replied, "What owd Ross Hall? Ay, know him did I, well enough. Ah've seen him monny an' monny a time, every dee welly, coming and going in's comical cap an' ploddy ‡ gown, a'gethering his yarbs." I asked him if he ever had any talk with him. "No, he could na speak no English, nubbut a wod or two." "And was there anybody here with him?" "Yes, there war a lady—they cawd her Madam Zell, but whether how war his wife or not, ah dunna know. Folks said how warnna."

* Herbs.

† Salt.

‡ Plaid.

But this old man, as well as Farmer Burton and Mrs. Salt, described him as walking out almost every day, and coming back with great handfuls of plants. They described him, exactly as he describes himself, in his Armenian dress, only they called his striped caftan a plaid. Mademoiselle le Vasseur, they all called Madam Zell; and Mrs. Salt said how much afraid she and her brother, children of about ten years old, used to be when they met him in the lanes on their way to school. His long gown and belt, and his black velvet cap with its gold tassels and pendent top, made him a most awful figure to them, especially as they used to see him poring on the park wall for moss, or groping in some lonely nook after plants. As he could not address them in English to dissipate their fears, they used to run off, if possible, at the very first glimpse of the terrible outlandish man.

They all agreed in saying that both Ross Hall and Madam Zell were very good folks—very kind to the poor; and one of them mentioned a fact which, as the villagers actually knew nothing of Rousseau's history, is very characteristic. "The old man, who used to remain at the house during the absence of the family in town, one day beat his wife, the housekeeper; and Madam Zell, on some of the villagers flocking in at the outcry, in a state of great excitement, said in her few words of English to some young women—"Never marry! never marry! You see! you see!"

Old farmer Burton said, "it was thought he was some king who had been driven from his dominions."

The fact that a gentleman was inquiring about old Ross Hall, roused the wonder of the whole village. The people turned out in groups from the top of the hamlet to the bottom, and when they saw the steward proceeding with me towards the Hall, their curiosity became intense. They could not have an idea that the mere gratification of *my* curiosity had led me there; there must, they thought, be something of high moment in agitation. Several of them came with very serious faces, and asked, "What it was about? whether government was making inquiry about Ross Hall? or whether some property was consarned?"

I learned that several caps and a handsome pipe belonging to Rousseau, had been in the village till recently, and they believed Farmer Gallimore had a cap and pipe now. It was droll to see the caution of Farmer Gallimore when I went and asked about them. "What is it about?" he asked, "What's your object, sir?" "O, merely curiosity!" He looked incredulous, shaking his head and smiling; and nothing could be got out of him but, "It's an old affair, sir; it's quite an old affair now." His wife, however, beckoned me into the next room, and said she should be obliged if I would tell her why it was that so many people came inquiring about Ross Hall? I told her it was because he had been a great writer. The woman not having so enormous a bump of caution as her husband, then told me that there had been a black velvet cap, with gold tassels, in their house till a short time ago, as well as a pipe; but the cap being brought down from the shelf on which it

used to lie, to shew it to some gentlemen who called to see it, it was soon afterwards missed, and they supposed that some workmen who were in the house when the gentlemen saw it, had stolen it. The pipe also was gone. She added, that a farmer at some distance, whose father was a servant at the Hall at that time, had a cap which Ross Hall gave him. To this farmer I proceeded, and there I saw it. It was of greyish drab woollen stuff, with silver braid and tassel. It had lain in a drawer of the kitchen dresser, however, till it was considerably moth-eaten. I offered to purchase it, but the man said, "Nay, I canna part wi' it, becos it's an owd keypsake o' my feyther's."

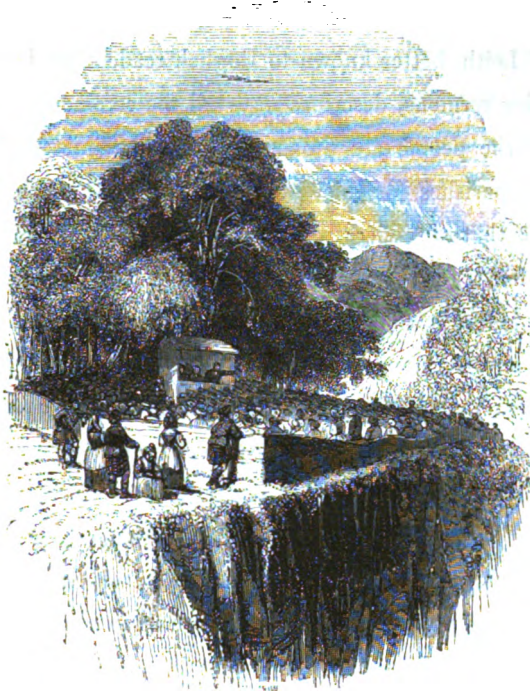
Such is the curious impression which Rousseau has left at Wotton; and, as Lord Byron said of himself, on hearing of some of the opinions of the Italians regarding him,—“Such is fame!” I know not whether there be any truth in the story, or on what authority it is given, that Dr. Darwin was very anxious to be introduced to Rousseau here, and that he would not see him, whereupon Darwin fixed himself in his way as he issued forth on one of his botanical excursions, intently gazing on a plant; on which Rousseau came up to him and asked, “Etes-vous un botaniste, Monsieur?” to which replying in the affirmative, they walked on together, and botanized the whole day to their great mutual pleasure; but on parting at eve, Rousseau begged to know the name of his companion, and on hearing it, exclaimed, “Ha! a concerted plan!” and never would see him again.

It is the common report that Dovedale was his favourite

resort, and that there he sowed the seeds of various plants amongst the rocks, of which the mezereons there yet to be seen, are part of the results. The most amusing thing, however, is the awful character which his strange dress, his taciturnity, and his solitary wanderings on the moorlands and the hills gave him. The simple people seem almost to imagine that he held communication with supernatural beings. One man gravely said, "He had heard that he used to think nothing of going over Weaver when the *feeris** were out *dauncing* a nights; and to my thinking," he added, "feeries can be nowt but lost sperrits."

I have since learned from the Rev. Walter Davenport Bromley, the present worthy proprietor of Wotton, that no memorial of Rousseau remains at the Hall, and that little is known of his acts or habits while there, more than has been made public; for his father, having been educated on Rousseau's system, and feeling the deficiencies of it, never liked to hear him mentioned. Mr. Granville, of Calwich, has, however, some of his letters, chiefly filled with complaints of the climate, and probably the originals of those already published.

* Faeries.



SACRAMENT SUNDAY AT KILMORAC.

MUCH has been said and written about the camp-meetings of America and England, but the sober Scotch have shewn by the recent Revivals, as they are called amongst them, that the same species of religious excitement can agitate them ; and, indeed, they have had, from the earliest days of the Reformation, scenes of most picturesque religious exhibition amongst them,—of which, however, little is known in England. Their annual administration of the sacrament, which in the Highlands often occurs in the open air, is a most singular and novel sight.

Logan of Leith, better known to English readers as Logan the poet, in his sermons, describes in detail the ceremony. He tells us that "the people are prepared by their ministers in their respective parishes for this great occasion, with much seriousness, and that it generally occupies four days, including the Sunday fixed for this solemnity." On the Thursday and Saturday before it, and on the Monday after it, there is public worship, and sermons are preached upon subjects suitable to the occasion. The Thursday is particularly set apart for solemn *fasting*, and no labour is that day permitted in the parish. The greater part of persons of all ranks in the parish, who have arrived at the years of discretion, join in celebrating this ordinance, which, partly from this cause, and partly from its taking place but once or twice a year, is performed in a manner that is very solemn and devout.

"The service begins with the singing of a psalm, which the minister reads out immediately on ascending the pulpit. The choice of the psalms is, in all cases, at the minister's discretion; and, to give the sacrament-service more completely, some portions which are often sung on such occasions are inserted here in their places. The music is entirely vocal. In a few congregations there is music in parts, but in general the whole congregation sing in unison. The psalm tunes are set to slow time; the melody is simple, grave, and often very affecting."

John Wesley, on his religious journeys into Scotland, was surprised to find that on the *fast-day* the people did not fast at all, but regularly eat their three meals. He also, in his Journal

of the date of Sunday the 17th, 1764, gives us this pretty accurate description of the ceremony, as celebrated in the West Kirk in Edinburgh. "After the usual morning service, the minister enumerated several sorts of sinners whom he forbade to approach. Two long tables were set on the sides of one aisle, covered with table-cloths. On each side of them a bench was placed for the people. Each table held four or five and thirty. Three ministers sate at the top, behind a cross table; one of whom made a long exhortation, closed with the words of our Lord, and then, breaking the bread, gave it to him who sate on each side of him. A piece of bread was then given to him who sate first on each side of the four benches. He broke off a little piece and gave the bread to the next. So it went on, the deacons giving more when wanted. A cup was then given to the first person on each bench, and so by one to another. The minister continued his exhortation all the time they were receiving. Then four verses of the twenty-second psalm were sung, while new persons sate down at the tables. A second minister then prayed, consecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the service usually lasted till five in the evening. How much more simple, as well as more solemn," adds worthy John Wesley, "is the service of the Church of England." Solemn enough I think most English people, however, would consider it, and not a little impressive; but what English congregation could endure a service of four days, continuing each day from ten in the morning to five in the evening? And who would identify this serious ceremony with the Holy-Fair of Burns?

And yet it is no other. But, whatever John Wesley might think of the ceremony as seen in Edinburgh, or however it might be enacted in the west of Scotland, and have presented itself to the eyes of the random and waggish Robin Burns, nothing can be more striking, serious, and picturesque, than the same ceremony seen in the Highlands, in the open air, at the feet of the wild mountains, and amid a simple and uncorrupted population. It is there celebrated mostly in the finest season of their year, in the interval between the hay and corn harvests, as a time of the most general leisure during the summer. Two or three ministers of adjoining parishes commonly unite to assist each other, and administer the sacrament in each successively, which thus runs in the whole through as many weeks.

As Logan states, in each parish the occasion occupies four days, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. We thought ourselves fortunate, in August 1836, that we happened to fall in with the celebration of this annual ordinance in the Highlands. We were at Bealey, about a dozen miles west of Inverness, on a Sunday morning, and were inquiring of the landlady of our excellent inn how far it was to the celebrated falls of Kilmorac. "O!" said she, "it is a bare two miles, and you will just be there in the nick of time to see the sacrament administered to the Gaelic population in the open air. The English congregation will receive it in the kirk." This was brave news, and away we posted. It was a delicious morning. One of those clear, warm, yet not oppressive days, that August often presents us. The sky over head was studded with light and lofty little

masses of what the German meteorologists so expressively call *stachen clouds*, that appear on the summer's morning amid the sunny azure in small lumps all round the horizon, and gradually grow, and stack, and pile themselves up into snowy mountains, and regions of cloud-land most lustrous and beautiful. A gentle breeze went puffing and frolicking amongst the hedge-rows, wafting to us deliciously the odour of the sweetbriar, which abounds there; the level rich fields were full of corn already "white unto the harvest;" and from all quarters we saw the people streaming along the highways and the footpaths towards the hills that lay westward.

The roads were clad frae side to side
 Wi' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

Not, however, exactly as Burns describes the folk of Ayreshire :

Here farmers gash in ridin graith
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
 There swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springin o'er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlet glitter;
 Wi' sweet milk-cheese, in monie a whang,
 An' farls bak'd wi' butter
 Fu crump that day.

Most here were on foot; none were barefooted; on the week days we saw scarcely a woman with shoes or stockings on, but to-day none were without. With the exception that hardly one had a bonnet on, the young women were not much to be distinguished from those of our smartest towns. They all had

their hair neatly braided, and adorned with a tall comb of tortoiseshell. Many of them had silk gowns, and handsome worked muslin collars; and others were dressed in white. Every one carried on her arm a shawl, often of tartan, ready in case of rain to throw over her head. The married women wore no bonnets, but had caps supported by a sort of inner frame of stiff calico; and smart coloured ribbons, often pink, and as often gay tartan, shewing through the cap. The old women, again, had large mob-caps. In this style they were moving towards the place of meeting; many of them came thus unbbonneted perhaps from a distance of seven or eight miles, for some of these Highland parishes are of vast extent. As we drew nearer Kilmorac, the numbers were seen gathering from all quarters, men and women, from the open plain, up the glens, and down from the mountains. Presently we came in view of the assembled multitude, and a most novel and striking scene it was.

The situation is one of great beauty; perhaps a finer for such an occasion could not be found. The river which, with its tributary streams, has traversed from its western sources in the far lochs of Monar, Moyley, and Affarie, some of the most enchanting scenery in the empire, especially in Strath Affarie and Strath Glass, here comes rushing on between perpendicular cliffs, from whence the spectator looks down, and sees it at perhaps two hundred feet below him, foaming through its narrow passage in a similar manner to the Strid at Bolton; and then spreading itself out in a wider space, forms a fine

salmon leap, and afterwards hurries merrily on its way to the Murray Frith. Just where the river issues from the cliffs, and overlooking the salmon leap, juts out a lofty piece of table-land. That is the burial-ground of Kilmorac; and there, as we approached, we beheld upwards of a thousand people collected, conspicuous in the bright and varied hues of Highland costume. The sound of their hymn—a sound wild, pensive and peculiar, as if it were modulated by the mountain breeze, came mingled with the solemn roar of the waters. We stood, and for a moment almost imagined we were come upon a band of the ancient Covenanters. A more striking picture we never saw. They stood aloft, on that elevated plateau—yet, high on either hand swelled up the rocky hills, crimson with the heather bloom, then in its full glory, and scattered with birch-trees; and below them thundered, and leaped, and hurried away, the agitated waters.

We entered the burial-ground through the dense crowd, and seated ourselves on the low wall built on the edge of the precipice over the river, so that we had the preacher and his audience, and the surrounding hills all before us. Nothing but the pencil could convey to an English mind how different to anything seen in England was the scene. The burial-ground was inclosed on two sides with high walls—the wall of the Manse garden running from the high road to the precipice in one direction, and the wall which shuts out the highway running from the garden to the precipice at a right angle in the other—the waving line of the wall on the precipice forming the remaining boundary.

Beneath a spreading tree near the garden wall, stood a sort of moveable booth of wood, open in front, sufficiently to form a convenient pulpit by a sort of shutter, which being hinged on its bottom edge, was let down on the lower half of the front, and thus obstructed no part of the preacher's view of his people. From this booth the minister was now addressing the congregation, while two other ministers occupied a seat in the booth behind him, ready to assist in the progress of the offices of the day. If a magnificent position in the great temple of nature could have kindled the imagination of the preacher, and inspired him with unusual eloquence, that surely might have done; for on his right rose the rocky hills beyond the falls, glowing to their very summits with the crimson heath, and feathered with the gracefully scattered birches; on his left stood his little kirk, and on the green knolls above, his manse and a few Highland huts; and before him, the rapid waters of the river—the deep woods of Beaufort, once the abode of old Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, and still that of his descendants—and far and wide a splendid expanse of rich fields, and brown heaths, dark pine forest, and blue distant hills.

The preacher and the place brought forcibly to my mind our missionaries, who, on the same day in many a distant region, were addressing their savage audiences. The booth under the spreading tree—the crowd congregated on the grassy foreground, seated on the graves and tombstones, on rude benches constructed for the occasion, and on the walls all round, many of them concealed from our sight by the overhanging trees, their

rows of dangling legs only being visible ; but above all, the language in which the minister was addressing his hearers, which for any thing that we understood of it might have been Malay or Otaheitan, gave the scene a missionary air. The people themselves had enough of English look and costume to dispel the momentary illusion—fair hair, fair complexions, and a great portion of English dress. The group, nevertheless, was a very motley one. The young damsels, with their bare heads, and bright tartan shawls on their arms ; the matrons, with their peculiar caps with coloured linings ; the old women with large mob-caps ; and sturdy shepherds, with sunburnt features, and their plaids wrapped round them ; and gay fellows in full Highland costume, mingled with the throng in a more English garb, reminded one at once of the prevalence of English rule and influence, and the remains of the ancient habits and customs of the Gael. A more serious and decorous congregation never was seen. Burns would have found no “ rows of tittlin jades,” nor “ batch of wabster lads blackguarding”—and as to “ Change-house,” there was none. We observed great numbers flock during the heat of the day to a beautiful spring in the thicket just by, whose margin of shadowy greensward offered a delightful place of rest and refreshment, after a walk of probably six or eight miles through the hills. Here they drew forth their simple cates, and with fresh draughts from the spring fortified themselves for the long services of the day.

Across the burial-ground, in front of the preaching-booth, was placed a long table, covered with a clean white table-cloth,

and furnished with a bench on each side. The main part of the congregation sate on other benches on each side of the table, while the table itself remained unoccupied. At a certain part of the service, though we could not understand what was said, we could see what Logan thus describes exactly, take place—“Upon the giving out of a psalm, the minister desires the elders to bring forward the *Sacramental Elements*, and the communicants to take their seats at the communion-table. The elders consist of several of the most respectable and exemplary persons of the parish, and who are regularly ordained to their office, which has a considerable resemblance to that of *Church-warden* in England. The senior elder generally carries the *Bread*, and the rest follow him with the *Wine* cups and other utensils, which for the most part are of silver. These are placed at the head of the communion-table, which corresponds to the *Altar* in the Church of England. The communicants, agreeably to directions given them on a previous day, approach the tables, and after communicating, retire from them in such a manner as to avoid any confusion.” Thus while the singing was going on, we observed a number of people advance from the crowd and seat themselves at the table. We observed that they were all old, and some of them very old people, and that the women before advancing to the table, drew the hood of their cloaks, or shawl in fashion of a hood, over their heads; and that both men and women took their seats with bowed heads, and with an air of solemn reverence. The minister, as we learn from Logan, had, before their approaching the table, addressed them in an awful dis-

course, called "*The Fencing of the Tables*;" in which he had pointed out the character of those who are fit to sit down at the Sacrament Supper; and added, "Let him whose character is opposite forbear to approach unto this table: *stand back, thou profane!* But let him who imitates and who loves this character, come forward: *sit down, thou blessed of the Lord!*"

When the communicants were seated, we observed the elders go behind them, and receive something from each of them, which we afterwards learned was a token of fitness given to such individual by the minister on a previous occasion. On the ceasing of the psalm the minister descended from his pulpit, and presented himself at the head of the table. He then offered up the prayer of consecration, and, again addressing the communicants in what is called "the Service of the Tables," handed the cup and the bread to the two communicants nearest him on each hand; the elders attending, and presenting them in succession to all at the table. When all had communicated the minister again addressed them, when they retired from the table, and a fresh company took their place. Another minister then came forward, and a new succession of psalms, prayers, and addresses took place. Such was the order and sacred business of the day, till the whole body of candidates had partaken of the sacrament. We left about three o'clock, but we were told that the service would not close till six. During the time that we stayed, we observed that no young people communicated, and we were afterwards told that few or none probably would, for that such was the general sense of the

sacredness of the ordinance that few young people deemed themselves sufficiently "worthy to sit down."

After leaving the burial-ground, we wandered some time through the woods of birch and the spreading junipers which skirted the river, now lying amid the crimson cushions of heath and the fragrance of the moorland thyme, and gazing on the tumultuous floods raving and roaring far below us. It was a splendid day, and the whole was one enchanting fairyland around us. The distant voice of the minister, and the wild cadence of the Gaelic psalm, like the breezy music of an Eolian harp, ever and anon reaching us in our verdant hiding-place, reminded us that it was the sacred anniversary of a grave and religious people. How unlike to the knowing and corrupt population of our own towns! Where but in these rocky wilds could such simple piety and such patience of instruction remain? It was, no doubt, the singular novelty of the spectacle, and the sense of the hallowed and uncorrupted faith still abiding with a patriarchal simplicity amongst these hills and moors, that gave an additional charm to the place, the people, and even the bright beauty of the day; and have thus fixed that Sacrament Sunday at Kilmorac with a peculiar sense of enjoyment in our memories.

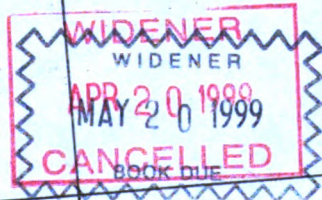




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